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JAPHET,
IN
SEARCH OF A FATHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"PETER SIMPLE," "JACOB FAITHFUL," "PASHA
OF MANY TALES," "KING'S OWN,"
&c. &c. &c.

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J A P H E T,

IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

THOSE who may be pleased to honour these pages with a perusal, will not be detained with a long history of my birth, parentage, and education. The very title implies that at this period of my memoirs I was ignorant of the two first; and it will be necessary for the due development of my narrative, that I allow you to remain in the same state of bliss: for in the perusal of a novel, as well as in the pilgrimage of life, ignorance of the future may truly be considered as the greatest source of happiness. The little that was known at this time I will however narrate as concisely, and as correctly, as I am able. It was on the night—I really forget the date, and must rise from my chair, look for a key, open a closet, and then open an iron safe to hunt over a pile of papers—it will detain you too long—it will be sufficient to say it was on *a* night—but whether the night was dark or moonlit, or rainy or foggy, or cloudy or fine, or starlight, I really cannot tell; but it is of no very great consequence. Well, it was on a night about the hour—there again I'm puzzled, it might have been ten, or eleven, or twelve, or between any of these hours; nay, it might have been past midnight, and far advancing to the morning, for what I know to the contrary. The reader must excuse an infant of—there again I am at a nonplus; but we will assume of some days old—if, when wrapped up in flannel and in a covered basket, and, moreover, fast asleep at the time, he does not exactly observe the state of the weather, and the time by the church clock. I never before was aware of the great importance of dates in telling a story; but it is now too late to recover these facts, which have been

swept away into oblivion by the broad wing of time. I must therefore just tell the little I do know, trusting to the reader's good nature, and to blanks. It is as follows:—that at the hour——of the night——the state of the weather being also——I, an infant of a certain age——was suspended by some body or somebodies——at the knocker of the Foundling Hospital. Having made me fast, the said somebody or somebodies rang a peal upon the bell, which made the old porter start up in so great a hurry, that with the back of his hand he hit his better half a blow on the nose, occasioning a great suffusion of blood from that organ, and a still greater pouring forth of invectives from the organ immediately below it.

All this having been effected by the said peal on the bell, the said somebody or somebodies did incontinently take to their heels, and disappear long before the old porter could pull his legs through his nether garments and obey the rude summons. At last the old man swang open the gate, and the basket swang across his nose; he went in again for a knife, and cut me down, for it was cruel to hang a baby of a few days old; carried me into the lodge, lighted a candle, and opened the basket. Thus did I metaphorically first come to light.

When he opened the basket I opened my eyes, and although I did not observe it, the old woman was standing at the table in a very light attire, sponging her nose over a basin.

“Verily, a pretty babe, with black eyes!” exclaimed the old man in a tremulous voice.

“Black eyes, indeed,” muttered the old woman. “I shall have two to-morrow.”

“Beautiful black eyes indeed!” continued the old man.

“Terrible black eyes, for sartain,” continued the old woman as she sponged away.

“Poor thing, it must be cold,” murmured the old porter.

“Warrant I catch my death a-cold,” muttered the wife.

“But, dear me, here is a paper!” exclaimed the old man.

“Vinegar and brown paper,” echoed the old woman.

“Addressed to the governors of the hospital,” continued the porter.

“Apply to the dispenser of the hospital,” continued the wife.

“And sealed,” said he.

“Get it healed,” said she.

“The linen is good; it must be the child of no poor people. Who knows?” soliloquized the old man.

“My poor nose!” exclaimed the old woman.

“I must take it to the nurse’s, and the letter I will give to-morrow,” said the old porter, winding up his portion of this double soliloquy, and tottering away with the basket and your humble servant across the courtyard.

“There, it will do now,” said the old wife, wiping her face on a towel, and regaining her bed, in which she was soon joined by her husband, and they finished their nap without any further interruption during that night.

The next morning I was reported and examined, and the letter addressed to the governors was opened and read. It was laconic, but still, as most things laconic are, very much to the point.

“This child was born in wedlock—he is to be named Japhet. When circumstances permit, he will be reclaimed.”

But there was a postscript by Abraham Newland, Esq., promising to pay the bearer, on demand, the sum of fifty pounds. In plainer terms, there was a bank-note to that amount enclosed in the letter. As, in general, the parties who suspend children in baskets have long before suspended cash payments, or, at all events, forget to suspend them on the baskets, my arrival created no little noise, to which I added my share, until I obtained a share of the breast of a young woman, who, like Charity, suckled two or three babies at one time.

We have preparatory schools all over the kingdom; for young gentlemen, from three to five years of age, under ladies, and from four to seven, under either, or both sexes, as it may happen; but the most preparatory of all preparatory schools, is certainly the Foundling Hospital, which takes in its pupils, if they are sent, from one to three days old, or even hours, if the parents are in such extreme anxiety about their education. Here it commences with their weaning, when they are instructed in the mystery of devouring pap; next they are taught to walk—and as soon as they can walk—to sit still; to talk—and as soon as they can talk—to hold their tongues; thus are they instructed and passed on from one part of the estab-

lishment to another, until they finally are passed out of its gates, to get on in the world, with the advantages of some education, and the still further advantage of having no father or mother to provide for, or relations to pester them with their necessities. It was so with me : I arrived at the age of fourteen, and notwithstanding the promise contained in the letter, it appeared that circumstances did *not* permit of my being reclaimed. But I had a great advantage over the other inmates of the hospital ; the fifty pounds sent with me was not added to the funds of the establishment, but generously employed for my benefit by the governors, who were pleased with my conduct, and thought highly of my abilities. Instead of being bound 'prentice to a cordwainer, or some other mechanic ; by the influence of the governors, added to the fifty pounds and interest, as a premium, I was taken by an apothecary, who engaged to bring me up to the profession. And now, that I am out of the Foundling, we must not travel quite so fast.

The practitioner who thus took me by the hand was a Mr. Phineas Cophagus, whose shop was most conveniently situated for business, one side of the shop looking upon Smithfield Market, the other presenting a surface of glass to the principal street leading out of the same market. It was a *corner* house, but not in a *corner*. On each side of the shop were two gin establishments, and next to them were two public-houses and two eating-houses, frequented by graziers, butchers, and drovers. Did the men drink so much as to quarrel in their cups, who was so handy to plaster up the broken heads as Mr. Cophagus ? Did a fat grazier eat himself into an apoplexy, how very convenient was the ready lancet of Mr. Cophagus. Did a bull gore a man, Mr. Cophagus appeared with his diachylon and lint. Did an ox frighten a lady, it was in the back parlours of Mr. Cophagus that she was recovered from her syncope. Market days were a sure market to my master ; and if an overdriven beast knocked down others, it only helped to set him on his legs. Our windows suffered occasionally ; but whether it were broken heads, or broken limbs, or broken windows, they were well paid for. Every one suffered but Mr. Phineas Cophagus, who never suffered a patient to escape him. The shop had the usual allowance of

green, yellow, and blue bottles ; and in hot weather, from our vicinity, we were visited by no small proportion of blue-bottle flies. We had a white horse in one window, and a brown horse in the other, to announce to the drovers that we supplied horse-medicine. And we had all the patent medicines in the known world, even to the “all-sufficient medicine for mankind” of Mr. Enouy ; having which, I wondered, on my first arrival, why we troubled ourselves about any others. The shop was large, and at the back part there was a most capacious iron mortar, with a pestle to correspond. The first floor was tenanted by Mr. Cophagus, who was a bachelor, the second floor was let ; the others were appropriated to the housekeeper, and to those who formed the establishment. In this well-situated tenement, Mr. Cophagus got on swimmingly. I will therefore, for the present, sink the shop, that my master may rise in the estimation of the reader, when I describe his person and his qualifications.

Mr. Phineas Cophagus might have been about forty-five years of age when I first had the honour of an introduction to him in the receiving room of the Foundling Hospital. He was of the middle height, his face was thin, his nose very much hooked, his eyes small and peering, with a good-humoured twinkle in them, his mouth large, and drawn down at one corner. He was stout in his body, and carried a considerable protuberance before him, which he was in the habit of patting with his left hand very complacently ; but although stout in his body, his legs were mere spindles, so that, in his appearance, he reminded you of some bird of the crane genus. Indeed, I may say, that his whole figure gave you just such an appearance as an orange might do, had it taken to itself a couple of pieces of tobacco pipes as vehicles of locomotion. He was dressed in a black coat and waistcoat, white cravat and high collar to his shirt, blue cotton net pantaloons and Hessian boots, both fitting so tight, that it appeared as if he was proud of his spindle shanks. His hat was broad-brimmed and low, and carried a stout black cane with a gold top in his right hand, almost always raising the gold top to his nose when he spoke, just as we see doctors represented at a consultation in the caricature prints. But if his figure was strange, his language and manners were still more so. He spoke, as some birds fly, in jerks, in-

termixing his words, for he never completed a whole sentence, with *um—um—*and ending it with “*so on,*” leaving his hearers to supply the context from the heads of his discourse. Almost always in motion, he generally changed his position as soon as he had finished speaking, walking to any other part of the room, with his cane to his nose, and his head cocked on one side, with a self-sufficient tiptoe gait. When I was ushered into his presence, he was standing with two of the governors. “This is the lad,” said one of them; “his name is *Japhet.*”

“Japhet,” replied Mr. Cophagus; “um, scriptural—Shem, Ham, *um—*and so on.—Boy reads?”

“Very well, and writes a very good hand. He is a very good boy, Mr. Cophagus.”

“Read—write—spell—good, and *so on.* Bring him up—rudiments—spatula—writes labels—um—M. D. one of these days—make a man of him—and so on,” said this strange personage, walking round and round me with his cane to his nose, and scrutinizing my person with his twinkling eyes. I was dismissed after this examination and approval, and the next day, dressed in a plain suit of clothes, was delivered by the porter at the shop of Mr. Phineas Cophagus, who was not at home when I arrived. A tall, fresh-coloured, but hectic-looking young man, stood behind the counter, making up prescriptions; and a dirty lad, about thirteen years old, was standing near with his basket, to deliver the medicines to the several addresses, as soon as they were ready. The young man behind the counter, whose name was Brookes, was within eighteen months of serving his time, when his friends intended to establish him on his own account, and this was the reason which induced Mr. Cophagus to take me, that I might learn the business, and supply his place when he left. Mr. Brookes was a very quiet, amiable person, kind to me and the other boy who carried out the medicines, and who had been taken by Mr. Cophagus for his food and raiment. The porter told Mr. Brookes who I was, and left me. “Do you think that you will like to be an apothecary?” said Mr. Brookes to me, with a benevolent smile.

“Yes; I do not see why I would not,” replied I.

“Stop a moment,” said the lad who was waiting with the basket, looking archly at me, “you hav’n’t got through your *rudimans* yet.”

"Hold your tongue, Timothy," said Mr. Brookes. "That you are not very fond of the rudiments, as Mr. Cophagus calls them, is very clear. Now walk off as fast as you can with these medicines, sir—14, Spring-street; 16, Cleaver-street, as before; and then to John-street 55, Mrs. Smith's. Do you understand?"

"To be sure I do—can't I read? I reads all the directions, and all your Latin stuff into the bargain—all your summen dusses, horez, diez, cockly hairy. I mean to set up for myself one of these days."

"I'll knock you down one of these days, Mr. Timothy, if you stay so long as you do, looking at the print shops; that you may depend upon."

"I keep up all my learning that way," replied Timothy, walking off with his load, turning his head round and laughing at me, as he quitted the shop. Mr. Brookes smiled, but said nothing.

As Timothy went out, in came Mr. Cophagus. "Heh! Japhet. I see," said he, putting up his cane, "nothing to do—bad—must work—um—and so on. Mr. Brookes—boy learn rudiments—good—and so on." Hereupon Mr. Cophagus took his cane from his nose, pointed to the large iron mortar, and then walked away into the back parlour. Mr. Brookes understood his master, if I did not. He wiped out the mortar, threw in some drugs, and, showing me how to use the pestle, left me to my work. In half an hour I discovered why it was that Timothy had such an objection to what Mr. Cophagus facetiously termed the *rudiments* of the profession. It was dreadful hard work for a boy; the perspiration ran down me in streams, and I could hardly lift my arms. When Mr. Cophagus passed through the shop, and looked at me, as I continued to thump away with the heavy iron pestle, "Good,"—said he, "by-and-by—M.D.—and so on." I thought it was a very rough road to such preferment, and I stopped to take a little breath. "By-the-by—Japhet—Christian name—and so on—surname—heh!"

"Mr. Cophagus wishes to know your other name," said Mr. Brookes, interpreting.

I have omitted to acquaint the reader that surnames, as well as Christian names, are always given to the children at the Foundling, and in consequence of the bank-note found in my basket, I had been named after the celebrated

personage whose signature it bore. "Newland is my other name, sir," replied I.

"Newland—heh!—very good name—everybody likes to see that name—and have plenty of them in his pockets too—um—very comfortable—and so on," replied Mr. Cophagus, leaving the shop.

I resumed my thumping occupation, when Timothy returned with his empty basket. He laughed when he saw me at work. "Well, how do you like the rudimans?—and so on—heh!" said he, mimicking Mr. Cophagus.

"Not overmuch," replied I, wiping my face.

"That was my job before you came. I have been more than a year, and never have got out of those rudimans yet, and I suppose I never shall."

Mr. Brookes, perceiving that I was tired, desired me to leave off, an order which I gladly obeyed, and I took my seat in a corner of the shop.

"There," said Timothy, laying down his basket; "no more work for me, *hanty prandium*, is there, Mr. Brookes?"

"No, Tim; but *post prandium*, you'll *post* off again."

Dinner being ready, and Mr. Cophagus having returned, he and Mr. Brookes went into the back parlour, leaving Timothy and me in the shop to announce customers. And I shall take this opportunity of introducing Mr. Timothy more particularly, as he will play a very conspicuous part in this narrative. Timothy was short in stature for his age, but very strongly built. He had an oval face, with a very dark complexion, gray eyes flashing from under their long eyelashes, and eyebrows nearly meeting each other. He was marked with the small-pox, not so much as to disfigure him, but still it was very perceptible when near to him. His countenance was always lighted up with merriment; there was such a happy, devil-may-care expression in his face, that you liked him the first minute that you were in his company, and I was intimate with him immediately.

"I say, Japhet," said he, "where did you come from?"

"The Foundling," replied I.

"Then you have no friends or relations?"

"If I have, I do not know where to find them," replied I, very gravely.

"Pooh! don't be grave upon it. I hav'n't any either. I was brought up by the parish, in the workhouse. I was found at the door of a gentleman's house, who sent me to the overseers—I was about a year old then. They call me a foundling, but I don't care what they call me, so long as they don't call me too late for dinner. Father and mother, whoever they were, when they run away from me, didn't run away with my appetite. I wonder how long master means to play with his knife and fork. As for Mr. Brookes, what he eats wouldn't physic a snipe. What is your other name, Japhet?"

"Newland."

"Newland—now you shall have mine in exchange: Timothy Oldmixon at your service. They christened me after the workhouse pump, which had 'Timothy Oldmixon fecit' on it; and the overseers thought it as good a name to give me as any other; so I was christened after the pump-maker with some of the pump water. As soon as I was big enough, they employed me to pump all the water for the use of the workhouse. I worked at my *papa*, as I called the pump, all day long. Few sons worked their father more, or disliked him so much; and now, Japhet, you see, from habit, I'm pumping you."

"You'll soon pump dry, then, for I've very little to tell you," replied I; "but tell me, what sort of a person is our master?"

"He's just what you see him, never alters, hardly ever out of humour, and when he is, he is just as odd as ever. He very often threatens me, but I have never had a blow yet, although Mr. Brookes has complained once or twice."

"But surely Mr. Brookes is not cross?"

"No, he is a very good gentleman; but sometimes I carry on my rigs a little too far, I must say that. For as Mr. Brookes says, people may die for want of the medicines, because I put down my basket to play. It's very true; but I can't give up 'peg in the ring' on that account. But then I only get a box of the ear from Mr. Brookes, and that goes for nothing. Mr. Cophagus shakes his stick, and says, 'Bad boy—big stick—*um*—won't forget—next time—and so on,'"

continued Timothy, laughing; "and it is *so on*, to the end of the chapter."

By this time Mr. Cophagus and his assistant had finished their dinner, and came into the shop. The former

looked at me, put his stick to his nose, "Little boys—always hungry—um—like good dinner—roast beef—Yorkshire pudding—and so on," and he pointed with the stick to the back parlour. Timothy and I understood him very well this time: we went into the parlour, when the house-keeper sat down with us and helped us. She was a terrible cross, little old woman, but as honest as she was cross, which is all that I shall say in her favour. Timothy was no favourite, because he had such a good appetite; and it appeared that I was not very likely to stand well in her good opinion, for I also ate a good deal, and every extra mouthful I took I sank in her estimation, till I was nearly at the zero where Timothy had long been for the same offence; but Mr. Cophagus would not allow her to stint him, saying, "Little boys must eat—or won't grow—and so on."

I soon found out that we were not only well fed, but in every other point well treated, and I was very comfortable and happy. Mr. Brookes instructed me in the art of labelling and tying up, and in a very short time I was very expert; and as Timothy predicted, the rudiments were once more handed over to him. Mr. Cophagus supplied me with good clothes, but never gave me any pocket money, and Timothy and I often lamented that we had not even a halfpenny to spend.

Before I had been many months in the shop, Mr. Brookes was able to leave when any exigence required his immediate attendance. I made up the pills, but he weighed out the quantities in the prescriptions; if, therefore, any one came in for medicines, I desired them to wait the return of Mr. Brookes, who would be in very soon. One day when Mr. Brookes was out, and I was sitting behind the counter, Timothy sitting on it, and swinging his legs to and fro, both lamenting that we had no pocket money, Timothy said, "Japhet, I've been puzzling my brains how we can get some money, and I've hit it at last; let you and I turn doctors; we won't send all the people away who come when Mr. Brookes is out, but we'll physic them ourselves."

I jumped at the idea, and he had hardly proposed it, when an old woman came in, and addressing Timothy, said, "That she wanted something for her poor grand-child's sore throat."

"I don't mix up the medicines, ma'am," replied Timothy; "you must apply to that gentleman, Mr. Newland, who is behind the counter—he understands what is good for everybody's complaints."

"Bless his handsome face—and so young too! Why be you a doctor, sir?"

"I should hope so," replied I; "what is it you require—a lotion, or an embrocation?"

"I don't understand those hard words, but I want some doctor's stuff."

"Very well, my good woman; I know what is proper," replied I, assuming an important air. "Here, Timothy, wash out this vial very clean."

"Yes, sir," replied Timothy, very respectfully.

I took one of the measures, and putting in a little green, a little blue, and a little white liquid from the medicine bottles generally used by Mr. Brookes, filled it up with water, poured the mixture into the vial, corked, and labelled it, *haustus statim sumendus*, and handed it over the counter to the old woman.

"Is the poor child to take it, or is it to rub outside?" inquired the old woman.

"The directions are on the label;—but you don't read Latin?"

"Deary me, no! Latin! and do you understand Latin? what a nice clever boy!"

"I should not be a good doctor if I did not," replied I. On second thoughts I considered it advisable and safer that the application should be external, so I translated the label to her—" *Hhaustus*, rub it in—*statim*, on the throat—*sumendus*, with the palm of the hand."

"Deary me! and does it mean all that? How much have I to pay, sir?"

"Embrocation is a very dear medicine, my good woman; it ought to be eighteen-pence, but as you are a poor woman, I shall only charge you nine-pence."

"I'm sure I thank you kindly, sir," replied the old woman, putting down the money, and wishing me a good morning, as she left the shop.

"Bravo!" cried Timothy, rubbing his hands; "it's halves, Japhet, is it not?"

"Yes," replied I; "but first we must be honest, and

not cheat Mr. Cophagus ; the vial is sold, you know, for one penny, and I suppose the stuff I have taken is not worth a penny more. Now, if we put aside two-pence for Mr. Cophagus, we don't cheat him, or steal his property ; the other seven-pence is of course ours—being the *profits of the profession*.”

“But how shall we account for receiving the two-pence ?” said Timothy.

“Selling two vials instead of one ; they are never reckoned, you know.”

“That will do capitally,” cried Timothy ; “and now for halves.” But this could not be managed until Timothy had run out and changed the sixpence ; we then each had our three-pence halfpenny, and for once in our lives could say that we had money in our pockets.

The success of our first attempt encouraged us to proceed ; but, afraid that I might do some mischief, I asked of Mr. Brookes the nature and qualities of the various medicines, as he was mixing the prescriptions, that I might avoid taking any of those which were poisonous. Mr. Brookes, pleased with my continual inquiries, gave me all the information I could desire, and thus I gained not only a great deal of information, but also a great deal of credit with Mr. Cophagus, to whom Mr. Brookes had made known my diligence and thirst for knowledge.

“Good—very good,” said Mr. Cophagus ; “fine boy—learn his business—M.D. one of these days—ride in his coach—um, and so on.” Nevertheless, at my second attempt, I made an awkward mistake, which very nearly led to detection. An Irish labourer, more than half tipsy, came in one evening, and asked whether we had such a thing as was called “*A poor man's plaster*. By the powers it will be a poor man's plaster, when it belongs to me ; but they tell me that it's a sure and sartain cure for the thumbago, as they call it, which I've at the small of my back, and which is a hinder to my mounting up the ladder ; so as it's Saturday night, and I've just got the money, I'll buy the plaster first, and then try what a little whiskey inside will do ; the devil's in it if it won't be driven out of me between the two.”

We had not that plaster in the shop, but we had blister

plaster, and Timothy, handing one to me, I proffered it to him. "And what may you be after asking for this same?" inquired he.

The blister plasters were sold at a shilling each when spread on paper, so I asked him eighteen-pence, that we might pocket the extra sixpence.

"By the powers, one would think that you had made a mistake, and handed me the rich man's plaster instead of the poor one. It's less whiskey I'll have to drink, any how; but here's the money, and the top of the morning to ye, seeing as how its jist coming on night."

Timothy and I laughed as we divided the sixpence. It appeared, that after taking his allowance of whiskey, the poor fellow fixed the plaster on his back when he went to bed, and the next morning found himself in a condition not to be envied. It was a week before we saw him again, and, much to the horror of Timothy and myself, he walked into the shop when Mr. Brookes was employed behind the counter. Timothy perceived him before he saw us, and pulling me behind the large mortar, we contrived to make our escape into the back parlour, the door of which we held ajar to hear what would take place.

"Murder and turf!" cried the man, "but that was the devil's own plaster that you gave me here for my back, and it left me as raw as a turnip, taking every bit of my skin off me entirely, forebye my lying in bed for a whole week, and losing my day's work."

"I really do not recollect supplying you with a plaster, my good man," replied Mr. Brookes.

"Then by the piper that played before Moses, if you don't recollect it, I've an idea that I shall never forget it. Sure enough, it cured me, but wasn't I quite kilt before I was cured?"

"It must have been some other shop," observed Mr. Brookes. "You have made a mistake."

"Devil a bit of a mistake, except in selling me the plaster. Didn't I get it of a lad in this same shop?"

"Nobody sells things out of this shop without my knowledge."

The Irishman was puzzled—he looked round the shop. "Well, then, if this an't the shop, it was own sister to it."

"Timothy," called Mr. Brookes.

"And sure enough there was a Timothy in the other

shop, for I heard the boy call the other by the name; however, it's no matter, if it took off the skin, it also took away the thumbago; so the morning to you, Mr. Pottykary."

When the Irishman departed, we made our appearance. "Japhet, did you sell a plaster to an Irishman?"

"Yes—don't you recollect, last Saturday? and I gave you the shilling."

"Very true; but what did he ask for?"

"He asked for a plaster, but he was very tipsy. I showed him a blister, and he took it;" and then I looked at Timothy, and laughed.

"You must not play such tricks," said Mr. Brookes. "I see what you have been about—it was a joke to you, but not to him."

Mr. Brookes, who imagined we had sold it to the Irishman out of fun, then gave us a very severe lecture, and threatened to acquaint Mr. Cophagus if ever we played such tricks again. Thus the affair blew over, and it made me very careful; and, as every day I knew more about medicines, I was soon able to mix them, so as to be of service to those who applied, and before eighteen months had expired, I was trusted in mixing up all the prescriptions. At the end of that period Mr. Brookes left us, and I took the whole of his department upon myself, giving great satisfaction to Mr. Cophagus.

And now that I have announced my promotion, it will perhaps be as well that I give the reader some idea of my personal appearance, upon which I have hitherto been silent. I was thin, between fifteen and sixteen years old, very tall for my age, and of my figure I had no reason to be ashamed; a large beaming eye, and strongly marked aquiline nose, a high forehead, fair in complexion, but with very dark hair. I was always what may be termed a remarkably clean-looking boy, from the peculiarity of my skin and complexion; my teeth were small, but were transparent, and I had a very deep dimple in my chin. Like all embryo apothecaries, I carried in my appearance, if not the look of wisdom, most certainly that of self-sufficiency, which does equally well with the world in general. My forehead was smooth, and very white, and my dark locks were combed back systematically, and with a regularity that said, as plainly as hair could do, "The

owner of this does every thing by prescription, measurement, and rule." With my long fingers I folded up the little packets, with an air as thoughtful and imposing as that of a minister who has just presented a protocol as interminable as unintelligible; and the look of solemn sagacity with which I poured out the contents of one vial into the other, would have well become the king's physician, when he watched the "Lord's anointed" in *articulo mortis*.

As I followed up my saturnine avocations, I generally had an open book on the counter beside me; not a marble-covered, dirty volume, from the Minerva press, or a half-bound, half-guinea's worth of Colburn's fashionable trash, but a good, honest, heavy-looking, wisdom-implying book, horribly stuffed with epithet of drug; a book in which Latin words were redundant, and here and there were to be observed the crabbed characters of Greek. Altogether, with my book and my look, I cut such a truly medical appearance, that even the most guarded would not have hesitated to allow me the sole conduct of a whitlow, from inflammation to suppuration, and from suppuration to cure, or have refused to have confided to me the entire suppression of a gumboil. Such were my personal qualifications at the time that I was raised to the important office of dispenser of, I may say, life and death.

It will not surprise the reader when I tell him that I was much noticed by those who came to consult, or talk with Mr. Cophagus. "A very fine-looking lad that, Mr. Cophagus," an acquaintance would say. "Where did you get him—who is his father?"

"Father!" Mr. Cophagus would reply, when they had gained the back parlour, but I could overhear him; "father, um—can't tell—love concealment—child born—foundling hospital—put out—and so on."

This was constantly occurring, and the constant occurrence made me often reflect upon my condition, which otherwise I might, from the happy and even tenor of my life, have forgotten. When I retired to my bed I would revolve in my mind all that I had gained from the governors of the hospital relative to myself. The paper found in the basket had been given to me. I was born in wedlock—at least, so said that paper. The sum left with me also proved that my parents could not, at my birth,

have been paupers. The very peculiar circumstances attending my case only made me more anxious to know my parentage. I was now old enough to be aware of the value of birth, and I was also just entering the age of romance, and many were the strange and absurd reveries in which I indulged. At one time, I would cherish the idea that I was of noble, if not princely birth, and frame reasons for concealment. At others—but it is useless to repeat the absurdities and castle buildings which were generated in my brain from mystery. My airy fabrics would at last disappear, and leave me in all the misery of doubt and abandoned hope. Mr. Cophagus, when the question was sometimes put to him, would say, “Good boy—very good boy—don’t want a father.” But he was wrong, I did want a father; and every day the want became more pressing, and I found myself continually repeating the question, “*Who is my father?*”

The departure of Mr. Brookes of course rendered me more able to follow up, with Timothy, my little professional attempts to procure pocket-money; but independent of these pillagings, by the aid of pills, and making drafts upon our master’s legitimate profits, by the assistance of draughts from his shop, accident shortly enabled me to raise the ways and means in a more rapid manner. But of this directly. In the mean time I was fast gaining knowledge; every evening I read surgical and medical books, put into my hands by Mr. Cophagus, who explained whenever I applied to him, and I soon obtained a very fair smattering of my profession. He also taught me how to bleed, by making me, in the first instance, puncture very scientifically all the larger veins of a cabbage-leaf, until, well satisfied with the delicacy of my hand, and the precision of my eye, he wound up my instructions by permitting me to breathe a vein in his own arm.

“Well,” said Timothy, when he first saw me practising, “I have often heard it said that there’s no getting blood out of a turnip; but it seems there is more chance in a cabbage. I tell you what, Japhet, you may try your hand upon me as much as you please, for two-pence a go.”

I consented to this arrangement, and by dint of practising on Timothy over and over again, I became quite per-

fect. I should here observe, that my anxiety relative to my birth increased every day; and in one of the books lent me by Mr. Cophagus, there was a dissertation upon the human frame, sympathies, antipathies, and also on those features and peculiarities most likely to descend from one generation to another. It was there asserted, that the *nose* was the facial feature most likely to be transmitted from father to son. As I before have mentioned, my nose was peculiarly aquiline; and after I had read this book, it was surprising with what eagerness I examined the faces of those whom I met; and if I saw a nose upon any man's face at all resembling my own, I immediately would wonder and surmise whether that person could be my father. The constant dwelling upon the subject at last created a species of monomania, and a hundred times I would mutter to myself, "*Who is my father?*" Indeed, the very bells, when they rung a peal, seemed, as in the case of Whittington, to chime the question; and at last I talked so much on the subject to Timothy, who was my *Fidus Achates*, and bosom friend, that I really believe, partial as he was to me, he wished my father at the devil.

Our shop was well appointed with all that glare and glitter with which we decorate the "*house of call*" of disease and death. Being situated in such a thoroughfare, passengers would stop to look in, and ragged-vested, and in other garments still more ragged, little boys would stand to stare at the variety of colours, and the 'potteary gentleman, your humble servant, who presided over so many labelled-in-gold phalanxes which decorated the sides of the shop. Among those who always stopped and gazed as they passed by, which was generally three or four times a day, was a well-dressed female, about forty years of age, straight as an arrow, with an elasticity of step, and a decision in her manner of walking which was almost masculine, although her form, notwithstanding that it was tall and thin, was extremely feminine and graceful. Sometimes she would fix her eyes upon me, and there was a wildness in her looks which certainly gave a painful impression, and at the same time so fascinated me, that when I met her gaze, the paper which contained the powder remained unfolded, and the arm which was pouring out the liquid suspended. She was often remarked

by Timothy, as well as me; and we further remarked, that her step was not equal throughout the day. In her latter peregrination, towards the evening, her gait was more vigorous, but unequal, at the same time that her gaze was more steadfast. She usually passed the shop, for the last time each day, about five o'clock in the afternoon. One evening, after we had watched her past, as we supposed, to return no more till the ensuing morning,—for this peeping in, on her part, had become an expected occurrence, and afforded much amusement to Timothy, who designated her as the “mad woman,”—to our great surprise, and to the alarm of Timothy, who sprung over the counter, and took a position by my side, she walked into the shop. Her eye appeared wild, as usual, but I could not make out that it was insanity; I rather ascribed it to religious fanaticism. I recovered my self-possession, and desired Timothy to hand the lady a chair, begging to know in what way I could be useful. Timothy walked round by the end of the counter, pushed a chair near to her, and then made a hasty retreat to his former position. She declined the chair with a motion of her hand, in which there was much dignity, as well as grace, and placing upon the counter her hands, which were small and beautifully white, she bent forwards towards me, and said, in a sweet, low voice, which actually startled me by its depth of melody, “I am very ill.”

My astonishment increased every moment. Why, I know not, because the exceptions are certainly as many as the general rule, we always form an estimate of the voice before we hear it, from the outward appearance of the speaker; and when I looked up in her face, which was now exposed to the glare of the argand lamp, and witnessed the cadaverous, pale, chalky expression on it, and the crow feet near the eyes, and wrinkles on her forehead, I should have sooner expected to have heard a burst of heavenly symphony from a thunder-cloud, than such music as issued from her parted lips.

“Good heavens, madam!” said I, eagerly and respectfully, “allow me to send for Mr. Cophagus.”

“By no means,” replied she. “I come to you. I am aware,” continued she, in an under tone, “that you dispense medicines, give advice, and receive money yourself.”

I felt very much agitated, and the blush of detection mounted up to my forehead. Timothy, who heard what she said, showed his uneasiness in a variety of grotesque ways. He drew up his legs alternately, as if he were dancing on hot plates; he slapped his pockets, grinned, clenched his fists, ground his teeth, and bit his lips till he made the blood come. At last he sidled up to me, "She has been peeping and screwing those eyes of her's into this shop for something. It's all up with both of us, unless you can buy her off."

"I have, madam," said I at last, "ventured to prescribe in some trivial cases, and, as you say, received money when my master is not here; but I am intrusted with the till."

"I know—I know—you need not fear me. You are too modest. What I would request is, that you would prescribe for me, as I have no great opinion of your master's talents."

"If you wish it, madam," said I, bowing respectfully.

"You have camphor julep ready made up, have you not?"

"Yes, madam," replied I.

"Then do me the favour to send the boy with a bottle to my house directly." I handed down the bottle, she paid for it, and putting it into Timothy's hands, desired him to take it to the direction which she gave him. Timothy put on his hat, cocked his eye at me, and left us alone.

"What is your name?" said she, in the same melodious voice.

"Japhet Newland, madam," replied I.

"Japhet—it is a good, a scriptural name," said the lady, musing in half soliloquy, "Newland—that sounds of mammon."

"This mystery is unravelled," thought I, and I was right in my conjectures. "She is some fanatical methodist;" but I looked at her again, and her dress disclaimed the idea, for in it there was much taste displayed.

"Who gave you that name?" said she, after a pause.

The question was simple enough, but it stirred up a host of annoying recollections; but not wishing to make a confidant of her, I gently replied, as I used to do in the Foundling Hospital on Sunday morning—"My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism, ma'am."

"My dear sir, I am very ill," said she, after a pause ; "will you feel my pulse?"

I touched a wrist, and looked at a hand that was worthy of being admired. What a pity, thought I, that she should be old, ugly, and half crazy!

"Do you not think that this pulse of mine exhibits considerable nervous excitement? I reckoned it this morning, it was at a hundred and twenty."

"It certainly beats quick," replied I; "but, perhaps, the camphor julep may prove beneficial."

"I thank you for your advice, Mr. Newland," said she, laying down a guinea, "and if I am not better, I will call again, or send for you. Good night."

She walked out of the shop, leaving me in no small astonishment. What could she mean? I was lost in reverie, when Timothy returned. The guinea remained on the counter.

"I met her going home," said he. "Bless me—a guinea—why, Japhet!" I recounted all that had passed. "Well, then, it has turned out well for us instead of ill, as I expected."

The *us* reminded me that we shared profits on these occasions, and I offered Timothy his half; but Tim, with all his *espièglerie*, was not selfish, and he stoutly refused to take his share. He dubbed me an M.D., and said I had beat Mr. Cophagus already, for he had never taken a physician's fee.

"I cannot understand it, Timothy," said I, after a few minutes' thought.

"I can," replied Timothy. "She has looked in at the window until she has fallen in love with your handsome face; that's it, depend upon it." As I could find no other cause, and Tim's opinion was backed by my own vanity, I imagined that such must be the case. "Yes, 'tis so," continued Timothy; "as the saying is, there's money bid for you."

"I wish that it had not been by so ill-favoured a person, at all events, Tim," replied I; "I cannot return her affections."

"Never mind that, so long as you don't return the money."

The next evening she made her appearance, bought as before a bottle of camphor julep—sent Timothy home with it, and asking my advice, paid me another guinea.

"Really, madam," said I, putting it back towards her, "I am not entitled to it."

"Yes, you are," replied she. "I know you have no friends, and I also know that you deserve them. You must purchase books, you must study, or you never will be a great man." She then sat down, entered into conversation, and I was struck with the fire and vigour of the remarks, which were uttered in such a melodious tone.

Her visits during a month were constant, and every time did she press upon me a fee. Although not in love with her person, I certainly felt very grateful, and moreover was charmed with the superiority of her mind. We were now on the most friendly and confiding terms. One evening, she said to me, "Japhet, we have now been friends some time. Can I trust you?"

"With your life, if it were necessary," replied I.

"I believe it," said she. "Then can you leave the shop, and come to me to-morrow evening?"

"Yes, if you will send your maid for me, saying that you are not well."

"I will, at eight o'clock. Farewell, then, till to-morrow."

The next evening I left Timothy in charge, and repaired to her house; it was very respectable in outward appearance, as well as its furniture. I was not, however, shown up into the first floor, but into the room below.

"Miss Judd will come directly, sir," said a tall, meagre, puritanical looking maid, shutting the door upon me. In a few minutes, during which my pulse beat quick, for I could not but expect some disclosure; whether it was to be one of love or murder, I hardly knew which. Miss Aramthea Judd, for such was her Christian name, made her appearance, and sitting down on the sofa, requested me to take a seat by her.

"Mr. Newland," said she, "I wish to—and I think I can intrust you with a secret most important to me. Why I am obliged to do it, you will perfectly comprehend when you have heard my story. Tell me, are you attached to me?"

This was a home question to a forward lad of sixteen. I took her by the hand, and when I looked down on it, I felt as if I was. I looked up into her face, and felt that I was not. And as I now was close to her, I perceived that

she must have some aromatic drug in her mouth, as it smelt strongly—this gave me the supposition that the breath which drew such melodious tones was not equally sweet, and I felt a certain increased degree of disgust.

“I am very grateful, Miss Judd,” replied I; “I hope I shall prove that I am attached when you confide in me.”

“Swear then, by all that’s sacred, you will not reveal what I do confide.”

“By all that is sacred I will not,” replied I, kissing her hand with more fervour than I expected from myself.

“Do me then the favour to excuse me one minute.” She left the room, and in a very short time, there returned, in the same dress, in every other point the same person, but with a young and lively face of not more, apparently, than twenty-two or twenty-three years old. I started as if I had seen an apparition. “Yes,” said she, smiling, “you now see Aramathea Judd without disguise; and you are the first who has seen that face for more than two years. Before I proceed further, again I say, may I trust you?—swear!”

“I do swear,” replied I, and took her hand for the book, which this time I kissed with pleasure, over and over again. Like a young jackass as I was, I still retained her hand, throwing as much persuasion as I possibly could in my eyes. In fact, I did enough to have softened the hearts of three bonnet-makers. I began to feel most dreadfully in love, and thought of marriage, and making my fortune, and I don’t know what; but all this was put an end to by one simple short sentence, delivered in a very decided but soft voice, “Japhet, don’t be silly.”

I was crushed and all my hopes crushed with me. I dropped her hand, and sat like a fool.

“And now hear me. I am, as you must have already found out, an impostor; that is, I am what is called a religious adventuress—a new term, I grant, and perhaps only applicable to a very few. My aunt was considered by a certain sect to be a great prophetess, and had the gift of the unknown tongues, which, I hardly need tell you, is all nonsense; nevertheless, there are hundreds who believed in her, and do so now. Brought up with my aunt, I soon found out what fools and dupes may be made of mankind by taking advantage of their credulity. She had her religious inspirations, her trances, and her convulsions,

and I was always behind the scenes; she confided in me, and I may say that I was her only confidant. You cannot, therefore, wonder at my practising that deceit to which I have been brought up from almost my infancy. In person I am the exact counterpart of what my aunt was at my age, equally so in figure, although my figure is now disguised to resemble that of a woman of her age." I looked when she said this, and perceived that by carrying the bones of her stays up very high, she had contrived to give an appearance of flatness to a breast, which seemed to swell with indignation at such treatment. "I often had dressed myself in my aunt's clothes, put on her cap and front, and then the resemblance was very striking. My aunt fell sick and died, but she promised the disciples that she would reappear to them, and they believed her. I did not. She was buried, and by many her return was anxiously expected. It occurred to me about a week afterwards, that I might contrive to deceive them. I dressed in my aunt's clothes, I painted and disguised my face as you have seen, and the deception was complete, even to myself, as I surveyed myself in the glass. I boldly set off in the evening to the tabernacle, which I knew they still frequented—came into the midst of them, speaking in the unknown tongue, and they fell down and worshipped me as a prophetess risen from the dead; deceived, indeed, by my appearance, but still more deceived by their own credulity. For two years I have been omnipotent with them; but there is one difficulty which shakes the faith of the new converts, and new converts I must have, Japhet, as the old ones die, or I should not be able to fee my physician. It is this; by habit I can almost throw myself into a stupor or a convulsion, but to do that effectually, to be able to carry on the deception for so long a time, and to undergo the severe fatigue attending such violent exertion, it is necessary that I have recourse to stimulants—do you understand?"

"I do," replied I; "I have more than once thought you under the influence of them towards the evening. I'm afraid that you take more than is good for your health."

"Not more than I require for what I have to undergo to keep up the faith of my disciples; but there are many who waver, some who doubt, and I find that my move-

ments are watched. I cannot trust the woman in this house. I think she is a spy set upon me; but I cannot remove her, as this house, and all which it contains, are not mine, but belong to the disciples in general. There is another woman, not far off, who is my rival; she calls me an impostor, and says that hers is the true unknown tongue, and mine is not. This will be rather difficult for her to prove," continued she, with a mocking smile, "as neither are or can be understood. Beset as I am, I require your assistance, for you must be aware that it is rather discreditable to a prophetess, who has risen from the dead, to be seen all day at the gin-shop; yet without stimulants now, I could not exist."

"And how can I assist you?"

"By sending me, as medicine, that which I dare no longer procure in any other way, and keeping the secret which I have imparted."

"I will do both with pleasure; but yet," said I, "is it not a pity, a thousand pities, that one so young—and if you will allow me to add, so lovely, should give herself up to ardent spirits? Why," continued I, taking her small white hand, "why should you carry on the deception; why sacrifice your health, and I may say your happiness——" What more I might have said I know not; probably it might have been an offer of marriage; but she cut me short.

"Why does every body sacrifice their health, their happiness, their all, but for ambition and the love of power? It is true, as long as this little beauty lasts, I might be courted as a woman, but never should I be worshipped as—I may say—a god. No, no—there is something too delightful in that adoration, something too pleasant in witnessing a crowd of fools stare, and three times my age, falling down and kissing the hem of my garment. This is, indeed, adoration! the delight arising from it is so great, that all other passions are crushed by it—it absorbs all other feelings, and has closed my heart even against love, Japhet. I could not, I would not debase myself, sink so low in my own estimation, as to allow so paltry a passion to have dominion over me; and, indeed, now that I am so wedded to stimulants, even if I were no longer a prophetess, it never could."

"But is not intoxication one of the most debasing of all habits?"

"I grant you ; in itself, but with me and in my situation it is different. I fall to rise again, and higher. I cannot be what I am without I simulate—I cannot simulate without stimulants, therefore it is but a means to a great and glorious ambition."

I had more conversation with her before I left, but nothing appeared to move her resolution, and I left her, lamenting, in the first place, that she had abjured love, because, notwithstanding the orris root, which she kept in her mouth to take away the smell of the spirits, I found myself very much taken with such beauty of person, combined with so much vigour of mind; and in the second, that one so young should carry on a system of deceit and self-destruction. When I rose to go away she put five guineas in my hand, to enable me to purchase what she required. "Add to this one small favour," said I, "Aramathea—allow me a kiss."

"A kiss," replied she, with scorn; "no, Japhet, look upon me, for it is the last time you will behold my youth; look upon me as a sepulchre,—fair without, but unsavory and rottenness within. Let me do a greater kindness, let me awaken your dormant energies, and plant that ambition in your soul, which may lead to all that is great and good—a better path, and more worthy of a man, than the one which I have partly chosen, and partly destiny has decided for me. Look upon me as your friend; although, perhaps, you truly say, no friend unto myself. Farewell—remember that to-morrow you will send the medicine which I require."

I left her and returned home: it was late. I went to bed, and having disclosed as much to Timothy as I could safely venture to do, I fell fast asleep, but her figure and her voice haunted me in my dreams. At one time she appeared before me in her painted enamelled face, and then the mask fell off, and I fell at her feet to worship her extreme beauty: then her beauty would vanish, and she would appear an image of loathsomeness and deformity, and I felt suffocated with the atmosphere impregnated with the smell of liquor. I would wake and compose myself again, glad to be rid of the horrid dream; but again would she appear, with a hydra's tail, like Sin in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, wind herself round me, her beautiful face gradually changing into that of a skeleton. I cried out

with terror, and awoke to sleep no more, and effectually cured by my dream of the penchant which I felt towards Miss Aramathea Judd.

The next day I sent Timothy to purchase some highly rectified white brandy, which I coloured with a blue tincture, and added to it a small proportion of the essence of cinnamon, to disguise the smell; a dozen large vials, carefully tied up and sealed, were despatched to her abode. She now seldom called unless it was early in the morning; I made repeated visits to her house to receive money, but no longer to make love. One day I requested permission to be present at their meeting, and to this she gave immediate consent; indeed, we were on the most intimate terms, and when she perceived that I no longer attempted to play the fool, I was permitted to remain for hours with her in conversation. She had, as she told me she intended, re-enamelled and painted her face, but knowing what beauty was concealed underneath, I no longer felt any disgust.

Timothy was very much pleased at his share of this arrangement, as he seldom brought her the medicine without pocketing half a crown. For two months all went on well, but Timothy had such curiosity to attend one of these meetings, that he himself asked Miss Judd's permission—it was granted; he went there with me, witnessed the scene of folly, duplicity, and credulity, and without my having any idea of what he intended, he formed a project in his own head by which to expose it; his love of fun overcoming all motives, arising from interest and prudence.

We had some difficulty to obtain permission for both of us to go out; but Mr. Cophagus consented, as we had not had a holiday for the whole period we had been in his service. He staid at home, and we went to drink tea with Miss Judd, by appointment, as we asserted. But Timothy was determined to go a second time to the meeting, that he might put his project into execution. I again applied to Mr. Cophagus, little thinking that I was taking a step which would put an end to all the presentation guineas which I received, in return for my supplying Miss Judd with the means of deceiving her disciples.

“Out again,” said Mr. Cophagus, “when—um—why—no, no.”

I replied that we had free admissions presented to us for one of the minor theatres, and that we had never been to a theatre in our lives.

“Theatre—music—all for nothing—good—what’s the play?”

“Mock Doctor, sir, and another.”

“Mock Doctor—cut up profession—um—bad—very funny, and so on. Go.” And so we went.

Timothy had not taken his basket of medicine on that day, as I thought, and he put it on his arm; but the rogue had delivered it before; still he carried his basket. The disciples were all collected when we arrived, and on our entering the drawing-room, on the first floor, we found Miss Judd in her low pulpit, not a little the worse for liquor, but, nevertheless, all the better able to act her part. I took my place, as I generally did when I went there, behind the pulpit, where I perceived that a store of vials full of my medicine were deposited, in case she should require them, a circumstance which did not escape the mischief-loving Timothy. Miss Judd had just commenced her shrieks—“Ullima! Ullima! protocol parbihi chron ton—Ullima! Ullima!—there is a little light.” Two old fools, with spectacles, were taking down the words which escaped from her lips on large books, already filled with her former inspirations, of which they supposed that one day they were to receive the key. Another dose from one of my bottles, which stood beside on the pulpit, and she again commenced her violent gestures and strange jargon—crying out, “There is more light—Ullima! Ullima! Yes, there sure is light—is light;” and then overcome with her violence and frantic gesticulations, she fell down, as they supposed, in a trance, in which she asserted she was permitted to view the mansions of the blessed. I received her into my arms, and laid her on the floor of the room; and now half a dozen old women, who considered that they also had been favoured with the tongues, commenced a simultaneous howl, enough to frighten away the evil spirit. At last they threw themselves down on the floor in apparent convulsions. Timothy ran to them, and pouring down their throats vial after vial, the contents of which they sucked in greedily, soon made them more outrageous, while the other disciples seated on each side of the room, on two long forms, cried out, “A visitation,

a visitation ! Hosannah to on high—Hosannah to the prophetess !” This blasphemy continued about half an hour, when Aramathea rose, as if recovered from her trance ; but the liquor had had its effect ; her gait was trembling, and she required my support to gain the pulpit. She had just obtained her position, and, holding on by both hands, was about to address the meeting, when Timothy, who had purchased about two score of sparrows, and had them concealed in his basket, opened the lid and let them all fly ; they immediately flew to the lights, which they extinguished, and all was in darkness. To the howling of the drunken old women was now added the cries of alarm. Timothy jumped on the table, and with a piece of phosphorus, which he had in a small vial of water all ready, marked out on his own clothes and person, rib after rib, bone after bone, until he appeared by degrees, to their astonished eyes, to form himself into a fiery skeleton. Then came shrieks of horror and dismay ; the uproar was astounding. “ Beelzebul Alreddin !—Ullima ! Ullima !—Avaunt Ashteroth !—Avaunt Ullima ! my Ullima !—Prophetess, where are you ?” Up they all rose at last, for fear hitherto held them to their seats—up they all rose like two coveys of birds, to escape from the evil one, who they imagined had entered into their tabernacle ; but Timothy had walked behind the forms, and having procured about two dozen small gimlets, had silently and unperceived fixed every man and woman by their clothes to the long forms on which they had been seated ; so that when they all got up, the forms adhered to and connected them all together, and the fall of one or two brought down all the rest, sprawling, kicking, and shrieking on the floor, in their horror and dismay. It was a pandemonium—and Timothy on the table, flaming in phosphorus, looked like Satan when he called the fallen angels from the fiery gulf. For myself, aware of what would take place, I drew the now almost insensible form of Aramathea away from the pulpit, and contrived to gain the door and carry her down stairs. Timothy, after adding one or two yells to increase the clamour and dismay, sprang from the table and followed me. Just as we had closed the parlour-door, the police burst in and ascended the stairs, and we took that opportunity to escape, carrying the insensible Aramathea between us. Notwithstanding some opposition, on the

part of the crowd collected outside, we contrived to get clear of it, and at last gained the house of Mr. Cophagus.

"Ha!" cried he, opening the door, "what's all this?—young woman—run over—much hurt, and so on?"

"Not very much hurt, sir, I believe," replied I, "but very much frightened," as we carried her into the back parlour, and laid her on the sofa.

Mr. Cophagus proceeded to examine her; he felt her pulse—he opened her eyelids—he smelt her breath. "Ah!" said he, "can't prescribe—bad woman—quite drunk—gin—um—compounds, and so on." He then went to the door, called a watchman, ordered Miss Judd to be taken to the watchhouse, where she was locked up with all her disciples, who had preceded her. We dared not make any objections. The next day I was informed by report of the exposure which had taken place, and never after that heard any more of Miss Aramathea Judd.

I blamed Timothy very much for his unguarded behaviour; but he defended himself, by observing that it was his duty to unmask hypocrisy so nefarious, and that there could be no good derived from money bestowed, as it had been on us, for such a pernicious confederacy. I could not deny the truth of his observations; and when I reflected, I blushed at the sums I had received and squandered away. We continued to live in the greatest harmony, and I found favour more and more in the sight of Mr. Cophagus.

After this affair of Miss Judd, I adhered steadily to my business, and profited by the advice given me by that young person, improved rapidly in my profession, as well as in general knowledge; but my thoughts, as usual, were upon one subject—my parentage, and the mystery hanging over it. My eternal reveries became at last so painful, that I had recourse to reading to drive them away, and subscribing to a good circulating library, I was seldom without a book in my hand. By this time I had been nearly two years and a half with Mr. Cophagus, when an adventure occurred which I must attempt to describe with all the dignity with which it ought to be invested.

This is a world of ambition, competition, and rivalry. Nation rivals nation, and flies to arms, cutting the throats of a few thousands on each side, till one finds that it has the worst of it. Man rivals man, and hence detraction,

duels, and individual death. Woman rivals woman, and hence loss of reputation and position in high, and loss of hair, and fighting with pattens in low, life. Are we then to be surprised that this universal passion, undeterred by the smell of drugs and poisonous compounds, should enter into apothecaries' shops? Certainly not. Let me proceed. But two streets—two very short streets from our own—was situated the single-fronted shop of Mr. Ebenezer Pleggit. Thank heaven, it was only single-fronted; there, at least, we had the ascendancy over them. Upon other points, our advantages were more equally balanced. Mr. Pleggit had two large coloured bottles in his windows more than we had; but then we had two horses, and he had only one. He tied over the corks of his bottles with red-coloured paper; we covered up the lips of our vials with true blue. It certainly was the case—for though an enemy, I'll do him justice—that after Mr. Brookes had left us, Mr. Pleggit had two shopmen, and Mr. Cophagus only one; but then that one was Mr. Japhet Newland; besides, one of his assistants had only one eye, and the other squinted horribly, so if we measured by eyes, I think the advantage was actually on our side; and as far as ornament went, most decidedly; for who would not prefer putting on his chimney-piece one handsome, elegant vase, than two damaged, ill-looking pieces of crockery? Mr. Pleggit had certainly a gilt mortar and pestle over his door, which Mr. Cophagus had omitted when he furnished his shop; but then the mortar had a great crack down the middle, and the pestle had lost its knob. And let me ask those who have been accustomed to handle it, what is a pestle without a knob? On the whole, I think, with the advantage of having two fronts, like Janus, we certainly had the best of the comparison; but I shall leave the impartial to decide. All I can say is, that the feuds of the rival houses were most bitter—the hate intense—the mutual scorn unmeasurable. Did Mr. Ebenezer Pleggit meet Mr. Phineas Cophagus in the street, the former immediately began to spit as if he had swallowed some of his own vile adulterated drugs; and in rejoinder, Mr. Cophagus immediately raised the cane from his nose high above his forehead in so threatening an attitude, as almost to warrant the other swearing the peace against him, muttering, “Ugly puppy—knows nothing—um—

patients die—and so on.” It may be well supposed that this spirit of enmity extended through the lower branches of the rival houses—the assistants and I were at deadly feud; and this feud was even more deadly between the boys who carried out the medicines, and whose baskets might, in some measure, have been looked upon as the rival ensigns of the parties, they themselves occupying the dangerous and honourable post of standard bearer. Timothy, although the kindest-hearted fellow in the world, was as good a hater as Dr. Johnson himself could have wished to meet with; and when sometimes his basket was not so well filled as usual, he would fill up with empty bottles below, rather than the credit of the house should be suspected, and his deficiencies create a smile of scorn in the mouth of his red-haired antagonist, when they happened to meet going their rounds. As yet, no actual collision had taken place between either the principals or the subordinates of the hostile factions; but it was fated that this state of quiescence should no longer remain.

Homer has sung the battles of gods, demigods, and heroes; Milton the strife of angels. Swift has been great in his *Battle of the Books*; but I am not aware that the battle of the vials has as yet been sung; and it requires a greater genius than was to be found in those who portrayed the conflicts of heroes, demigods, gods, angels, or books, to do adequate justice to the mortal strife which took place between the lotions, potions, draughts, pills, and embrocations. I must tell the story as well as I can, leaving it as an outline for a future epic.

Burning with all the hate which infuriated the breasts of the two houses of Capulet and Montague, hate each day increasing from years of “biting thumbs” at each other, and yet no excuse presenting itself for an affray, Timothy Oldmixon—for on such an occasion it would be a sin to omit his whole designation—Timothy Oldmixon, I say, burning with hate and eager with haste, turning a corner of the street with his basket well filled with medicines hanging on his left arm, encountered, equally eager in his haste, and equally burning in his hate, the red-haired Mercury of Mr. Ebenezer Pleggit. Great was the concussion of the opposing baskets, dire was the crash of many of the vials, and dreadful was the mingled odour of the abominations which escaped, and poured through the

wicker interstices. Two ladies from Billingsgate, who were near, indulging their rhetorical powers, stopped short. Two tom cats, who were on an adjacent roof, just fixing their eyes of enmity, and about to fix their claws, turned their eyes to the scene below. Two political antagonists stopped their noisy arguments. Two dustmen ceased to ring their bells; and two little urchins eating cherries from the crowns of their hats, lost sight of their fruit, and stood aghast with fear. They met, and met with such violence, that they each rebounded many paces; but, like stalwart knights, each kept his basket and his feet. A few seconds to recover breath; one withering, fiery look from Timothy, returned by his antagonist; one flash of the memory in each to tell them that they each had the *la* on their side, and “Take that!” was roared by Timothy, planting a well-directed blow with his dexter and dexterous hand upon the sinister and sinisterous eye of his opponent. “Take that!” continued he, as his adversary reeled back; “take that, and be d—d to you, for running against a *gentleman*.”

He of the rubicund hair had retreated, because so violent was the blow he could not help so doing, and we all must yield to fate. But it was not from fear. Seizing a vile potation that was labelled “To be taken immediately,” and hurling it with demoniacal force right on the chops of the courageous Timothy, “Take that!” cried he, with a rancorous yell. The missile, well directed as the spears of Homer’s heroes, came full upon the bridge of Timothy’s nose, and the fragile glass, shivering, inflicted diverse wounds upon his physiognomy, and at the same time poured forth a dark burnt-sienna-coloured balsam, to heal them, giving pain unutterable. Timothy, disdaining to lament the agony of his wounds, followed the example of his antagonist, and hastily seizing a similar bottle of much larger dimensions, threw it with such force that it split between the eyes of his opponent. Thus with these dreadful weapons did they commence the mortal strife.

The lovers of *good order*, or at least of fair play, gathered round the combatants, forming an almost impregnable ring, yet of sufficient dimensions to avoid the missiles. “Go it, red-head!”—“Bravo! white apron!” resounded on every side. Draught now met draughts in their passage through the circumambient air, and exploded

like shells over a besieged town. Bolusses were fired with the precision of cannon-shot, pill-boxes were thrown with such force that they burst like grape and canister, while acids and alkalies hissed, as they neutralized each other's power, with all the venom of expiring snakes. "Bravo! white apron!"—"Red-head for ever!" resounded on every side, as the conflict continued with unabated vigour. The ammunition was fast expending on both sides, when Mr. Ebenezer Pleggit, hearing the noise, and perhaps smelling his own drugs, was so unfortunately rash, and so unwisely foolhardy, as to break through the sacred ring, advancing from behind with uplifted cane to fell the redoubtable Timothy, when a mixture of his own, hurled by his own red-haired champion, caught him in his open mouth, breaking against his only two remaining front teeth, extracting them as the discharged liquid ran down his throat, and turning him as sick as a dog. He fell, was taken away on a shutter, and it was some days before he was again to be seen in his shop, dispensing those medicines which, on this fatal occasion, he would but too gladly have dispensed with.

Reader, have you not elsewhere read in the mortal fray between knights, when the casque has been beaten off, the shield lost, and the sword shivered, how they have resorted to closer and more deadly strife with their daggers raised on high? Thus it was with Timothy; his means had failed, and disdaining any longer to wage a distant combat, he closed vigorously with his panting enemy, overthrew him in the first struggle, seizing from his basket the only weapons which remained, one single vial and one single box of pills. As he sat upon his prostrate foe, first he forced the box of pills into his gasping mouth, and then with the lower end of the vial he drove it down his throat, as a gunner rams home the wad and shot into a thirty-two pound carronade. Choked with the box, the fallen knight held up his hands for quarter; but Timothy continued, until the end of the vial breaking out the top and bottom of the pasteboard receptacle, forty-and-eight of antibilious pills rolled in haste down Red-head's throat. Timothy seized his basket, and amid the shouts of triumph, walked away. His fallen-crested adversary coughed up the remnants of the pasteboard, once more breathed, and was led disconsolate to the neighbouring

pump; while Timothy regained our shop with his blushing honours thick upon him.

But I must drop the vein heroical. Mr. Cophagus, who was at home when Timothy returned, was at first very much inclined to be wrath at the loss of so much medicine; but when he heard the story, and the finale, he was so pleased at Tim's double victory over Mr. Pleggit and his messenger, that he actually put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out half a crown.

Mr. Pleggit, on the contrary, was any thing but pleased; he went to a lawyer, and commenced an action for assault and battery, and all the neighbourhood did nothing but talk about the affray which had taken place, and the action at law, which it was said would take place in the ensuing term.

But with the exception of this fracas, which ended in the action not holding good, whereby the animosity was increased, I have little to recount during the remainder of the time I served under Mr. Cophagus. I had been more than three years with him, when my confinement became insupportable. I had but one idea, which performed an everlasting cycle in my brain. Who was my father? And I should have abandoned the profession to search the world in the hope of finding my progenitor, had it not been that I was without the means. Latterly I had hoarded up all I could collect; but the sum was small, much too small for the proposed expedition. I became melancholy, indifferent to the business, and slovenly in my appearance, when a circumstance occurred which put an end to my further dispensing medicines, and left me a free agent.

It happened one market day there was an overdriven, infuriated beast, which was making sad havoc. Crowds of people were running past our shop in one direction, and the cries of "Mad bull!" were re-echoed in every quarter. Mr. Cophagus, who was in the shop, and to whom, as I have before observed, a mad bull was a source of great profit, very naturally looked out of the shop to ascertain whether the animal was near to us. In most other countries, when people hear of any danger, they generally avoid it by increasing their distance; but in England, it is too often the case, that they are so fond of indulging their curiosity, that they run to the danger. Mr. Cophagus,

who perceived the people running one way, naturally supposed, not being aware of the extreme proximity of the animal, that the people were running to see what was the matter, and turned his eyes in that direction, walking out on the pavement that he might have a fairer view. He was just observing, "Can't say—fear—um—rascal Pleggit—close to him—get all the custom—wounds—contusions—and"— When the animal came suddenly round the corner upon Mr. Cophagus, who had his eyes the other way, and before he could escape, tossed him right through his own shop windows, and landed him on the counter. Not satisfied with this, the beast followed him into the shop. Timothy and I pulled Mr. Cophagus over towards us, and he dropped inside the counter, where we also crouched, frightened out of our wits. To our great horror, the bull made one or two attempts to leap the counter; but not succeeding, and being now attacked by the dogs and butcher boys, he charged at them through the door, carrying away our best scales on his horns as a trophy, as he galloped out of the shop in pursuit of his persecutors. When the shouts and halloos were at some little distance, Timothy and I raised our heads and looked round us; and perceiving that all was safe, we proceeded to help Mr. Cophagus, who remained on the floor bleeding, and in a state of insensibility. We carried him into the back parlour, and laid him on the sofa. I desired Timothy to run for surgical aid as fast as he could, while I opened a vein; and in a few minutes he returned with our opponent, Mr. Ebenezer Pleggit. We stripped Mr. Cophagus, and proceeded to examine him. "Bad case this—very bad case, indeed, Mr. Newland—dislocation of the os humeri—severe contusion on the os frontis—and I'm very much afraid there is some intercostal injury. Very sorry, very sorry, indeed, for my brother Cophagus." But Mr. Pleggit did not appear to be sorry; on the contrary, he appeared to perform his surgical duties with the greatest glee.

We reduced the dislocation, and then carried Mr. Cophagus up to his bed. In an hour he was sensible, and Mr. Pleggit took his departure, shaking hands with Mr. Cophagus, and wishing him joy of his providential escape. "Bad job, Japhet," said Mr. Cophagus to me.

"Very bad indeed, sir; but it might have been worse."

"Worse—um—no, nothing worse—not possible."

"Why, sir, you might have been killed."

"Pooh! didn't mean that—mean Pleggit—rascal—um—kill me if he can—shan't though—soon get rid of him—and so on."

"You will not require his further attendance now that your shoulder is reduced. I can very well attend upon you."

"Very true, Japhet;—but won't go—sure of that—damned rascal—quite pleased—I saw it—um—eyes twinkled—smile checked—and so on."

That evening Mr. Pleggit called in, as Mr. Cophagus said that he would, and the latter showed a great deal of impatience; but Mr. Pleggit repeated his visit over and over again, and I observed that Mr. Cophagus no longer made any objection; on the contrary, seemed anxious for his coming, and more so after he was convalescent, and able to sit at his table. But the mystery was soon divulged. It appeared that Mr. Cophagus, although he was very glad that other people should suffer from mad bulls, and come to be cured, viewed the case in a very different light when the bull thought proper to toss him; and having now realized a comfortable independence, he had resolved to retire from business, and from a site attended with so much danger. A hint of this escaping when Mr. Pleggit was attending him on the third day after his accident, the latter, who knew the value of the *locale*, also hinted that if Mr. Cophagus was inclined so to do, that he would be most happy to enter into an arrangement with him. Self-interest will not only change friendship into enmity, in this rascally world, but also turn enmity into friendship. All Mr. Pleggit's enormities, and all Mr. Cophagus' shameful conduct, were mutually forgotten. In less than ten minutes it was, "*My dear Mr. Pleggit*, and so on," and "*My dear brother Cophagus*."

In three weeks every thing had been arranged between them, and the shop, fixtures, stock in trade, and good will, were all the property of our ancient antagonist. But although Mr. Pleggit could shake hands with Mr. Cophagus for his fixtures and *good will*, yet as Timothy and I were not included in the *good will*, neither were we included among the *fixtures*, and Mr. Cophagus could not, of course, interfere with Mr. Pleggit's private arrange-

ments. He did all he could do in the way of recommendation, but Mr. Pleggit had not forgotten my occasional impertinence, or the battle of the bottles. I really believe that his *ill will* against Timothy was one reason for purchasing the *good will* of Mr. Cophagus, and we were very gently told by Mr. Pleggit that he would have no occasion for our services. Mr. Cophagus offered to procure me another situation as soon as he could, and at the same time presented me with twenty guineas, as a proof of his regard and appreciation of my conduct; but this sum put in my hand decided me: I thanked him, and told him I had other views at present, but hoped he would let me know where I might find him hereafter, as I should be glad to see him again. He told me he would leave his address for me at the Foundling, and shaking me heartily by the hand, we parted. Timothy was then summoned. Mr. Cophagus gave him five guineas, and wished him good fortune.

"And now, Japhet, what are you about to do?" said Timothy, as he descended into the shop.

"To do," replied I; "I am about to leave you, which is the only thing I am sorry for. I am going, Timothy, in search of my father."

"Well," replied Timothy, "I feel as you do, Japhet, that it will be hard to part; and there is another thing on my mind—which is, I am very sorry that the bull did not break the rudimans, (pointing to the iron mortar and pestle;) had he had but half the spite I have against it, he would not have left a piece as big as a thimble. I've a great mind to have a smack at it before I go."

"You will only injure Mr. Cophagus, for the mortar will not then be paid for."

"Very true; and as he has just given me five guineas, I will refrain from my just indignation. But now, Japhet, let me speak to you. I don't know how you feel, but I feel as if I could not part with you. I do not want to go in search of my father particularly. They say it's a wise child that knows its own father; but as there can be no doubt of my other parent—if I can only hit upon her, I have a strong inclination to go in search of my mother; and if you like my company, why I will go with you—always, my dear Japhet," continued Tim, "keeping in my mind the great difference between a person who has

been feed as an M.D., and a lad who only carries out his prescriptions."

"Do you really mean to say, Tim, that you will go with me?"

"Yes, to the end of the world, Japhet, as your companion, your friend, and your servant, if you require it. I love you, Japhet, and I will serve you faithfully."

"My dear Tim, I am delighted; now I am really happy: we will have but one purse and but one interest; if I find good fortune, you shall share it."

"And if you meet with ill luck, I will share that too—so the affair is settled; and as here comes Mr. Pleggit's assistants with only one pair of eyes between them, the sooner we pack up the better."

In half an hour all was ready; a bundle each, contained our wardrobes. We descended from our attic, walked proudly through the shop without making any observation, or taking any notice of our successors; all the notice taken was by Timothy, who turned round and shook his fist at his old enemies, the iron mortar and pestle, and there we were, standing on the pavement, with the wide world before us, and quite undecided which way we should go.

"Is it to be east, west, north, or south, Japhet?" said Timothy.

"The wise men came from the east," replied I.

"Then they must have travelled west," said Tim; "let us show our wisdom by doing the same."

"Agreed."

Passing by a small shop, we purchased two good sticks, as defenders, as well as to hang our bundles on—and off we set upon our pilgrimage.

I believe it to be a very general action, when people set off upon a journey, to reckon up their means—that is, to count the money which they may have in their pockets. At all events, this was done by Timothy and me, and I found that my stock amounted to twenty-two pounds eighteen shillings, and Timothy's to the five guineas presented by Mr. Cophagus, and three half-pence which were in the corner of his waistcoat pocket—sum total, twenty-eight pounds three shillings and three halfpence; a very handsome sum, as we thought, with which to commence our peregrinations, and, as I observed to Timothy, suffi-

cient to last us for a considerable time, if husbanded with care.

"Yes," replied he; "but we must husband our legs also, Japhet, or we shall soon be tired, and very soon wear out our shoes. I vote we take a hackney coach."

"Take a hackney coach, Tim! we mustn't think of it; we cannot afford such luxury; you can't be tired yet, we are now only just clear of Hyde Park Corner."

"Still I think we had better take a coach, Japhet, and here is one coming. I always do take one when I carry out medicines, to make up for the time I lose looking at the shops, and playing peg in the ring."

I now understood what Timothy meant, which was, to get behind and have a ride for nothing. I consented to this arrangement, and we got up behind one which was already well filled inside. "The only difference between an inside and outside passenger in a hackney coach, is, that the one pays, and the other does not," said I to Timothy, as we rolled along at the act of parliament speed of four miles per hour.

"That depends upon circumstances: if we are found out, in all probability we shall not only have our ride, but be *paid* into the bargain."

"With the coachman's whip, I presume?"

"Exactly." And Timothy had hardly time to get the word out of his mouth, when *flac, flac*, came the whip across our eyes—a little envious wretch, with his shirt hanging out of his trowsers, having called out *Cut behind!* Not wishing to have our faces or our behinds cut any more, we hastily descended, and reached the footpath, after having gained about three miles on the road before we were discovered.

"That wasn't a bad lift, Japhet, and as for the whip I never mind that with *corduroys*. And now, Japhet, I'll tell you something; we must get into a wagon, if we can find one going down the road, as soon as it is dark."

"But that will cost money, Tim."

"It's economy, I tell you; for a shilling, if you bargain, you may ride the whole night, and if we stop at a public-house to sleep, we shall have to pay for our beds, as well as be obliged to order something to eat, and pay dearer for it than if we buy what we want in cooks' shops."

"There is sense in what you say, Timothy; we will look out for a wagon."

"Oh! it's no use now—wagons are like black beetles, not only in shape but in habits, they only travel by night—at least most of them do. We are now coming into long dirty Brentford, and I don't know how you feel, Japhet, but I find that walking wonderfully increases the appetite—that's another reason why you should not walk when you can ride—for nothing."

"Well, I am rather hungry myself; and, dear me, how very good that piece of roast pork looks in that window!"

"I agree with you—let's go in, and make a bargain."

We bought a good allowance for a shilling, and after sticking out for a greater proportion of mustard than the woman said we were entitled to, and some salt, we wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and continued our course, till we arrived at a baker's, where we purchased our bread, and then taking up a position on a bench outside a public-house, called for a pot of beer, and putting our provisions down before us, made a hearty, and, what made us more enjoy it, an independent meal. Having finished our pork and our porter, and refreshed ourselves, we again started, and walked till it was quite dark, when we felt so tired that we agreed to sit down on our bundles and wait for the first wagon which passed. We soon heard the jingling of bells, and shortly afterward its enormous towering bulk appeared between us and the sky. We went up to the wagoner, who was mounted on a little pony, and asked him if he could give two poor lads a lift, and how much he would charge us for the ride

"How much can you afford to give, measters; for there be others as poor as ye?" We replied that we could give a shilling. "Well, then, get up in God's name, and ride as long as you will. Get in behind."

"Are there many people in there already?" said I, as I climbed up, and Timothy handed me the bundles.

"Noa," replied the wagoner, "there be nobody but a mighty clever poticary or doctor, I can't tell which; but he wear an uncommon queer hat, and he talk all sort of doctor stuff—and there be his odd man and his odd boy; that be all, and there be plenty of room, and plenty o' clean *stra*'."

After this intimation we climbed up, and gained a situation in the rear of the wagon under the cloth. As the wagoner said, there was plenty of room, and we nestled into the straw without coming into contact with the other travellers. Not feeling any inclination to sleep, Timothy and I entered into conversation, *sotto voce*, and had continued for more than half an hour, supposing by their silence that the other occupants of the wagon were asleep, when we were interrupted by a voice clear and sonorous as a bell.

"It would appear that you are wanderers, young men, and journey you know not whither. Birds seek their nests when the night fall—beasts hasten to their lairs—man bolts his door. '*Propria quæ maribus*,' as Herodotus hath it; which, when translated, means, that 'such is the nature of mankind.' '*Tribuuntur mascula dicas*,' 'Tell me your troubles,' as Homer says."

I was very much surprised at this address—my knowledge of the language, for I had studied the grammar with Mr. Brookes, told me immediately that the quotations were out of the Latin grammar, and that all his learning was pretence; still there was a novelty of style which amused me, and at the same time gave me an idea that the speaker was an uncommon personage. I gave Timothy a nudge, and then replied,

"You have guessed right, most learned sir; we are, as you say, wanderers seeking our fortunes, and trust yet to find them—still we have a weary journey before us. '*Haustus horâ somni sumendum*,' as Aristotle hath it; which I need not translate to so learned a person as yourself."

"Nay, indeed, there is no occasion; yet am I pleased to meet with one who hath scholarship," replied the other. "Have you also a knowledge of the Greek?"

"No, I pretend not to Greek."

"It is a pity that thou hast it not, for thou wouldst delight to commune with the ancients. Esculapius hath these words—'*Asholder—offmotton—accapon—pasti—venison*,'—which I will translate for thee—'We often find what we seek, when we least expect it.' May it be so with you, my friend. Where have you been educated? and what has been your profession?"

I thought I risked little in telling; so I replied, that I had been brought up as a surgeon and apothecary, and had been educated at a foundation school.

"'Tis well," replied he; "you have then commenced your studies in my glorious profession; still have you much to learn; years of toil, under a great master, can only enable you to benefit mankind as I have done; and years of hardship and of danger must be added thereunto, to afford you the means. There are many hidden secrets. '*Ut sunt Divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, Virorum,*'—many parts of the globe to traverse, '*Ut Cato, Virgilius, fluviorum, ut Tiberis, Orontes.*' All these have I visited, and many more. Even now do I journey to obtain more of my invaluable medicine, gathered on the highest Andes, when the moon is in her perigee. There I shall remain for months among the clouds, looking down upon the great plain of Mexico, which shall appear no larger than the head of a pin, where the voice of man is heard not. '*Vocito vocitas vocitavi,*' bending for months towards the earth. '*As in presenti,*' suffering with the cold—'*frico quod fricui dat,*' as Eusebius hath it. Soon shall I be borne away by the howling winds towards the new world, where I can obtain more of the wonderful medicine, which, I may say, never yet hath failed me, and which nothing but love towards my race induces me to gather at such pains and risk."

"Indeed, sir," replied I, amused with his imposition, "I should like to accompany you—for, as Josephus says most truly, '*Capiat pillulæ duæ post prandium.*' Travel is, indeed, a most delightful occupation, and I would like to run over the whole world."

"And I would like to follow you," interrupted Timothy. "I suspect we have commenced our *grand tour* already—three miles behind a hackney-coach—ten on foot, and about two, I should think, in this wagon. But as Copphagus says, '*Cochlearija crash many summendush,*' which means, 'there are ups and downs in this world.'"

"Hah!" exclaimed our companion. "He, also, has the rudiments."

"Nay, I hope I've done with the *rudimans*," replied Timothy.

"Is he your follower?" inquired the man.

"That very much depends upon who walks first," replied Timothy, "but whether or no—we hunt in couples."

"I understand—you are companions. '*Concordat cum nominativo numero et persona.*' Tell me, can you roll pills, can you use the pestle and the mortar, handle the scapula, and mix ingredients?"

I replied, that of course I knew my profession.

"Well, then, as we have still some hours of night, let us now obtain some rest. In the morning, when the sun hath introduced us to each other, I may then judge from your countenances whether it is likely that we may be better acquainted. Night is the time for repose, as Quintus Curtius says, '*Custos, bos, fur atque sacerdos.*' Sleep was made for all—my friends, good night."

Timothy and I took his advice, and were soon fast asleep. I was awakened the next morning by feeling a hand in my trowsers' pocket. I seized it and held it fast.

"Now just let go my hand, will you?" cried a lachrymal voice.

I jumped up—it was broad daylight, and looked at the human frame to which the hand was an appendix. It was a very spare, awkward built form of a young man, apparently about twenty years old, but without the least sign of manhood on his chin. His face was cadaverous, large goggling eyes, high cheek bones, hair long, reminding me of a rat's nest, thin lips, and ears large almost as an elephant's. A more wo-begone wretch in appearance I never beheld, and I continued to look at him with surprise. He repeated his words with an idiotical expression, "Just let go my hand, can't you?"

"What business had your hand in my pocket?" replied I, angrily.

"I was feeling for my pocket-handkerchief," replied the young man. "I always keeps it in my breeches' pocket."

"But not in your neighbour's, I presume?"

"My neighbour's!" replied he, with a vacant stare. "Well, so it is; I see now—I thought it was my own."

I released his hand; he immediately put it into his own pocket, and drew out his handkerchief, if the rag deserved the appellation. "There," said he, "I told you I put it in that pocket—I always do."

"And pray who are you?" said I, as I looked at his dress, which was a pair of tight cotton drawers, and an old spangled jacket.

"Me! why, I'm the fool."

"More knave than fool, I expect," replied I, still much puzzled with his strange appearance and dress.

"Nay, there you mistake," said the voice of last night. "He is not only a fool by profession, but one by nature. It is a half-witted creature who serves me when I would attract the people. Strange in this world, that wisdom may cry in the streets without being noticed, yet folly will always command a crowd."

During this address I turned my eyes upon the speaker. He was an elderly looking person, with white hair, dressed in a suit of black ruffles and frill. His eyes were brilliant, but the remainder of his face it was difficult to decipher, as it was evidently painted, and the night's jumbling in the wagon had so smeared it, that it appeared of almost every colour in the rainbow. On one side of him lay a large three-cornered cocked hat, on the other a little lump of a boy, rolled up in the straw like a marmot, and still sound asleep. Timothy looked at me, and when he caught my eye, burst out into a laugh.

"You laugh at my appearance, I presume," said the old man, mildly.

"I do in truth," replied Timothy. "I never saw one like you before, and I dare say never shall again."

"That is possible; yet probably if you meet me again, you would not know me."

"Among a hundred thousand," replied Timothy, with increased mirth.

"We shall see, perhaps," replied the quack doctor, for such the reader must have already ascertained to be his profession; "but the wagon has stopped, and the driver will bait his horses: if inclined to eat, now is your time. Come, Jumbo, get up; Philotas, waken him, and follow me."

Philotas, for so was the fool styled by his master, turned up some straw, and stuffed the end of it into Jumbo's mouth. "Now Jumbo will think he has got something to eat. I always wake him that way," observed the fool, grinning at us.

It certainly, as might be expected, did waken Jumbo, who uncoiled himself, rubbed his eyes, stared at the cover of the wagon, then at us, and without saying a word, rolled himself out of the wagon after the fool. Timothy and I followed. We found the doctor bargaining for some bread and bacon, his strange appearance exciting much amusement, and inducing the people to let him have a better bargain than perhaps otherwise they would have done. He gave a part of the refreshment to the boy and the fool, and walked out of the taproom with his own share. Timothy and I went to the pump, and had a good refreshing wash, and then for a shilling were permitted to make a very hearty breakfast. The wagon having remained about an hour, the driver gave us notice of his departure; but the doctor was nowhere to be found. After a little delay, the wagoner drove off, cursing him for a *bilk*, and vowing that he'd never have any more to do with a "larned man." In the mean time, Timothy and I had taken our seats in the wagon, in company with the fool, and Master Jumbo. We commenced a conversation with the former, and soon found out, as the doctor had asserted, that he really was an idiot, so much so, that it was painful to converse with him. As for the latter, he had coiled himself away to take a little more sleep. I forgot to mention, that the boy was dressed much in the same way as the fool, in an old spangled jacket, and white trowsers. For about an hour Timothy and I conversed, remarking upon the strange disappearance of the doctor, especially as he had given us hopes of employing us; in accepting which offer, if ever it should be made, we had not made up our minds, when we were interrupted with a voice crying out, "Hillo, my man, can you give a chap a lift as far as Reading, for a shilling?"

"Ay, get up, and welcome," replied the wagoner.

The wagon did not stop, but in a moment or two the new passenger climbed in. He was dressed in a clean smock frock, neatly worked up the front, leather gaiters, and stout shoes; a bundle and a stick were in his hand. He smiled as he looked round upon the company, and showed a beautiful set of small white teeth. His face was dark, and sun-burnt, but very handsome, and his eyes as black as coals, and as brilliant as gas. "Heh! player folk—I've a notion," said he, as he sat down, looking at

the doctor's attendants, and laughing at us. "Have you come far, gentlemen?" continued he.

"From London," was my reply.

"How do the crops look up above? for down here the turnips seem to have failed altogether. Dry seasons won't do for turnips."

I replied that I really could not satisfy him on that point, as it was dark when we passed.

"Very true—I had forgotten that," replied he. "However, the barleys look well; but perhaps you don't understand farming?"

I replied in the negative, and the conversation was kept up for two or three hours, in the course of which I mentioned the quack doctor, and his strange departure.

"That is the fellow who cured so many people at——," replied he; and the conversation then turned upon his profession and mode of life, which Timothy and I agreed must be very amusing. "We shall meet him again, I dare say," replied the man. "Would you know him?"

"I think so, indeed," replied Timothy, laughing.

"Yes, and so you would think that you would know a guinea from a halfpenny, if I put it into your hands," replied the man. "I do not wish to lay a bet, and win your money; but I tell you, that I will put either one or the other into each of your hands, and if you hold it fast for one minute, and shut your eyes during that time, you will not be able to tell me which it is that you have in it."

"That I am sure I would," replied Tim; and I made the same assertion.

"Well, I was taken in that way at a fair, and lost ten shillings, by the wager; now, we'll try whether you can tell or not." He took out some money from his pocket, selected without our seeing, put a coin into the hand of each of us, closing our fists over it, "and now," said he, "keep your eyes shut for a minute."

We did so, and a second or two afterwards we heard a voice which we instantly recognised. "Nay, but it was wrong to leave me on the way side thus, having agreed to pay the sum demanded. At my age one walketh not without fatigue, '*Excipenda tamen quædam sunt urbium*,' as Philostratus says, meaning, 'that old limbs lose their activity, and seek the help of a crutch.'"

"There's the doctor," cried Timothy, with his eyes still shut.

"Now open your eyes," said the man, "and tell me, before you open your hand, what there is in it."

"A halfpenny in mine," said Tim.

"A guinea in mine," replied I.

We opened our hands, and they were *empty*.

"Where the devil is it?" exclaimed I, looking at Tim.

"And where the devil's the doctor?" replied he, looking round.

"The money is in the doctor's pocket," replied the man, smiling.

"Then where is the doctor's pocket?"

"Here," replied he, slapping his pocket, and looking significantly at us. "I thought you were certain of knowing him again? About as certain as you were of telling the money in your hand."

He then, to our astonishment, imitated the doctor's voice, and quoted *prosody, syntax, and Latin*. Timothy and I were still in astonishment, when he continued, "If I had not found out that you were in want of employ, and further, that your services would be useful to me, I should not have made this discovery. Do you now think that you know enough to enter into my service? It is light work, and not bad pay; and now you may choose."

"I trust," said I, "that there is no dishonesty?"

"None that you need practise, if you are so scrupulous; perhaps your scruples may some day be removed. I make the most of my wares—every merchant does the same. I practise upon the folly of mankind—it is on that, that wise men live."

Timothy gave me a push, and nodded his head for me to give my consent. I reflected a few seconds, and at last I extended my hand. "I consent," replied I, "with the reservation I have made."

"You will not repent," said he; "and I will take your companion, not that I want him particularly, but I do want you. The fact is, I want a lad of gentlemanly address and handsome appearance—with the very knowledge you possess—and now we will say no more for the present. By-the-by, was that real Latin of yours?"

"No," replied I, laughing; "you quoted the grammar, and I replied with medical prescriptions. One was as good as the other."

"Quite—nay, better; for the school-boys may find me

out, but not you. But now observe, when we come to the next cross road, we must get down—at least, I expect so ; but we shall know in a minute.”

In about the time he mentioned, a dark, gipsy-looking man looked into the wagon, and spoke to our acquaintance in an unknown language. He replied in the same, and the man disappeared. We continued our route for about a quarter of an hour, when he got out, asked us to follow him, and speaking a few words to the fool, which I did not hear, left him and the boy in the wagon. We paid our fare, took possession of our bundles, and followed our new companion for a few minutes on the cross road, when he stopped, and said, “I must now leave you, to prepare for your reception into our fraternity ; continue straight on this road until you arrive at a lime-kiln, and wait there till I come.”

He sprang over a stile, and took a direction verging at an angle from the road, forced his way through a hedge, and disappeared from our sight. “Upon my word, Timothy,” said I, “I hardly know what to say to this. Have we done right in trusting to this man, who I am afraid is a great rogue ? I do not much like mixing with these gipsy people, for such I am sure he belongs to.”

“I really do not see how we can do better,” replied Timothy. “The world is all before us, and we must force our own way through it. As for his being a quack doctor, I see no great harm in that. People put their faith in nostrums more than they do in regular medicines ; and it is well known that quack medicines, as they call them, cure as often as others merely for that very reason.”

“Very true, Timothy ; the mind once at ease, the body soon recovers, and faith even in quack medicines will often make people whole ; but do you think that he does no more than impose upon people in that way ?”

“He may, or he may not ; at all events, we need do no more, I suppose.”

“I am not sure of that ; however, we shall see. He says we may be useful to him, and I suppose we shall be, or he would not have engaged us—we shall soon find out.”

By this time we had arrived at the lime-kiln to which we had been directed, and we sat down on our bundles, chatting, for about five minutes, when our new acquaint-

ance made his appearance, with something in his hand, tied up in a handkerchief.

“You may as well put your coats into your bundles, and put on these frocks,” said he; “you will appear better among us, and be better received, for there is a *gathering* now, and some of them are queer customers. However, you have nothing to fear; when once you are with my wife and me, you are quite safe; her little finger would protect you from five hundred.”

“Your wife! who, then, is she?” inquired I, as I put my head through the smock frock.

“She is a great personage among the gipsies. She is, by descent, one of the heads of the tribe, and none dare to disobey her.”

“And you—are you a gipsy?”

“No, and yes. By birth I am not, but by choice, and marriage, I am admitted; but I was not born under a hedge I can assure you, although I very often pass a night there now—that is, when I am domestic; but do not think that you are to remain long here; we shall leave in a few days, and may not meet the tribe again for months, although you may see my own family occasionally. I did not ask you to join me to pass a gipsy’s life—no, no, we must be stirring and active. Come, we are now close to them. Do not speak as you pass the huts, until you have entered mine. Then you may do as you please.”

We turned short round, passed through a gap in the hedge, and found ourselves on a small retired piece of common, which was studded with about twenty or thirty low gipsy huts. The fires were alight, and provisions apparently cooking. We passed by nine or ten, and obeyed our guide’s injunctions to keep silence. At last we stopped, and perceived ourselves to be standing by the fool, who was dressed like us, in a smock frock, and Mr. Jumbo, who was very busy making the pot boil, blowing at the sticks underneath till he was black in the face. Several of the men passed near us, and examined us with no very pleasant expression of countenance; and we were not sorry to see our conductor, who had gone into the hut, return, followed by a woman, to whom he was speaking in the language of the tribe. “Nattée bids you welcome,” said he, as she approached.

Never in my life will the remembrance of the first ap-

pearance of Nattée, and the effect it had, be erased from my memory. She was tall ; too tall, had it not been for the perfect symmetry of her form. Her face of a clear olive, and oval in shape ; her eyes jetty black ; nose straight, and beautifully chiselled ; mouth small, thin lips, with a slight curl of disdain, and pearly teeth. I never beheld a woman of so commanding a presence. Her feet were bare, but very small, as well as her hands. On her fingers she wore many rings, of a curious old setting, and a piece of gold hung on her forehead, where the hair was parted. She looked at us, touched her high forehead with the ends of her fingers, and waving her hand gracefully, said, in a soft voice, " You are welcome," and then turned to her husband, speaking to him in her own language, until by degrees they separated from us in earnest conversation.

She returned to us after a short time, without her husband, and said, in a voice, the notes of which were indeed soft, but the delivery of the words was most determined : " I have said that you are welcome ; sit down, therefore, and share with us—fear nothing, you have no cause to fear. Be faithful, then, while you serve him, and when you would quit us, say so, and receive your leave to depart : but if you attempt to desert us without permission, then we shall suspect that you are our enemies, and treat you accordingly. There is your lodging while here," continued she, pointing to another hut. " There is but one child with you, this boy, (pointing to Jumbo,) who can lay at your feet. And now join us as friends. Fleta, where are you ?"

A soft voice answered from the tent of Nattée, and soon afterwards came out a little girl, of about eleven years old. The appearance of this child was a new source of interest. She was a little fairy figure, with a skin as white as the driven snow—light auburn hair, and large blue eyes ; her dress was scanty, and showed a large portion of her taper legs. She hastened to Nattée, and folding her arms across her breast, stood still, saying meekly, " I am here."

" Know these as friends, Fleta. Send that lazy Num (this was Philotas, the fool) for more wood, and see that Jumbo tends the fire."

Nattée smiled, and left us. I observed she went to where forty or fifty of the tribe were assembled, in earnest discourse. She took her seat with them, and marked defer-

ence was paid to her. In the mean time Jumbo had blown up a brisk fire ; we were employed by Fleta in shredding vegetables, which she threw into the boiling kettle. Num appeared with more fuel, and at last there was nothing more to do. Fleta sat down by us, and parting her long hair, which had fallen over her eyes, looked us both in the face.

“ Who gave you that name, Fleta ? ” inquired I.

“ They gave it me,” replied she.

“ And who are they ? ”

“ Nattée, and Melchior, her husband.”

“ But you are not their daughter ? ”

“ No, I am not—that is—I believe not.”

The little girl stopped short as if assured that she had said too much, cast her eyes down on the ground, and folded her arms, so that her hands rested on each opposite shoulder.

Timothy whispered to me, “ She must have been stolen, depend upon it.”

“ Silence,” said I.

The little girl overheard him, and looking at him, put her finger across her mouth, looking to where Num and Jumbo were setting. I felt an interest for this child before I had been an hour in her company ; she was so graceful, so beautifully feminine, so mournful in the expression of her countenance. That she was under restraint was evident ; but still she did not appear to be actuated by fear. Nattée was very kind to her, and the child did not seem to be more reserved towards her than to others ; her mournful, pensive look was perhaps inherent to her nature. It was not until long after our first acquaintance that I ever saw a smile upon her features. Shortly after this little conversation Nattée returned, walking with all the grace and dignity of a queen. Her husband, or Melchior, as I shall for the present call him, soon joined us, and we sat down to our repast, which was excellent. It was composed of almost every thing ; sometimes I found myself busy with the wing of a fowl, at another the leg of a rabbit—then a piece of mutton, and other flesh and fowl, which I could hardly distinguish. To these were added every sort of vegetable, in which potatoes predominated, forming a sort of stew, which an epicure might have praised. I had a long conversation with Melchior in the

evening, and, not to weary the reader, I shall now proceed to state all that I then and subsequently gathered from him and others, relative to the parties with whom we were associating.

Melchior would not state who and what he was previous to his having joined the fraternity of gipsies; that he was not of humble birth, and that he had, when young, quitted his friends out of love for Nattée, or from some other causes not to be revealed, he also acknowledged. He had been many years in company with the tribe, and although, as one received into it, he did not stand so high in rank and estimation as his wife, still, from his marriage with Nattée, and his own peculiar qualifications and dexterity, he was almost as absolute as she was.

Melchior and Nattée were supposed to be the most wealthy of all the gipsies, and, at the same time, they were the most liberal of their wealth. Melchior, it appeared, gained money in three different characters; as a doctor, the character in which we first saw him; secondly, as a juggler, in which art he was most expert; and thirdly, as a fortune-teller, and *wise man*.

Nattée, as I before mentioned, was of very high rank, or caste, in her tribe. At her first espousal of Melchior she lost much of her influence, as it was considered a degradation; but she was then very young, and must have been most beautiful. The talents of Melchior, and her own spirit, however, soon enabled her to regain, and even add still more to, her power and consideration among the tribe; and it was incredible to what extent, with the means which she possessed, this power was augmented.

Melchior had no children by his marriage, and, as far as I could judge from the few words which would escape from the lips of Nattée, she did not wish for any, as the race would not be considered pure. The subdivision of the tribe which followed Nattée, consisted of about forty men, women, and children. These were ruled by her during the absence of her husband, who alternately assumed different characters, as suited his purpose: but in whatever town Melchior might happen to be, Nattée and her tribe were never far off, and always encamped within communication.

I ventured to question Melchior about the little Fleta; and he stated that she was the child of a soldier's wife,

who had been brought to bed, and died a few hours afterwards ; that, at the time, she was on her way to join her husband, and had been taken ill on the road—had been assisted by Nattée and her companions, as far as they were able—had been buried by them, and that the child had been reared in the camp.

In time the little girl became very intimate, and very partial to me. I questioned her as to her birth, telling her what Melchior had stated ; for a long while she would not answer ; the poor child had learned caution even at that early age ; but after we were more intimate, she said, that which Melchior had stated was *not true*. She could recollect very well living in a great house, with every thing very fine about her ; but still it appeared as if it were a dream. She recollected two white ponies—and a lady, who was her mamma—and a mulberry tree, where she stained her frock ; sometimes other things came to her memory, and then she forgot them again. From this it was evident that she had been stolen, and was probably of good parentage ; certainly, if elegance and symmetry of person and form could prove blood, it never was more marked than in this interesting child. Her abode with the gipsies, and their peculiar mode of life and manners, had rendered her peculiarly precocious in intellect ; but of education she had none, except what was instilled into her by Melchior, whom she always accompanied when he assumed his character as a juggler. She then danced on the slack wire, at the same time performing several feats in balancing, throwing of oranges, &c. When Melchior was under other disguises, she remained in the camp with Nattée.

Of Num, or Philotas, as Melchior thought proper to call him, I have already spoken. He was a half-witted idiot, picked up in one of Melchior's excursions, and as he stated to me, so did it prove to be the fact, that when on the stage, and questioned as a fool, his natural folly, and idiotical vacancy of countenance, were applauded by the spectators as admirably assumed. Even at the alehouses and taverns where we stopped, every one imagined that all his folly was pretence, and looked upon him as a very clever fellow. There never was, perhaps, such a lachrymose countenance as this poor lad's, and this added still more to the mirth of others, being also considered as put on for the

occasion. Stephen Kemble played Falstaff without stuffing—Num played the fool without any effort or preparation. Jumbo was also “picked up;” this was not done by Melchior, who stated, that any body might have him who claimed him; he tumbled with the fool upon the stage, and he also ate pudding to amuse the spectators—the only part of the performance which was suited to Jumbo’s taste, for he was a terrible little glutton, and never lost any opportunity of eating, as well as of sleeping.

And now, having described all our new companions, I must narrate what passed between Melchior and me, the day after our joining the camp. He first ran through his various professions, pointing out to me that, as juggler, he required a confederate, in which capacity I might be very useful, as he would soon instruct me in all his tricks. As a quack doctor he wanted the services of both Tim and myself in mixing up, making pills, &c., and also in assisting him in persuading the public of his great skill. As a fortune-teller, I should also be of great service, as he would explain to me hereafter. In short, he wanted a person of good personal appearance and education, in whom he might confide in every way. As to Tim, he might be made useful, if he chose, in various ways; amongst others, he wished him to learn tumbling and playing the fool, when, at times, the fool was required to give a shrewd answer on any point on which he would wish the public to be made acquainted. I agreed to my own part of the performance, and then had some conversation with Timothy, who immediately consented to do his best in what was allotted as his share. Thus was the matter quickly arranged, Melchior observing, that he had said nothing about remuneration, as I should find that trusting to him was far preferable to stipulated wages.

We had been three days in the camp when the gathering was broken up, each gang taking their own way. What the meeting was about I could not exactly discover; one occasion of it was to make arrangements relative to the different counties in which the subdivisions were to sojourn during the next year, so that they might know where to communicate with each other, and at the same time not interfere by being too near; but there were many other points discussed, of which, as a stranger, I was kept in ignorance. Melchior answered all my questions with apparent candour

but his habitual deceit was such, that whether he told the truth or not was impossible to be ascertained by his countenance. When the gathering dispersed, we packed up, and located ourselves about two miles from the common, on the borders of a forest of oak and ash. Our food was chiefly game, for we had some excellent poachers among us; and as for fish, it appeared to be at their command; there was not a pond or a pit but they could tell in a moment if it was tenanted; and if tenanted, in half an hour every fish would be floating on the top of the water, by the throwing in of some intoxicating sort of berry. Other articles of food occasionally were found in the caldron; indeed, it was impossible to fare better than we did, or at less expense. Our tents were generally pitched not far from a pool of water, and to avoid any unpleasant search, which sometimes would take place, every thing liable to detection was sunk under the water until it was required for cooking; once in the pot, it was considered as safe. But with the foraging, Timothy and I had nothing to do; we participated in the eating, without asking any questions as to how it was procured. My time was chiefly spent in company with Melchoir, who initiated me into all the mysteries of cups and balls—juggling of every description—feats with cards, and made me acquainted with all his apparatus for prepared tricks. For hours and hours was I employed by his directions in what is called “making the pass” with a pack of cards, as almost all tricks on cards depend upon your dexterity in this manœuvre. In about a month I was considered as a very fair adept; in the mean time, Timothy had to undergo his career of gymnastics, and was to be seen all day tumbling and retumbling, until he could tumble on his feet again. Light and active, he soon became a very dexterous performer, and could throw a somerset either backwards or forwards, walk on his hands, eat fire, pull out ribbons, and do fifty other tricks to amuse a gaping audience. Jumbo also was worked hard, to bring down his fat, and never was allowed his dinner until he had given satisfaction to Melchoir. Even little Fleta had to practice occasionally, as we were preparing for an expedition. Melchoir, who appeared determined to create an effect, left us for three days, and returned with not only new dresses for Timothy and me, but also new dresses for the rest of the company; and shortly afterwards, bidding farewell to Nat-

tée and the rest of the gipsies, we all set out—that is, Melchoir, I, Timothy, Fleta, Num, and Jumbo. Late in the evening we arrived at the little town of —, and took up our quarters at a public-house, with the landlord of which Melchoir had already made arrangements.

“Well, Timothy,” said I, as soon as we were in bed, “how do you like our new life and prospects?”

“I like it better than Mr. Cophagus’s *rudimans*, and carrying out physic, at all events. But how does your dignity like turning Merry Andrew, Japhet?”

“To tell you the truth I do not dislike it. There is a wildness and devil-may-care feeling connected with it which is grateful to me at present. How long it may last I cannot tell; but for a year or two it appears to me that we may be very happy. At all events, we shall see the world, and have more than one profession to fall back upon.”

“That is true; but there is one thing which annoys me, Japhet, which is, we may have difficulty in leaving these people when we wish. Besides, you forget that you are losing sight of the principal object you had in view, that is, of ‘finding out your father.’”

“I certainly never expect to find him among the gipsies,” replied I, “for children are at a premium with them. They steal from others, and are not very likely therefore to leave them at the Foundling. But I do not know whether I have not as good a chance in our present employment as in any other. I have often been thinking that as fortune-tellers, we may get hold of many strange secrets; however, we shall see. Melchoir says, that he intends to appear in that character as soon as he has made a harvest in his present.”

“What do you think of Melchoir, now that you have been so much with him?”

“I think him an unprincipled man, but still with many good qualities. He appears to have a pleasure in deceit, and to have waged war with the world in general. Still he is generous, and, to a certain degree, confiding; kind in his disposition, and apparently a very good husband. There is something on his mind which weighs him down occasionally, and checks him in the height of his mirth. It comes over him like a dark cloud over a bright summer sun; and he is all gloom for a few minutes. I do not think that he would *now* commit any great crime; but I

have a suspicion that he has done something which is a constant cause of remorse."

"You are a very good judge of character, Japhet. But what a dear little child is that Fleta! She may exclaim with you—Who is my father?"

"Yes, we are both in much the same predicament, and that it is which I believe has so much increased my attachment to her. We are brother and sister in misfortune, and a sister she ever shall be to me, if such is the will of Heaven. But we must rise early to-morrow, Tim; so good night."

"Yes, to-morrow it will be juggle and tumble—eat fire—um—and so on, as Mr. Cophagus would have said; so good night, Japhet."

The next morning we arrayed ourselves in our new habiliments; mine were silk stockings, shoes, and white kerseymer knee breeches, a blue silk waistcoat loaded with tinsel, and a short jacket to correspond, of blue velvet, a sash round my waist, a hat and plume of feathers. Timothy declared I looked very handsome, and as the glass said the same as plain as it could speak, I believed him. Timothy's dress was a pair of wide Turkish trowsers and red jacket, with spangles. The others were much the same. Fleta was attired in small, white satin, Turkish trowsers, blue muslin and silver embroidered frock, worked sandals, and her hair braided and plaited in long tails behind, and she looked like a sylph. Melchoir's dress was precisely the same as mine, and a more respectable company was seldom seen. Some musicians had been hired, and hand-bills were now circulated all over the town, stating that Mr. Eugenio Voletté, with his company, would have the honour of performing before the nobility and gentry. The bill contained the fare which was to be provided, and intimated the hour of the performance, and the prices to be paid for the seats. The performance was to take place in a very large room attached to the inn, which, previous to the decadence of the town, had been used as an assembly-room. A platform was erected on the outside, on which were placed the musicians, and where we all occasionally made our appearance in our splendid dresses to attract the wonder of the people. There we strutted up and down, all but poor little Fleta, who appeared to shrink at the display from intuitive modesty. When the music ceased, a smart

parley between Melchoir and me, and Philotas and Timothy, as the two fools, would take place; and Melchoir declared after the performance was over, that we conducted ourselves to admiration.

"Pray, Mr. Philotas, do me the favour to tell me how many people you think are now present?" said Melchoir to Num, in an imperative voice.

"I don't know," said Num, looking up with his idiotical, melancholy face.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the crowd at Num's stupid answer.

"The fellow's a fool!" said Melchoir to the gaping audience.

"Well, then, if he can't tell, perhaps you may, Mr. Dionysius," said I, addressing Tim.

"How many sir? Do you want to know exactly and directly?"

"Yes, sir, immediately."

"Without counting, sir?"

"Yes, sir, without counting."

"Well then, sir, I will tell, and make no mistake; there's *exactly as many again as half*."

"Ha! ha! ha!" from the crowd.

"That won't do, sir. How many may be the half?"

"How many may be the half? Do you know yourself, sir?"

"Yes, sir, to be sure I do."

"Then there's no occasion for me to tell you."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Well then, sir," continued Melchoir, to Philotas, "perhaps you'll tell how many ladies and gentlemen we may expect to honour us with their company to-night."

"How many, sir?"

"Yes, sir, how many."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Num after a pause.

"Positively you are the greatest fool I ever met with," said Melchoir.

"Well, he does act the fool as natural as life," observed the crowd. "What a stupid face he does put on!"

"Perhaps you will be able to answer that question, Mr. Dionysius," said I to Tim.

"Yes, sir, I know exactly."

"Well, sir, let's hear."

"In the first place, all the pretty women will come, and all the ugly ones stay away; and as for the men, all those who have got any money will be certain to come; those who hav'n't, poor devils, must stay outside."

"Suppose, sir, you make a bow to the ladies."

"A very low one, sir?"

"Yes, very low indeed."

Tim bent his body to the ground, and threw a somerset forward.

"There, sir, I bowed so low, that I came up on the other side."

"Ha! ha! capital!" from the crowd.

"I've got a round turn in my back, sir," continued Tim, rubbing himself. "Hadn't I better take it out again?"

"By all means."

Tim threw a somerset backwards. "There, sir, all's right now. One good turn deserves another. Now I'll be off."

"Where are you going to, sir?"

"Going, sir! Why, I left my lollipop in the tinder-box, and I'm going to fetch it."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Strike up, music!" and Master Jumbo commenced tumbling.

Such was the elegant wit with which we amused and attracted the audience. Perhaps, had we been more refined, we should not have been so successful.

That evening we had the room as full as it could hold. Mr. Velotté *alias* Melchoir astonished them. The cards appeared to obey his commands—rings were discovered in ladies' shoes—watches were powdered and made whole—canary birds flew out of eggs. The audience were delighted. The entertainment closed with Fleta's performance on the slack wire; and certainly never was there any thing more beautiful and graceful. Balanced on the wire in a continual, waving motion, her eyes fixed upon a point to enable her to maintain her position, she performed several feats, such as the playing with five oranges, balancing swords, &c. Her extreme beauty—her very picturesque and becoming dress—her mournful expression and down-cast eyes—her gentle manner, appeared to win the hearts of the audience; and when she was assisted off from

her perilous situation by Melchoir and me, and made her graceful courtsey, the plaudits were unanimous.

When the company dispersed I went to her, intending to praise her, but I found her in tears. "What is the matter, my dear Fleta?"

"O nothing! don't say I have been crying—but I cannot bear it—so many people looking at me. Don't say a word to Melchoir—I won't cry any more."

"I kissed and consoled her; she threw her arms round my neck, and remained there with her face hid for some time. We then joined the others at supper. Melchoir was much pleased with our success, and highly praised the conduct of Timothy and myself, which he pronounced, for the first attempt, far beyond his expectations.

We continued to astonish all the good people of ——— for five days, when we discovered the indubitable fact, that there was no more money to be extracted from their pockets, upon which we resumed our usual clothes and smock frocks, and with our bundles in our hands, set off for another market town, about fifteen miles distant. There we were equally successful, and Melchoir was delighted with our having proved such a powerful acquisition to his troop; but not to dwell too long upon one subject, I shall inform the reader, that after a trip of six weeks, during which we were very well received, we once more returned to the camp which had located within five miles of our last scene of action. Every one was content—we were all glad to get back and rest from our labours. Melchoir was pleased with his profits, poor little Fleta overjoyed to be once more in the seclusion of her tent, and Nattée very glad to hear of our good fortune, and to see her husband. Timothy and I had already proved ourselves so useful, that Melchoir treated us with the greatest friendship and confidence—and he made us a present out of the gains, for our exertions; to me he gave ten, and to Timothy five, pounds.

"There, Japhet, had you hired yourself I should not have paid you more than seven shillings per week, finding you in food; but you must acknowledge that for six weeks that is not bad pay. However your earnings will depend upon our success, and I rather think that we shall make a much better thing of it when next we start, which will be

in about a fortnight; but we have some arrangements to make. Has Timothy a good memory?"

"I think he has."

"That is well. I told you before that we are to try the 'Wise Man,'—but first we must have Nattée in play. Tomorrow we will start for ———," mentioning a small quiet town about four miles off.

We did so, early the next morning, and arrived about noon, pitching our tents on the common, not far from the town; but in this instance we left all the rest of our gang behind. Melchoir's own party and his two tents were all that were brought by the donkies.

Melchoir and I, dressed as countrymen, went into the town at dusk, and entered a respectable sort of inn, taking our seats at one of the tables in the tap-room, and, as we had already planned, after we had called for beer, commenced a conversation in the hearing of the others who were sitting drinking and smoking.

"Well, I never will believe it—it's all cheat and trickery," said Melchoir, "and they only do it to pick your pocket. Tell your fortune indeed! I suppose she promised you a rich wife and half a dozen children."

"No, she did not," replied I, "for I am too young to marry; but she told me what I know has happened."

"Well, what was that?"

"Why, she told me that my mother had married again, and turned me out of doors to work for my bread."

"But she might have heard that."

"How could she? No, that's not possible; but she told me I had a mole on my knee, which was a sign of luck. Now how could she know that?"

"Well, I grant that was odd—and pray what else did she promise you?"

"Why, she said, that I should meet with my dearest friend to-night. Now that does puzzle me, for I have but one in the world, and he is a long way off."

"Well, if you do meet your friend, then I'll believe her; but if not, it has been all guess-work; and pray what did you pay for all this—was it a shilling, or did she pick your pocket?"

"That's what puzzles me,—she refused to take any thing. I offered it again and again, and she said, 'No; that she would have no money; that her gift was not to be sold.'"

“Well, that is odd. Do you hear what this young man says,” said Melchoir addressing the others, who had swallowed every word.

“Yes,” replied one; “but who is this person?”

“The queen of the gipsies, I am told. I never saw such a wonderful woman in my life—her eye goes right through you. I met her on the common, and as she passed she dropped a handkerchief. I ran back to give it her, and then she thanked me, and said, ‘Open your hand and let me see the palm. Here are great lines, and you will be fortunate;’ and then she told me a great deal more, and bid God bless me.”

“Then if she said that, she cannot have dealings with the *devil*,” observed Melchoir.

“Very odd—very strange—take no money—queen of the gipsies,” was echoed from all sides.

The landlady and the bar-maid listened with wonder, when who should come in, as previously agreed, but Timothy. I pretended not to see him, but he came up to me, seizing me by the hand, and shaking it with apparent delight, and crying, “Wilson, have you forgot Smith?”

“Smith!” cried I, looking earnestly in his face. “Why so it is. How came you here?”

“I left Dublin three days ago,” replied he, “but how I came here, into this house, is one of the strangest things that ever occurred. I was walking over the common, when a tall handsome woman looked at me, and said, ‘Young man, if you will go into the third public house you pass, you will meet an old friend, who expects you.’ I thought she was laughing at me, but as it mattered very little in which house I passed the night, I thought for the fun of the thing, I might as well take her advice.”

“How strange!” cried Melchoir, “and she told him the same—that is, he would meet a friend.”

“Strange, very strange! wonderful! astonishing!” was echoed from all quarters, and the fame of the gipsy was already established.

Timothy and I sat down together, conversing as old friends, and Melchoir went about from one to the other, narrating the wonderful occurrence till past midnight, when we all three took beds at the inn as if we were travellers.

The report which we had circulated that evening induced many people to go out to see Nattée, who appeared to

take no notice of them; and when asked to tell fortunes, waved them away with her hand. But, although this plan of Melchoir's was for the first two or three days very expedient, yet, as it was not intended to last, Timothy, who remained with me at the inn, became very intimate with the bar-maid, and obtained from her most of the particulars of her life. I, also, from repeated conversations with the landlady, received information very important relative to herself, and many of the families in the town; but as the employment of Nattée was for an ulterior object, we contented ourselves with gaining all the information we could, before we proceeded further. After we had been there a week, and the fame of the gipsy woman had been marvellously increased, many things having been asserted of her which were indeed truly improbable, Melchoir agreed that Timothy should persuade the bar-maid to try if the gipsy woman would tell her fortune. The girl, with some trepidation, agreed, but at the same time expecting to be refused, consented to walk with him over the common. Timothy advised her to pretend to pick up a sixpence when near to Nattée, and ask her if it did not belong to her, and the bar-maid acted upon his suggestions, having just before that quitted the arm of Timothy, who had conducted her.

"Did you drop a sixpence? I have picked up one," said the girl, trembling with fear as she addressed Nattée.

"Child," replied Nattée, who was prepared, "I have neither dropped a sixpence, nor have you found one—but never mind that, I know that which you wish, and I know who you are. Now what would you with me? Is it to inquire whether the landlord and landlady of the Golden Lion intend to keep you in their service?"

"No," replied the girl, frightened at what she heard; "not to inquire that, but to ask what my fortune will be?"

"Open your palm, pretty maid, and I will tell you. Hah! I see that you were born in the West—your father is dead—your mother is in service—and—let me see—you have a brother at sea—now in the West Indies."

At this intelligence, all of which, as may be supposed, had been gathered by us, the poor girl was so frightened that she fell down in a swoon, and Timothy carried her off. When she was taken home to the inn, she was so ill that she was put into bed, and what she did say was so incoherent, that, added to Timothy's narrative, the astonish-

ment of the landlady and others was beyond all bounds. I tried very hard to bring the landlady, but she would not consent; and now Nattée was pestered by people of higher condition, who wished to hear what she would say. Here Nattée's powers were brought into play. She would not refuse to see them, but would not give answers, till she had asked questions, and, as from us she had gleaned much general information, so by making this knowledge appear in her questions to them, she made them believe she knew more. If a young person came to her, she would immediately ask the name: of that name she had all the references, acquired from us, as to family and connections. Bearing upon them she would ask a few more, and then give them an abrupt dismissal.

This behaviour was put up with from one of her commanding presence, who refused money, and treated those who accosted her, as if she was their superior. Many came again and again, telling her all they knew, and acquainting her with every transaction of their life to induce her to prophecy, for such she informed them was the surest way to call the spirit upon her. By these means we obtained the secret history of the major part, that is, the wealthier part of the town of ———; and although the predictions of Nattée were seldom given, yet when given, they were given with such perfect and apparent knowledge of the parties, that when she left, which she did about six weeks after her first appearance, the whole town rang with accounts of her wonderful powers.

It will appear strange that Melchoir would not permit Nattée to reap a harvest, which might have been great; but the fact was, that he only allowed the seed to be sown, that a greater harvest might be gathered hereafter. Nattée disappeared, the gipsies' tent was no longer on the common, and the grass, which had been beaten down into a road by the feet of the frequent applicants to her, was again permitted to spring up. We also took our departure, and rejoined the camp with Nattée, where we remained for a fortnight, to permit the remembrance of her to subside a little; knowing that the appetite was alive, and would not be satisfied until it was appeased.

After that time Melchoir, Timothy, and I, again set off for the town of ———, and stopping at a superior inn, in another part of the town, dressed as travellers, that is, peo-

ple who go about the country for orders from the manufacturers, ordered our beds and supper in the coffee-room. The conversation was soon turned upon the wonderful powers of Nattée the gipsy. "Nonsense," said Melchoir, "she knows nothing. I have heard of her. But there is a man coming this way (should he happen to pass through this town) who will surprise and frighten you. No one knows who he is. He is named the Great Aristodemus. He knows the past, the present, and the future. He never looks at people's hands—he only looks you in the face, and *woe be to them who tell him a lie*. Otherwise, he is good-tempered and obliging, and will tell what will come to pass, and his predictions never have been known to fail. They say that he is hundreds of years old, and his hair is white as silver." At this information many expressed their doubts, and many others vaunted the powers of the gipsy. Melchoir replied, "that all he knew was, that for the sum of two guineas paid down, he had told him of a legacy left him of six hundred pounds, which otherwise he would never have known of or received." All the town of —— being quite alive for fortune-telling, this new report gained wind, and after a week's sojourn, Melchoir thought that the attempt should be made.

We accordingly packed up, and departed to another market-town. Timothy, dressed in a sombre suit of black, very much like an undertaker, was provided with a horse, with the following directions: to proceed leisurely until he was within half a mile of the town of ——, and then to gallop in as fast as he could, stop at the best inn in the place, and order apartments for the Great Aristodemus, who might be expected in half an hour. Every thing in this world depends upon appearances, that is, when you intend to gull it: and as every one in the town had heard of the Great Aristodemus, so every one was anxious to know something about him, and Timothy was pestered with all manner of questions; but he declared that he was only his courier, and could only tell what other people said; but then what other people said, by Timothy's account, was very marvellous indeed. Timothy had hardly time to secure the best rooms in the hotel, when Melchoir, dressed in a long flowing silk gown, with a wig of long white hair, a square cap, and two or three gold chains hanging from

his neck, certainly most admirably disguised, and attended by me in the dress of a German student, a wig of long brown locks hanging down my shoulders, made our appearance in a post-chaise and four, and drove up to the door of the inn, at a pace which shook every house in the street, and occasioned every window to be tenanted with one or more heads to ascertain the cause of this unusual occurrence, for it was not a very great town, although once of importance; but the manufactures had been removed, and it was occupied by those who had become independent by their own exertions, or by those of their forefathers.

The door of the chaise was opened by the obsequious Timothy, who pushed away the ostlers and waiters, as if unworthy to approach his master, and the Great Aristodemus made his appearance. As he ascended the steps of the door, his passage was for a moment barred by one whose profession Melchoir well knew. "Stand aside, exciseman!" said he, in a commanding voice. "No one crosses my path with impunity." Astonished at hearing his profession thus mentioned, the exciseman, who was the greatest bully in the town, slipped on one side with consternation, and all those present lifted up their eyes and hands with astonishment. The Great Aristodemus gained his room, and shut his door; and I went out to pay for the chaise and order supper, while Timothy and the porters were busy with our luggage, which was very considerable.

"My master will not see any one," said I to the landlord; "he quits this town to-morrow, if the letters arrive which he expects by the post; therefore, pray get rid of this crowd, and let him be quiet, for he is very tired, having travelled one hundred and fifty miles since the dawn of day."

When Tim and I had performed this duty, we joined Melchoir in his room, leaving the news to be circulated. "This promises well," observed Melchoir; "up to the present we have expended much time and money; now we must see if we cannot recover it tenfold. Japhet, you must take an opportunity of going out again after supper, and make inquiries of the landlord what poor people they have in the town, as I am very generous, and like to relieve them; you may observe, that all the money offered to me for practising my art, I give away to the poor, having no

occasion for it." This I did, and we then sat down to supper, and having unpacked our baggage, went to bed, after locking the door of the room, and taking out the key.

The next morning we had every thing in readiness, and as the letters, as the reader may suppose, did not arrive by the post, we were obliged to remain, and the landlord ventured to hint to me, that several people were anxious to consult my master. I replied, that I would speak to him, but it was necessary to caution those who came, that they must either offer gold—or nothing at all. I brought his consent to see one or two, but no more. Now, although we had various apparatus to use when required, it was thought that the effect would be greater, if, in the first instance, every thing was simple. Melchoir, therefore, remained sitting at the table, which was covered with a black cloth, worked with curious devices, and a book of hieroglyphics before him, and an ivory wand, tipped with gold, lying by the book, Timothy standing at the door, with a short Roman sword buckled round his belt, and I, in a respectful attitude, behind the Great Aristodemus.

The first person who was admitted was the lady of the mayor of the town; nothing could be more fortunate, as we had every information relative to her and her spouse; for people in high places are always talked of. Aristodemus waved his hand, and I brought forward a chair in silence, and motioned that she should be seated. Aristodemus looked her in the face, and then turned over several leaves until he fixed upon a page, which he considered attentively.

"Mayoress of ———, what wouldst thou with me?"

She started, and turned pale. "I would ask ——"

"I know; thou wouldst ask many things, perhaps, had I time to listen. Amongst others, thou wouldst ask if there is any chance of thy giving an heir to thy husband. Is it not so?"

"Yes, it is," replied the lady, fetching her breath.

"So do I perceive by this book; but let me put one question to thee. Wouldst thou have blessings showered on thee, yet do no good? Thou art wealthy—yet what dost thou and thy husband do with these riches? Are ye liberal? No. Give, and it shall be given. I have said."

Aristodemus waved his hand, and the lady rose to withdraw. A guinea was in her fingers, and her purse in her

hand ; she took out four more, and added them to the other, and laid them on the table.

“ ’Tis well, lady ; charity shall plead for thee. Artolphe, let that money be distributed among the poor.”

I bowed in silence, and the lady retired.

“ Who will say that I do not good,” observed Melchoir, smiling, as soon as she was gone. “ Her avarice and that of her husband are as notorious as their anxiety for children. Now, if I persuade them to be liberal, I do service.”

“ But you have given her hopes.”

“ I have, and the very hope will do more to further their wishes than any thing else. It is despair which too often prevents those who have no children, from having any. How often do you see a couple, who after years waiting for children, have at last given up their hope, and resigned themselves to the dispensations of Providence, and then, when their anxiety has subsided, have obtained a family ? Japhet, I am a shrewd observer of human nature.”

“ That I believe,” replied I ; “ but I do not believe your last remark to be correct—but Timothy raps at the door.”

Another lady entered the room, and then started back, as if she would retreat, so surprised was she at the appearance of the Great Aristodemus ; but as Timothy had turned the key, her escape was impossible. She was unknown to us, which was rather awkward ; but Melchoir raised his eyes from his book, and waved his hand as before, that she should be seated. With some trepidation she stated, that she was a widow, whose dependence was upon an only son—now at sea ; that she had not heard of him for a long while, and was afraid some accident had happened ; that she was in the greatest distress—“ and,” continued she, “ I have nothing to offer but this ring. Can you tell me if he is yet alive ?” cried she, bursting into tears ; “ but if you have not the art you pretend to, O do not rob a poor, friendless creature, but let me depart !”

“ When did you receive your last letter from him ?” said Melchoir.

“ It is now seven months—dated from Bahia,” replied she, pulling it out of her reticule, and covering her face with her handkerchief.

Melchoir caught the address, and then turned the letter over on the other side, as it lay on the table. "Mrs. Watson," said he.

"Heavens! do you know my name?" cried the woman.

"Mrs. Watson, I do not require to read your son's letter—I know its contents." He then turned over his book, and studied for a few seconds. "Your son is alive."

"Thank God!" cried she, clasping her hands, and dropping her reticule.

"But you must not expect his return too soon—he is well employed."

"Oh! I care not—he is alive—he is alive! God bless you—God bless you!"

Melchoir made a sign to me, pointing to the five guineas and the reticule; and I contrived to slip them into the reticule, while she sobbed in her handkerchief.

"Enough, madam; you must go, for others require my aid."

The poor woman rose, and offered the ring.

"Nay, nay, I want not thy money; I take from the rich, that I may distribute to the poor—but not from the widow in affliction. Open thy bag." The widow took up her bag, and opened it. Melchoir dropped in the ring, and taking his wand from the table, waved it, and touched the bag. "As thou art honest, so may thy present wants be relieved. Seek, and thou shalt find."

The widow left the room with tears of gratitude; and I must say, that I was affected with the same. When she had gone, I observed to Melchoir, that up to the present he had toiled for nothing.

"Very true, Japhet; but depend upon it, if I assisted that poor woman from no other feelings than interested motives, I did well; but I tell thee candidly, I did it from compassion. We are odd mixtures of good and evil. I wage war with fools and knaves, but not with all the world. I gave that money freely—she required it; and it may be put as a set-off against my usual system of fraud, or it may not—at all events, I pleased myself."

"But you told her that her son was alive."

"Very true, and he may be dead; but is it not well to comfort her—even for a short time, to relieve that suspense which is worse than the actual knowledge of his death? Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

It would almost have appeared that this good action of Melchoir met with its reward, for the astonishment of the widow at finding the gold in her reticule—her narrative of what passed, and her assertion, (which she firmly believed to be true,) that she had never left her reticule out of her hand, and that Melchoir had only touched it with his wand, raised his reputation to that degree, that nothing else was talked about throughout the town; and, to crown all, the next day's post brought her a letter and remittances from her son; and the grateful woman returned, and laid ten guineas on the black cloth, showering a thousand blessings upon Melchoir, and almost worshipping him as a supernatural being. This was a most fortunate occurrence, and as Melchoir prophesied, the harvest did now commence. In four days we had received upwards of £200, and we then thought it time that we should depart. The letters arrived, which were expected, and when we set off in a chaise and four, the crowd to see us was so great, that it was with difficulty we could pass through it.

We had taken our horses for the next town; but as soon as we were fairly on the road, I stopped the boys, and told them that the Great Aristodemus intended to observe the planets and stars that night, and that they were to proceed to a common which I mentioned. The post-boys, who were well aware of his fame, and as fully persuaded of it as every body else, drove to the common; we descended, took off the luggage, and received directions from Melchoir in their presence about the instruments, to which the boys listened with open mouths and wonderment. I paid them well, and told them that they might return, which they appeared very glad to do. They reported what had occurred, and this simple method of regaining our camp, added to the astonishment of the good town of ——. When they were out of sight we resumed our usual clothes, packed all up, carried away most of our effects, and hid the others in the furze to be sent for the next night, not being more than two miles from the camp. We soon arrived, and were joyfully received by Fleta and Nattée.

As we walked across the common, I observed to Melchoir, "I wonder if these stars have any influence upon mortals, as it was formerly supposed?"

"Most assuredly they have," replied Melchoir, "I cannot read them, but I firmly believe in them."

I made the above remark, as I had often thought that such was Melchoir's idea.

"Yes," continued he, "every man has his destiny—such must be the case. It is known beforehand what is to happen to us by an omniscient Being, and being known, what is it but destiny which cannot be changed? It is *fate*," continued he, surveying the stars with his hand raised up; "and that fate is as surely written there as the sun shines upon us; but the great book is sealed, because it would not add to our happiness."

"If, then, all is destiny, or fate, what inducement is there to do well or ill?" replied I. "We may commit all acts of evil, and say, that as it was predestined, we could not help it. Besides, would it be just that the omniscient Being should punish us for those crimes which we cannot prevent, and which are allotted to us by destiny?"

"Japhet, you argue well; but you are in error, because, like most of those of the Christian church, you understand not the sacred writings, nor did I until I knew my wife. Her creed is, I believe, correct; and what is more, adds weight to the truths of the Bible."

"I thought that gipsies had no religion."

"You are not the only one who supposes so. It is true, that a majority of the tribe are held by the higher castes as serfs, and are not instructed; but with—if I may use the expression—the aristocracy of them it is very different, and their creed I have adopted."

"I should wish to hear their creed," replied I.

"Hear it then. Original sin commenced in heaven—when the angels rebelled against their God—not on earth."

"I will grant that sin originated first in heaven."

"Do you think that a great, a good God, ever created any being for its destruction and eternal misery, much less an angel? Did he not foresee their rebellion?"

"I grant it."

"This world was not peopled with the image of God until after the fall of the angels: it had its living beings, its monsters perhaps, but not a race of men with eternal souls. But it was peopled, as we see it now is, to enable the legions of angels who fell, to return to their former happy state—as a pilgrimage by which they might obtain their pardons, and resume their seats in heaven. Not a child is born, but the soul of some fallen cherub enters into the body

to work out its salvation. Many do, and many do not; and then they have their task to recommence anew; for the spirit, once created, is immortal, and cannot be destroyed; and the Almighty is all goodness, and would ever pardon."

"Then you suppose there is no such thing as eternal punishment?"

"Eternal!—no. Punishment there is, but not eternal. When the legions of angels fell, some were not so perverse as others: they soon re-obtained their seats, even when, as children, having passed through the slight ordeal, they have been summoned back to heaven; but others who, from their infancy, show how bad were their natures, have many pilgrimages to perform before they can be purified. This is, in itself, a punishment. What other punishment they incur between their pilgrimages we know not; but this is certain, that no one was created to be punished eternally."

"But all this is but assertion," replied I; "where are your proofs?"

"In the Bible; some day or another I will show them to you; but now we are at the camp, and I am anxious to embrace Nattée."

I thought for some time upon this singular creed; one, in itself, not militating against religion, but at the same time I could not call to mind any passages by which it could be supported. Still the idea was beautiful, and I dwelt upon it with pleasure. I have before observed, and indeed the reader must have gathered from my narrative, that Melchoir was no common personage. Every day did I become more partial to him, and more pleased with our erratic life. What scruples I had at first, gradually wore away; the time passed quickly, and although I would occasionally call to mind the original object of my setting forth, I would satisfy myself by the reflection, that there was yet sufficient time. Little Fleta was now my constant companion when in the camp, and I amused myself with teaching her to write and read.

"Japhet," said Timothy to me one day as we were cutting hazel broach wood in the forest, "I don't see that you get on very fast in your search after your father."

"No, Tim, I do not; but I am gaining a knowledge of the world which will be very useful to me when I recom-

mence the search; and what is more, I am saving a good deal of money to enable me to prosecute it."

"What did Melchoir give you after we left?"

"Twenty guineas, which, with what I had before, makes more than fifty."

"And he gave me ten, which makes twenty, with what I had before. Seventy pounds is a large sum."

"Yes, but soon spent, Tim. We must work a little longer. Besides, I cannot leave that little girl—she was never intended for a rope-dancer."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Japhet, for I feel as you do—she shall share our fortunes."

"A glorious prospect truly," replied I, laughing; "but never mind, it would be better than her remaining here. But how are we to manage that?"

"Ah! that's the rub: but there is time enough to think about it when we intend to quit our present occupation."

"Well, I understand from Melchoir that we are to start in a few days."

"What is it to be, Japhet?"

"Oh! we shall be at home—we are to cure all diseases under the sun. To-morrow we commence making pills, so we may think ourselves with Mr. Cophagus again."

"Well, I do think we shall have some fun; but I hope Melchoir won't make me take my own pills to prove their good qualities—that will be no joke."

"O no, Num is kept on purpose for that. What else is the fool good for?"

The next week was employed as we anticipated. Boxes of pills of every size, neatly labelled; bottles of various mixtures, chiefly stimulants, were corked and packed up. Powders of *any thing* were put in papers; but, at all events, there was nothing hurtful in them. All was ready, and accompanied by Num (Jumbo and Fleta being left at home) we set off, Melchoir, assuming the dress in which we had first met him in the wagon, and altering his appearance so completely, that he would have been taken for at least sixty years old. We now travelled on foot with our dresses in bundles, each carrying his own, except Num, who was loaded like a pack-horse, and made sore lamentations: "Can't you carry some of this?"

"No," replied I; "it is your own luggage; every one must carry his own."

“ Well, I never felt my spangled dress so heavy before. Where are we going ?”

“ Only a little way,” replied Timothy, “ and then you will have nothing more to do.”

“ I don’t know that. When master puts on that dress, I have to swallow little things till I’m sick.”

“ It’s all good for your health, Num.”

“ I’m very well, I thank ’e,” replied the poor fellow ; “ but I’m very hot and very tired.”

Fortunately for poor Num, we were not far from the market town at which we intended to open our campaign, which we did the next morning by Num and Timothy sallying forth, the former with a large trumpet in his hand, and the latter riding on a donkey. On their arrival at the market-place, Num commenced blowing it with all his might, while Timothy, in his spangled dress, as soon as they had collected a crowd, stood upon his saddle and harangued the people as follows :—

“ Gentlemen and ladies—I have the honour to announce to you the arrival in this town of the celebrated Doctor Appallacheosmocommetico, who has travelled further than the sun and faster than a comet. He hath visited every part of the globe. He has smoked the calumet with the Indians of North America—he has hunted with the Araucans in the South—galloped on wild horses over the plains of Mexico, and rubbed noses with the Esquimaux. He hath used the chopsticks with the Chinese, swung the Cherok pooga with the Hindoos, and pulled the nose of the Great Cham of Tartary. He hath visited and been received in every court of Europe : danced on the ice of the Neva with the Russians—led the mazurka with the Poles—waltzed with the Germans—tarantulaed with the Italians—fandangoed with the Spanish—and quadrilled with the French. He hath explored every mine in the universe, walked through every town on the continent, examined every mountain in the world, ascended Mont Blanc, walked down the Andes, and run up the Pyrennees. He has been into every volcano in the globe, and descending by Vesuvius has been thrown up by Stromboli. He has lived more than a thousand years, and is still in the flower of youth. He has had one hundred and forty sets of teeth one after another, and expects a new set next Christmas. His whole life has been spent in the service of mankind,

and in doing good to his fellow-creatures ; and having the experience of more than a thousand years, he cures more than a thousand diseases. Gentlemen, the wonderful doctor will present himself before you this evening, and will then tell what his remedies are good for, so that you may pick and choose according to your several complaints. Ladies, the wonderful doctor can greatly assist you : he has secrets by which you may have a family if you should so wish—philters to make husbands constant, and salve to make them blind—cosmetics to remove pimples and restore to youth and beauty, and powders to keep children from squalling. Sound the trumpet, Philotas ; sound, and let every body know that the wonderful Doctor Appallacheosmocommetico has vouchsafed to stop here and confer his blessings upon the inhabitants of this town.” Hereupon Num again blew the trumpet till he was black in the face ; and Timothy, dropping on his donkey, rode away to other parts of the town, where he repeated his grandiloquent announcement, followed, as may be supposed, by a numerous cortege of little ragged boys.

About four o’clock in the afternoon, Melchoir made his appearance in the market-place, attended by me, dressed as a German student, Timothy and Num in their costumes. A stage had been already prepared ; and the populace had crowded round it more with the intention of laughing than of making purchases. The various packets were opened and arranged in front of the platform, I standing on one side of Melchoir, Timothy on the other, and Num with his trumpet, holding on by one of the scaffold poles at the corner.

“Sound the trumpet, Philotas,” said Melchoir, taking off his three-cornered hat, and making a low bow to the audience at every blast. “Pray, Mr. Fool, do you know why you sound the trumpet?”

“I’m sure I don’t know,” replied Num, opening his goggle eyes.

“Do you know, Mr. Dionysius?”

“Yes, sir, I can guess.”

“Explain, then, to the gentlemen and ladies who have honoured us with their presence.”

“Because, sir, trumpets are always sounded before great conquerors.”

“Very true, sir ; but how am I a great conqueror?”

"You have conquered death, sir; and he's a very rum customer to have to deal with."

"Dionysius, you have answered well, and shall have some bullock's liver for your supper—don't forget to remind me, in case I forget it."

"No, that I won't, sir," replied Timothy, rubbing his stomach, as if delighted with the idea.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Melchoir to the audience, who were on a broad grin, "I see your mouths are all open, and waiting for the pills; but be not too impatient—I cannot part with my medicines unless you have diseases which require their aid; and I should, indeed, be a sorry doctor, if I prescribed without knowing your complaints. *Est neutrale genus signans rem non animatum*, says Herodotus; which in English means, what is one man's meat is another man's poison; and further adds, *Ut jecur, ut onus, put ut occiput*, which is as much as to say, that what agrees with one temperament, will be injurious to another. Caution, therefore, becomes very necessary in the use of medicine; and my reputation depends upon my not permitting any one to take what is not good for him. And now, my very dear friends, I will first beg you to observe the peculiar qualities of the contents of this little phial. You observe that there is not more than sixty drops in it, yet will these sixty drops add ten years to a man's life—for it will cure him of almost as many diseases. In the first place, are any of you troubled with the *ascites*, or dropsy? which, as the celebrated Galen hath declared, may be divided into three parts: the *ascites*, the *anasarca*, and the *tympanites*. The diagnostics of this disease are, swelling of the abdomen or stomach, difficulty of breathing, want of appetite, and a teasing cough. I say, have any of you this disease? None! Then I thank Heaven that you are not so afflicted.

"The next disease it is good for, is the *peripneumonia*, or inflammation on the lungs—the diagnostics or symptoms of which are, a small pulse, swelling of the eyes, and redness of the face. Say, have any of you these symptoms? if so, you have the disease. No one! I thank Heaven that you are none of you so afflicted.

"It is also a sovereign remedy for the *diarrhœa*, the diagnostics of which are, faintness, frequent gripings, rumbling in the bowels, cold sweats, and spasm."

Here one man came forward and complained of frequent gripings—another of rumbling in the bowels, and two or three more of cold sweats.

“It is well. O, I thank Heaven that I am here to administer to you myself! for what says Hippocrates? *Relativum cum antecedente concordat*, which means, that remedies quickly applied, kills the disease in its birth. Here, my friends, take it—take it—pay me only one shilling, and be thankful. When you go to rest, fail not to offer up your prayers. It is also a sovereign remedy for the dreadful *chiragra* or gout. I cured the whole corporation of city aldermen last week, by their taking three bottles each, and they presented me with the freedom of the city of London, in a gold box, which, I am sorry to say, I have forgotten to bring with me. Now the *chiragra* may be divided into several varieties. *Gonagra*, when it attacks the knees—*chiragra*, if in the hands—*onagra*, if in the elbow—*omagra*, if in the shoulder, and *lumbago*, if in the back. All these are varieties of gout, and for all these the contents of this little bottle is a sovereign remedy; and observe, it will keep for ever. Twenty years hence, when afflicted in your old age—and the time will come, my good people—you may take down this little phial from the shelf, and bless the hour in which you spent your shilling; for as Eusebius declares, ‘*Verbum personale concordat cum nominativo*,’ which is as much as to say, the active will grow old, and suffer from pains in their limbs, or lumbago? Who, indeed, can say that he will not have them?”

After this appeal, the number of those who had pains in their limbs, or who wished to provide against such a disease, proved so great, that all our phials were disposed of, and the doctor was obliged to promise that in a few days he would have some more of this invaluable medicine ready.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I shall now offer to your notice a valuable plaister, the effects of which are miraculous. Dionysius, come hither, you have felt the benefit of this plaister; tell your case to those who are present, and mind you tell the truth.”

Hereupon Timothy stepped forward. “Ladies and gentlemen, *upon my honour*, about three weeks back I fell off the scaffold, broke my back bone into three pieces, and was carried off to a surgeon, who looked at me, and told the

people to take measure for my coffin. The great doctor was not there at the time, having been sent for to consult with the king's physicians upon the queen's case of *Cophagus*, or intermitting mortification of the great toe; but fortunately, just as they were putting me into a shell, my master came back, and immediately applying his sovereign plaister to my back, in five days I was able to sit up, and in ten days I returned to my duty."

"Are you quite well now, Dionysius?"

"Quite well, sir, and my back is like a whalebone."

"Try it."

Hereupon Dionysius threw two somersets forward, two backward, walked across the stage on his hands, and tumbled in every direction.

"You see, gentlemen, I'm quite well now; and what I have said, I assure you, *on my honour*, to be a fact."

"I hope you'll allow that to be a very pretty cure," said the doctor, appealing to the audience; "and I hardly need say, that for sprains, bruises, contusions, wrenches, and dislocations, this plaister is infallible; and I will surprise you more by telling you, that I can sell it for eightpence a sheet."

The plaister went off rapidly, and was soon expended. The doctor went on describing his other valuable articles, and when he came to his cosmetics, &c., for women, we could not hand them out fast enough. "And now," said the doctor, "I must bid you farewell for this evening."

"I'm glad of that," said Timothy, "for now I mean to sell my own medicine."

"Your medicine, Mr. Dionysius! what do you mean by that?"

"Mean, sir; I mean to say that I've got a powder of my own contriving, which is a sovereign remedy."

"Remedy, sir, for what?"

"Why, it's a powder to kill fleas, and what's more, it's just as infallible as your own."

"Have you, indeed; and pray, sir, how did you hit upon the invention?"

"Sir, I discovered it in my sleep by accident; but I have proved it, and I will say, if properly administered, it is quite as infallible as any of yours. Ladies and gentlemen, I pledge you my honour that it will have the effect desired, and all I ask is sixpence a powder."

“But how is it to be used, sir?”

“Used—why, like all other powders; but I won’t give the directions till I have sold some; promising, however, if my method does not succeed, to return the money.”

“Well, that is fair, Mr. Dionysius; and I will take care that you keep your bargain. Will any body purchase the fool’s powder for killing fleas?”

“Yes, I will,” replied a man on the broad grin; “here’s sixpence. Now, then, fool, how am I to use it?”

“Use it?” said Timothy, putting the sixpence in his pocket; “I’ll explain to you. You must first catch the flea; hold him so tight between the forefinger and thumb as to force him to open his mouth; when his mouth is open, you must put a very little of this powder into it, and it will kill him directly.”

“Why, when I have the flea so tight as you state, I may as well kill him myself.”

“Very true, so you may if you prefer it; but if you do not, you may use this powder, which upon my honour is infallible.”*

This occasioned a great deal of mirth among the bystanders. Timothy kept his sixpence, and our exhibition for this day ended, very much to the satisfaction of Melchoir, who declared he had taken more than ever he had done before in a whole week. Indeed, the whole sum amounted to 17*l.* 10*s.*, all taken in shillings and sixpences, for articles hardly worth the odd shillings in the account; so we sat down to supper with anticipations of a good harvest, and so it proved. We stayed four days at this town, and then proceeded onwards, when the like success attended us—Timothy and I being obliged to sit up nearly the whole night to label and roll up pills, and mix medicines, which we did in a very scientific manner. Nor was it always that Melchoir presided; he would very often tell his audience that business required his attendance elsewhere, to visit the sick, and that he left the explanation of his medicines and their properties, to his pupil, who was far advanced in knowledge. With my prepossessing appearance, I made a great effect, more especially among the

* We assure our friend Rigdum Funnidos that we stole this Joe Miller, months before his “Comic Almanac” came out. We claim precedence as a thief.

ladies, and Timothy exerted himself so much when with me, that we never failed to bring home to Melchoir a great addition to his earnings—so much so, that at last he only showed himself, pretended that he was so importuned to visit sick persons that he could stay no longer, and then leave us, after the first half hour, to carry on the business for him. After six weeks of uninterrupted success, we returned to the camp, which, as usual, was not very far off.

Melchoir's profits had been much more than he anticipated, and he was very liberal to Timothy and me; indeed, he looked upon me as his right hand, and became more intimate and attached every day. We were of course delighted to return to the camp, after our excursion. There was so much continual bustle and excitement in our peculiar profession, that a little quiet was delightful; and I never felt more happy than when Fleta threw herself into my arms, and Nattée came forward with her usual dignity and grace, but with more than usual condescendence and kindness, bidding me welcome *home*. Home—alas! it was never meant for my home, or poor Fleta's—and that I felt. It was our sojourn for a time, and no more.

We had been more than a year exercising our talents in this lucrative manner, when one day, as I was sitting at the entrance of the tent, with a book in my hand, out of which Fleta was reading to me, a gipsy not belonging to our gang made his appearance. He was covered with dust, and the dew drops hanging on his dark forehead proved that he had travelled fast. He addressed Nattée, who was standing by, in their own language, which I did not understand; but I perceived he asked for Melchoir. After an exchange of a few sentences, Nattée expressed astonishment and alarm, and put her hands over her face, removed them as quickly as if derogatory in her to show emotion, and then remained in deep thought. Perceiving Melchoir approaching, the gipsy hastened to him, and they were soon in animated conversation. In ten minutes it was over: the gipsy went to the running brook, washed his face, took a large draught of water, and then hastened away, and was soon out of sight.

Melchoir, who had watched the departure of the gipsy, slowly approached us. I observed him and Nattée, as they met, as I was certain that something important had taken

place. Melchoir fixed his eyes upon Nattée—she looked at him mournfully—folded her arms, and made a slight bow as if in submission, and in a low voice quoted from the Scriptures, “Whither thou goest, I will go—thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.” He then walked away with her: they sat down apart, and were in earnest conversation for more than an hour.

“Japhet,” said Melchoir to me, after he had quitted his wife, “what I am about to tell you will surprise you. I have trusted you with all I dare trust any one, but there are some secrets in every man’s life which had better be reserved for himself and her who is bound to him by solemn ties. We must now part. In a few days this camp will be broken up, and these people will join some other division of the tribe. For me, you will see me no more. Ask me not to explain, for I cannot.”

“And Nattée,” said I.

“Will follow my fortunes, whatever they may be—you will see her no more.”

“For myself I care not, Melchoir; the world is before me, and remain with the gipsies without you I will not; but answer me one question—what is to become of little Fleta? Is she to remain with the tribe, to which she does not belong, or does she go with you?”

Melchoir hesitated. “I hardly can answer—but what consequence can the welfare of a soldier’s brat be to you?”

“Allowing her to be what you assert, Melchoir, I am devotedly attached to that child, and could not bear that she should remain here; I am sure that you deceived me in what you stated; for the child remembers, and has told me, anecdotes of her infancy, which proves that she is of no mean family, and that she has been stolen from her friends.”

“Indeed! is her memory so good?” replied Melchoir, firmly closing his teeth. “To Nattée or to me she has never hinted so much.”

“That is very probable; but a stolen child she is, Melchoir, and she must not remain here.”

“Must not!”

“Yes; must not, Melchoir; when you quit the tribe, you will no longer have any power, nor can you have any interest about her. She shall then choose—if she will come

with me, I *will* take her, and nothing shall prevent me; and in so doing I do you no injustice, nor do I swerve in my fidelity."

"How do you know that? I may have my secret reasons against it."

"Surely you can have no interest in a soldier's brat, Melchoir?"

Melchoir appeared confused and annoyed. "She is no soldier's brat; I acknowledge, Japhet, that the child was stolen; but you must not, therefore, imply that the child was stolen by me or my wife."

"I never accused you, or thought you capable of it; and that is the reason why I am now surprised at the interest you take in her. If she prefers to go with you, I have no more to say; but if not, I claim her; and if she consents, will resist your interference."

"Japhet," replied Melchoir, after a pause, "we must not quarrel now that we are about to part. I will give you an answer in half an hour."

Melchoir returned to Nattée, and recommenced a conversation with her, while I hastened to Fleta.

"Fleta, do you know that the camp is to be broken up, and Melchoir and Nattée leave it altogether?"

"Indeed!" replied she with surprise. "Then what is to become of you and Timothy?"

"We must of course seek our fortunes where we can."

"And of me?" continued she, looking me earnestly in the face with her large blue eyes. "Am I to stay here?" continued she, with alarm in her countenance.

"Not if you do not wish it, Fleta: as long as I can support you I will—that is, if you would like to live with me in preference to Melchoir."

"If I would like! Japhet; you must know I would like—who has been so kind to me as you? Don't leave me, Japhet."

"I will not, Fleta; but on condition that you promise to be guided by me, and to do all I wish."

"To do what you wish is the greatest pleasure that I have, Japhet—so I may safely promise that. What has happened?"

"That I do not know more than yourself; but Melchoir tells me that he and Nattée quit the gipsy tents for ever."

Fleta looked round to ascertain if any one was near us, and then in a low tone said, "I understand their language, Japhet, that is, a great deal of it, although they do not think so; and I overheard what the gipsy said in part, although he was at some distance. He asked for Melchoir; and when Nattée wanted to know what he wanted, he answered that, '*he was dead*;' then Nattée covered up her face. I could not hear all the rest, but there was something about a *horse*."

He was dead. Had then Melchoir committed murder, and was obliged to fly the country? This appeared to me to be the most probable, when I collected the facts in my possession; and yet I could not believe it; for except that system of deceit necessary to carry on his various professions, I never found any thing in Melchoir's conduct which could be considered as criminal. On the contrary, he was kind, generous, and upright in his private dealings, and in many points proved that he had a good heart. He was a riddle of inconsistency it was certain: professionally, he would cheat any body, and disregard all truth and honesty; but, in his private character, he was scrupulously honest, and, with the exception of the assertion relative to Fleta's birth and parentage, he had never told me a lie, that I could discover. I was running up all these reflections in my mind, when Melchoir again came up to me, and desiring the little girl to go away, he said, "Japhet, I have resolved to grant your request with respect to Fleta, but it must be on conditions."

"Let me hear them."

"First, then, Japhet, as you always have been honest and confiding with me, tell me now what are your intentions. Do you mean to follow up the profession which you learnt under me, or what do you intend to do?"

"Honestly, then, Melchoir, I do not intend to follow up that profession, unless driven to it by necessity. I intend to seek my father."

"And if driven to it by necessity, do you intend that Fleta shall aid you by her acquirements? In short, do you mean to take her with you as a speculation, to make the most of her, to let her sink, when she arrives at the age of woman, into vice and misery?"

"I wonder at your asking me that question, Melchoir; it is the first act of injustice I have received at your hands."

No ; if obliged to follow up the profession, I will not allow Fleta so to do. I would sooner that she were in her grave. It is to rescue her from that very vice and misery, to take her out of a society in which she never ought to have been placed, that I take her with me."

"And this upon your honour?"

"Yes, upon my honour. I love her as my sister, and I cannot help indulging on the hope that in seeking my father, I may chance to stumble upon hers."

Melchoir bit his lips. "There is another promise I must exact from you, Japhet, which is, that to a direction which I will give you, every six months you will inclose an address where you may be heard of, and also intelligence as to Fleta's welfare and health."

"To that I give my cheerful promise ; but, Melchoir, you appear to have taken, all at once, a strange interest in this little girl."

"I wish you now to think that I do take an interest in her, provided you seek not to inquire the why and the wherefore. Will you accept of funds for her maintenance?"

"Not without necessity compels me ; and then I shall be glad to find, when I can no longer help her, that you are still her friend."

"Recollect, that you will always find what is requisite by writing to the address which I shall give you before we part. That point is now settled, and on the whole I think the arrangement is good."

Timothy had been absent during the events of the morning—when he returned, I communicated to him what had passed, and was about to take place.

"Well, Japhet, I don't know—I do not dislike our present life, yet I am not sorry to change it ; but what are we to do?"

"That remains to be considered ; we have a good stock of money, fortunately, and we must husband it till we find what can be done."

We took our suppers all together for the last time, Melchoir telling us that he had determined to set off the next day. Nattée looked very melancholy, but resigned ; on the contrary, little Fleta was so overjoyed, that her face, generally so mournful, was illuminated with smiles whenever our eyes met. It was delightful to see her so happy.

The whole of the people in the camp had retired, and Melchoir was busy making his arrangements in the tent. I did not feel inclined to sleep; I was thinking and revolving in my mind my prospects for the future; sitting, or rather lying down, for I was leaning on my elbow, at a short distance from the tents. The night was dark but clear, and the stars were brilliant. I had been watching them, and I thought upon Melchoir's ideas of destiny, and dwelling on the futile wish that I could read mine, when I perceived the approach of Nattée.

"Japhet," said she, "you are to take the little girl with you I find—will you be careful of her? for it would be on my conscience if she were left to the mercy of the world. She departs rejoicing, let her joy not end in tears. I depart sorrowing. I leave my people, my kin, my habits and customs, my influence, all—but it must be so, it is my destiny. She is a good child, Japhet—promise me that you will be a friend to her—and give her this to wear in remembrance of me, but—not yet—not till we are gone——." She hesitated. "Japhet, do not let Melchoir see it in your possession; he may not like my having given it away." I took the piece of paper containing the present, and having promised all she required, "this is the last—yes—the very last time that I may behold this scene," continued Nattée, surveying the common, the tents, and the animals browsing. "Be it so; Japhet, good night, may you prosper!" She then turned away, and entered her tent; and soon afterwards I followed her example.

The next day, Melchoir was all ready. What he had packed up was contained in two small bundles. He addressed the people belonging to the gang, in their own language. Nattée did the same, and the whole of them kissed her hand. The tents, furniture, and the greatest part of his other property were distributed among them. Jumbo and Num were made over to two of the principal men. Timothy, Fleta, and I, were also ready, and intended to quit at the same time as Melchoir and his wife.

"Japhet," said Melchoir, "there is yet some money due to you for our last excursion—(this was true,)—here it is—you and Timothy keep but one purse, I am aware. Good bye, and may you prosper!"

We shook hands with Nattée and Melchoir. Fleta went up to the former, and crossing her arms, bent her head.

Nattée kissed the child, and led her to Melchoir. He stooped down, kissed her on the forehead, and I perceived a sign of strong compressed emotion as he did so. Our intended routes lay in a different direction, and when both parties had arrived to either verge of the common, we waved our hands as a last farewell, and resumed our paths again. Fleta burst into tears as she turned away from her former guardians.

I led the little sobbing girl by the hand, and we proceeded for some time in silence. It was not until we gained the high road that Timothy interrupted my reverie, by observing, "Japhet, have you at all made up your mind what you shall do?"

"I have been reflecting, Timothy. We have lost a great deal of time. The original intention with which I left London has been almost forgotten; but it must be so no longer. I now have resolved that as soon as I have placed this poor little girl in safety, that I will prosecute my search, and never be diverted from it."

"I cannot agree with you that we lost time, Japhet; we had very little money when we started upon our expedition, and now we have sufficient to enable you to prosecute your plans for a long time. The question is, in what direction? We quitted London and travelled west, in imitation, as we thought, of the *wise men*. With all deference, in my opinion, it was like *two fools*."

"I have been thinking upon that point also, Tim, and I agree with you. I expect, for several causes, which you know as well as I do, to find my father among the higher classes of society; and the path we took when we started, has led us into the very lowest. It appears to me that we cannot do better than retrace our steps. We have the means now to appear as gentlemen, and to mix in good company; and London is the very best place for us to repair to."

"That is precisely my opinion, Japhet, with one single exception, which I will mention to you; but first tell me, have you calculated what our joint purses may amount to? It must be a very considerable sum."

"I cannot have much less than two hundred pounds," replied I.

"And I have more than sixty," said Timothy. "Really the profession was not unprofitable."

"No," replied I, laughing; "but recollect, Tim, that

we had no outlay. The public provided us with food, our lodging cost us nothing. We have had no taxes to pay ; and at the same time have taxed folly and credulity to a great extent."

"That's true, Japhet ; and although I am glad to have the money, I am not sorry that we have abandoned the profession."

"Nor am I, Tim ; if you please, we will forget it altogether. But tell me, what was the exception you were about to make ?"

"Simply this. Although two hundred and sixty pounds may be a great deal of money, yet if we are to support the character and appearance of gentlemen, it will not last for ever. For instance, we must have our *valets*. What an expense that will be ! Our clothes too—we shall soon lose our rank and station in society, without we obtain a situation under government."

"We must make it last as long as we can, Timothy ; and trust to good fortune to assist us."

"That's all very well, Japhet ; but I had rather trust to our own prudence. Now hear what I have to say. You will be as much assisted by a *trusty* valet as by any other means. I shall, as a gentleman, be only an expense and an incumbrance ; but as a valet I shall be able to play into your hands ; at the same time more than one half the expense will be avoided. With your leave, therefore, I will take my proper situation, put on your livery, and thereby make myself of the greatest use."

I could not help acknowledging the advantages to be derived from this proposal of Timothy's ; but I did not like to accept it.

"It is very kind of you, Timothy," replied I ; "but I can only look upon you as a friend and an equal."

"There you are right and wrong in the same breath. You are right in looking upon me as a friend, Japhet ; and you would be still more right in allowing me to prove my friendship as I propose ; but you are wrong in looking upon me as an equal, for I am not so either in personal appearance, education, or any thing else. We are both foundlings, it is true ; but you were christened after Abraham Newland, and I after the workhouse pump. You were a gentleman foundling, presenting yourself with a fifty pound note, and good clothes. I made my appearance in rags

and misery. If you find your parents, you will rise in the world; if I find mine, I shall, in all probability, have no reason to be proud of them. I therefore must insist upon having my own choice in the part I am to play in the drama, and I will prove to you that it is my right to choose. You forget that, when you started, your object was to search after your father, and I told you mine was to look after my mother. You have selected high life as the expected sphere in which he is to be found, and I select low life as that in which I am most likely to discover the object of my search. So you perceive," continued Tim, laughing, "that we must arrange so as to suit the views of both without parting company. Do you hunt among bag-wigs, amber-headed canes, silks and satins—I will burrow among tags and tassels, dimity and mob caps; and probably we shall both succeed in the object of our search. I leave you to hunt in the drawing-rooms, while I ferret in the kitchen. You may throw yourself on a sofa and exclaim—'Who is my father?' while I will sit in the cook's lap, and ask her if she may happen to be my mother."

This sally of Timothy's made even Fleta laugh; and after a little more remonstrance, I consented that he should perform the part of my valet. Indeed, the more I reflected upon it, the greater appeared the advantages which might accrue from the arrangement. By the time that this point had been settled, we had arrived at the town to which we directed our steps, and took up our quarters at an inn of moderate pretensions, but of very great external cleanliness. My first object was to find out some fitting asylum for little Fleta. The landlady was a buxom, good tempered young woman, and I gave the little girl into her charge, while Timothy and I went out on a survey. I had made up my mind to put her to some good, but not very expensive, school, if such were to be found in the vicinity. I should have preferred taking her with me to London, but I was aware how much more expensive it would be to provide for her there; and as the distance from the metropolis was but twenty miles, I could easily run down to see her occasionally. I desired the little girl to call me her brother, as such I intended to be to her in future, and not to answer every question they might put to her. There was, however, little occasion for this caution; for Fleta was, as I before observed, very unlike children in general. I then

went out with Timothy to look for a tailor, that I might order our clothes, as what we had on were not either of the very best taste, or in the very best condition. We walked up the main street, and soon fell in with a tailor's shop, over which was written in large letters—"Feodor Shneider, Tailor to his Royal Highness the Prince of Darmstadt."

"Will that do, Japhet?" said Timothy, pointing to the announcement.

"Why, yes," replied I; "but how the deuce the Prince of Darmstadt should have employed a man in a small country town as his tailor, is to me rather a puzzle."

"Perhaps he made his clothes when he was in Germany," replied Tim.

"Perhaps he did; but, however, he shall have the honour of making mine."

We entered the shop, and I ordered a suit of the most fashionable clothes, choosing my colours, and being very minute in my directions to the foreman, who measured me; but as I was leaving the shop, the master, judging by my appearance, which was certainly not exactly that of a gentleman, ventured to observe, that it was customary with *gentlemen*, whom they had not the honour of knowing, to leave a deposit. Although the very proposal was an attack upon my gentility, I made no reply; but pulling out a handful of guineas, laid down two on the counter and walked away, that I might find another shop at which we might order the livery of Timothy; but this was only as a reconnoitre, as I did not intend to order his liveries until I could appear in my own clothes, which were promised on the afternoon of the next day. There were, however, several other articles to be purchased, such as a trunk, portmanteau, hat, gloves, &c., all of which we procured, and then returned to the inn. On my return I ordered dinner. Fleta was certainly clad in her best frock, but bad was the best; and the landlady, who could extract little from the child, could not imagine who we could be. I had, however, allowed her to see more than sufficient money to warrant our expenses; and so far her scruples were, although her curiosity was not, removed.

That evening I had a long conversation with Fleta. I told her that we were to part, that she must go to school, and that I would very often come down to see her. At first,

she was inconsolable at the idea ; but I reasoned with her, and the gentle, intelligent creature acknowledged that it was right. The next day my clothes came home, and I dressed myself. " Without flattery, Japhet," said Timothy, " you do look very much like a gentleman." Fleta smiled, and said the same. I thought so too, but said nothing. Putting on my hat and gloves, and accompanied by Timothy, I descended to go out and order Tim liveries, as well as a fit-out for Fleta.

After I was out in the street I discovered that I had left my handkerchief, and returned to fetch it. The landlady, seeing a gentleman about to enter the inn, made a very low courtsey, and it was not until I looked hard at her that she recognized me. Then I was satisfied ; it was an involuntary tribute to my appearance, worth all the flattering assertions in the world. We now proceeded to the other tailor's in the main street. I entered the shop with a flourishing, important air, and was received with many bows. " I wish," said I, " to have a suit of livery made for this young man, who is about to enter into my service. I cannot take him up to town this figure." The livery was chosen, and as I expressed my wish to be off the next evening, it was promised to be ready by an hour appointed.

I then went to a milliner's, and desired that she would call at the inn to fit out a little girl for school, whose wardrobe had been left behind by mistake. On the fourth day all was ready. I had made inquiries, and found out a very respectable school, kept by a widow lady. I asked for references, which were given, and I was satisfied. The terms were low—twenty guineas per annum. I paid the first half year in advance, and lodged fifty guineas more in the hands of a banker, taking a receipt for it, and giving directions that it was to be paid to the schoolmistress as it became due. I took this precaution, that should I be in poverty myself, at all events Fleta might be provided in clothes and schooling for two years at least. The poor child wept bitterly at the separation, and I could with difficulty detach her little arms from my neck ; and I felt, when I left her, as if I had parted with the only valuable object to me on earth. All was now ready ; but Timothy did not as yet assume his new clothes. It would have appeared strange that one who sat at my table should afterwards put on my livery ; and as in a small town there is

always plenty of scandal, for Fleta's sake, if for no other reason, it was deferred until our arrival in London. Wishing the landlady good bye, who I really believed would have given up her bill to have known who we could possibly be, we got on the outside of the stage-coach, and in the evening arrived at the metropolis. I have been particular in describing all these little circumstances, as it proves how very awkward it is to jump, without observation, from one station in society to another.

But I have omitted to mention a circumstance of great importance, which occurred at the inn the night before I placed Fleta at the boarding-school. In looking over my portmanteau, I perceived the present of Nattée to Fleta, which I had quite forgotten. I took it to Fleta, and told her from whom it came. On opening the paper, it proved to contain a long chain of round coral and gold beads, strung alternately; the gold beads were not so large as the coral, but still the number of them, and the purity of the metal, made them of considerable value. Fleta passed the beads through her fingers, and then threw them round her neck, and sat in deep thought for some minutes. "Japhet," said she at last, "I have seen this—I have worn this before—I recollect that I have; it rushes into my memory as an old friend, and I think that before morning it will bring to my mind something that I shall recollect about it."

"Try all you can, Fleta, and let me know to-morrow."

"It's no use trying; if I try, I never can recollect any thing. I must wear it to-night, and then I shall have something come into my mind all of a sudden; or perhaps I may dream something. Good night."

It immediately occurred to me that it was most probable that the chain had been on Fleta's neck at the time that she was stolen from her parents, and might prove the means of her being identified. It was no common chain—apparently had been wrought by people in a state of semi-refinement. There was too little show for its value—too much sterling gold for the simple effect produced; and I very much doubted whether another like it could be found.

The next morning Fleta was too much affected at parting with me, to enter into much conversation. I asked whether she had recollected any thing, and she replied, "No; that she had cried all night at the thoughts of our

separation." I cautioned her to be very careful of the chain, and I gave the same caution to the school-mistress; and after I had left the town, I regretted that I had not taken it away, and deposited it in some place of security. I resolved so to do when next I saw Fleta; in the mean time, she would be able, perhaps, by association, to call up some passage of her infancy connected with it.

I had inquired of a gentleman who sat near me on the coach, which was the best hotel for a young man of fashion. He recommended the Piazza, in Covent Garden, and to that we accordingly repaired. I selected handsome apartments, and ordered a light supper. When the table was laid, Timothy made his appearance in his livery and cut a very smart, dashing figure. I dismissed the waiter, and as soon as we were alone, I burst into a fit of laughter. "Really, Timothy, this is a good farce; come, sit down, and help me to finish this bottle of wine."

"No, sir," replied Timothy; "with your permission, I prefer doing as the rest of my fraternity. You only leave the bottle on the sideboard, and I will steal as much as I want; but, as for sitting down, that will be making too free, and if we were seen, would be moreover, very dangerous. We must both keep up our characters. They have been plying me with all manner of questions below, as to who you were—your name, &c. I resolved that I would give you a lift in the world, and I stated that you had just arrived from making a grand tour—which is not a fib, after all—and as for your name, I said that you were at present *incog*."

"But why did you make me *incog*?"

"Because it may suit you so to be; and it certainly is the truth, for you don't know your real name."

We were here interrupted by the waiter bringing in a letter upon a salver. "Here is a letter addressed to 'I., or J. N., on his return from his tour,' sir," said he; "I presume it is for you?"

"You may leave it," said I, with nonchalance.

The waiter laid the letter on the table, and retired.

"How very odd, Timothy—this letter cannot be for me; and yet they are my initials. It is as much like a J as an I. Depend upon it, it is some fellow who has just gained this intelligence below, and has written to ask for a subscription to his charity list, imagining that I am flush of money, and liberal."

“I suppose so,” replied Tim; “however, you may just as well see what he says.”

“But if I open it he will expect something. I had better refuse it.”

“O no, leave that to me; I know how to put people off.”

“After all it is a fine thing to be a gentleman, and be petitioned.”

I broke open the seal, and found that the letter contained an enclosure addressed to another person. The letter was as follows:—

“MY DEAR NEPHEW,—[‘Bravo, sir,’ said Timothy; ‘you’ve found an uncle already—you’ll soon find a father.’] From the great uncertainty of the post, I have not ventured to do more than hint at what has come to light during this last year, but as it is necessary that you should be acquainted with the whole transaction, and as you had not decided when you last wrote, whether you would prosecute your intended three months’ trip to Sicily, or return from Milan, you may probably arrive when I am out of town; I therefore enclose you a letter to Mr. Masterton, directing him to surrender to you a sealed packet, lodged in his hands, containing all the particulars, the letters which bear upon them, and what has been proposed to avoid exposure; which you may peruse at your leisure, should you arrive before my return to town. There is no doubt but that the affair may be hushed up, and we trust that you will see the prudence of the measure; as, once known, it will be very discreditable to the family escutcheon. [‘I always had an idea you were of good family,’ interrupted Tim.] I wish you had followed my advice, and had not returned; but as you were positive on that point, I beg you will now consider the propriety of remaining incognito, as reports are already abroad, and your sudden return will cause a great deal of surmise. Your long absence at the Gottingen University, and your subsequent completion of your grand tour, will have effaced all remembrance of your person, and you can easily be passed off as a particular friend of mine, and I can introduce you everywhere as such. Take, then, any name you may please, provided it be not Smith or Brown, or such vulgarism, and on the receipt of this letter, write a note,

and send it to my house in Portman Square, just saying, 'so and so is arrived.' This will prevent the servants from obtaining any information by their prying curiosity; and as I have directed all my letters to be forwarded to my seat in Worcestershire, I shall come up immediately that I receive it, and by your putting the name which you mean to assume, I shall know whom to ask for when I call at the hotel.

"Your affectionate uncle,
"WINDERMEAR."

"One thing is very clear, Timothy," said I, laying the letter on the table; "that it cannot be intended for me."

"How do you know, sir, that this lord is not your uncle? At all events, you must do as he bids you."

"What—go for the papers! most certainly I shall not."

"Then how in the name of fortune do you expect to find your father, when you will not take advantage of such an opportunity of getting into society? It is by getting possession of other people's secrets, that you will worm out your own."

"But it is dishonest, Timothy."

"A letter is addressed to you, in which you have certain directions; you break the seal with confidence, and you read what you find is possibly not for you; but, depend upon it, Japhet, that a secret obtained is one of the surest roads to promotion. Recollect your position; severed from the world, you have to reunite yourself with it, to recover your footing, and create an interest. You have not those who love you to help you—you must not scruple to obtain your object by fear."

"That is a melancholy truth, Tim," replied I; "and I believe I must put my strict morality in my pocket."

"Do, sir, pray, until you can afford to be moral; it's a very expensive virtue that; a deficiency of it made you an outcast from the world; you must not scruple at a slight deficiency on your own part, to regain your position."

There was so much shrewdness, so much of the wisdom of the serpent in the remarks of Timothy, that, added to my ardent desire to discover my father, which since my quitting the gipsy camp had returned upon me with two-fold force, my scruples were overcome, and I resolved

that I would not lose such an opportunity. Still I hesitated, and went up into my room, that I might reflect upon what I should do. I went to bed, revolving the matter in my mind, and turning over from one position to the other, at one time deciding that I would not take advantage of the mistake, at another quite as resolved that I would not throw away such an opening for the prosecution of my search; at last I fell into an uneasy slumber, and had a strange dream. I thought that I was standing upon an isolated rock, with the waters raging around me; the tide was rising, and at last the waves were roaring at my feet. I was in a state of agony, and expected that in a short time I should be swallowed up. The main land was not far off, and I perceived well-dressed people in crowds, who were enjoying themselves, feasting, dancing, and laughing in merry peals. I held out my hand—I shouted to them—they saw, and heard me, but heeded me not. My horror at being swept away by the tide was dreadful. I shrieked as the water rose. At last I perceived something unroll itself from the main land, and gradually advancing to the island, formed a bridge by which I could walk over and be saved. I was about to hasten over, when “Private, and no thoroughfare,” appeared at the end nearest me, in large letters of fire. I started back with amazement, and would not, dared not pass them. When all of a sudden, a figure in white appeared by my side, and said to me, pointing to the bridge, “Self-preservation is the first law of nature.”

I looked at the person who addressed me; gradually the figure became darker and darker, until it changed to Mr. Cophagus, with his stick up to his nose. “Japhet, all nonsense—very good bridge—um—walk over—find father—and so on.” I dashed over the bridge, which appeared to float on the water, and to be composed of paper, gained the other side, and was received with shouts of congratulation, and the embraces of the crowd. I perceived an elderly gentleman come forward; I knew it was my father, and I threw myself into his arms. I awoke, and found myself rolling on the floor, embracing the bolster with all my might. Such was the vivid impression of this dream, that I could not turn my thoughts away from it, and at last I considered that it was a divine interposition. All my scruples vanished, and before the day had dawned I

determined that I would follow the advice of Timothy. An enthusiast is easily led to believe what he wishes, and he mistakes his own feelings for warnings; the dreams arising from his daily contemplations for the interference of Heaven. He thinks himself armed by supernatural assistance, and warranted by the Almighty to pursue his course, even if that course should be contrary to the Almighty's precepts. Thus was I led away by my own imaginings, and thus was my monomania increased to an impetus which forced before it all consideration of what was right or wrong.

The next morning I told my dream to Timothy, who laughed very heartily at my idea of the finger of Providence. At last, perceiving that I was angry with him, he pretended to be convinced. When I had finished my breakfast, I sent to inquire the number in the Square of Lord Windermear's town house, and wrote the following simple note to his lordship, "*Japhet Newland* has arrived from his tour at the Piazza, Covent Garden." This was confided to Timothy, and I then set off with the other letter to Mr. Masterton, which was addressed to Lincoln's Inn. By reading the addresses of the several legal gentlemen, I found out that Mr. Masterton was located on the second floor. I rang the bell, which had the effect of "Open Sesame," as the door appeared to swing to admit me without any assistance. I entered an ante-room, and from thence found myself in the presence of Mr. Masterton—a little old man, with spectacles on his nose, sitting at a table covered with papers. He offered me a chair, and I presented the letter.

"I see that I am addressing Mr. Neville," said he, after he had perused the letter. "I congratulate you on your return. You may not, perhaps, remember me?"

"Indeed, sir, I cannot say that I do exactly."

"I could not expect it, my dear sir, you have been so long away. You have very much improved in person, I must say; yet still, I recollect your features as a mere boy. Without compliment, I had no idea that you would ever have made so handsome a man." I bowed to the compliment. "Have you heard from your uncle?"

"I had a few lines from Lord Windermear, enclosing your letter."

"He is well, I hope?"

“Quite well, I believe.”

Mr. Masterton then rose, went to an iron safe, and brought out a packet of papers, which he put into my hands. ‘You will read these with interest, Mr. Neville. I am a party to the whole transaction, and must venture to advise you not to appear in England under your own name, until all is settled. Your uncle, I perceive, has begged the same.’

“And I have assented, sir. I have taken a name instead of my real one.”

“May I ask you what it is?”

“I call myself Mr. Japhet Newland.”

“Well, it is singular, but perhaps as good as any other. I will take it down, in case I have to write to you. Your address is ——”

“Piazza—Covent Garden.”

Mr. Masterton took my name and address. I took the papers, and then we both took leave of one another, with many expressions of pleasure and good will.

I returned to the hotel, where I found Timothy waiting for me, with impatience. “Japhet,” said he, “Lord Windermear has not yet left town. I have seen him, for I was called back after I left the house by the footman, who ran after me—he will be here immediately.”

“Indeed,” replied I. “Pray what sort of person is he, and what did he say to you?”

“He sent for me in the dining parlour, where he was at breakfast, asked when you arrived, whether you were well, and how long I had been in your service. I replied that I had not been more than two days, and had just put on my liveries. He then desired me to tell Mr. Newland that he would call upon him in about two hours. ‘Then, my lord,’ replied I, ‘I had better go and tell him to get out of bed.’

“‘The lazy dog!’ said he, ‘nearly one o’clock, and not out of bed; well, go then, and get him dressed as fast as you can.’”

Shortly afterwards a handsome carriage with grays drew up to the door. His lordship sent in his footman to ask whether Mr. Newland was at home. The reply of the waiter was, that there was a young gentleman who had been there two or three days, who had come from making a tour, and his name did begin with an *N*. “That will

do, James ; let down the steps." His lordship alighted, was ushered up stairs, and into my room. There we stood, staring at each other.

"Lord Windermear, I believe," said I, extending my hand.

"You have recognised me first, John," said he, taking my hand, and looking earnestly in my face. "Good heaven ! is it possible that an awkward boy should have grown up into so handsome a fellow ! I shall be proud of my nephew. Did you remember me when I entered the room?"

"To tell the truth, my lord, I did not ; but expecting you, I took it for granted that it must be you."

"Nine years make a great difference, John ;—but I forget, I must now call you Japhet. Have you been reading the Bible lately, that you fixed upon that strange name?"

"No, my lord ; but this hotel is such a Noah's ark, that it's no wonder I thought of it."

"You are an undutiful dog, not to ask after your mother, sir."

"I was about——"

"I see—I see," interrupted his lordship ; "but recollect, John, that she still is *your mother*. By-the-by, have you read the papers yet?"

"No, sir," replied I, "there they are, (pointing to them on the side table.) I really do not like to break the seals."

"That they will not contain pleasant intelligence, I admit," replied his lordship ; "but until you have read them, I do not wish to converse with you on the subject ; therefore," said he, taking up the packet, and breaking the seal, "I must now insist that you employ this forenoon in reading them through. You will dine with me at seven, and then we will talk the matter over."

"Certainly, sir, if you wish it, I will read them."

"I must *insist* upon it, John ; and am rather surprised at your objecting, when they concern you so particularly."

"I shall obey your orders, sir."

"Well, then, my boy, I shall wish you good morning, that you may complete your task before you come to dinner. To-morrow, if you wish it—but recollect, I never press young men on these points, as I am aware that they sometimes feel it a restraint—if you wish it, I say, you

may bring your portmanteaus, and take up your quarters with me. By-the-by," continued his lordship, taking hold of my coat, "who made this?"

"The tailor to his Serene Highness the Prince of Darmstadt had that honour, my lord," replied I.

"Humph! I thought they fitted better in Germany; it's not quite the thing—we must consult Nugee, for with that figure and face, the coat ought to be quite correct. Adieu, my dear fellow, till seven."

His lordship shook hands with me, and I was left alone. Timothy came in as soon as his lordship's carriage had driven off. "Well, sir," said he, "was your uncle glad to see you?"

"Yes," replied I; "and look, he has broken open the seals, and has insisted upon my reading the papers."

"It would be very undutiful in you to refuse, so I had better leave you to your task," said Timothy, smiling, as he quitted the room.

I sat down and took up the papers. I was immediately and strangely interested in all that I read. A secret!—it was, indeed, a secret, involving the honour and reputation of the most distinguished families. One that, if known, the trumpet of scandal would have blazoned forth to the disgrace of the aristocracy. It would have occasioned bitter tears to some, gratified the petty malice of many, satisfied the revenge of the vindictive, and bowed with shame the innocent as well as the guilty. It is not necessary, nor, indeed, would I, on any account, state any more. I finished the last paper, and then fell into a reverie. This is, indeed, a secret, thought I; one that I would I never had possessed. In a despotic country my life would be sacrificed to the fatal knowledge—here, thank God, my life as well as my liberty is safe.

The contents of the papers told me all that was necessary to enable me to support the character which I had assumed. The reason why the party, I was supposed to be, was intrusted with it, was, that he was in a direct line eventually heir, and the question was whether he would waive his claim with the others, and allow death to bury crime in oblivion. I felt that were I in his position I should so do—and, therefore, was prepared to give an answer to his lordship. I sealed up the papers, dressed myself, and went to dinner; and after the cloth was re-

moved, Lord Windermear first rising and turning the key in the door, said to me, in a low voice, "You have read the papers, and what those, nearly as much interested as you are in this lamentable business, have decided upon. Tell me, what is your opinion?"

"My opinion, my lord, is, that I wish I had never known what has come to light this day—that it will be most advisable never to recur to the subject, and that the proposals made are, in my opinion, most judicious, and should be acted upon."

"That is well," replied his lordship; "then all are agreed, and I am proud to find you possessed of such honour and good feeling. We now drop the subject for ever. Are you inclined to leave town with me, or what do you intend to do?"

"I prefer remaining in town, if your lordship will introduce me to some of the families of your acquaintance. Of course I know no one now."

"Very true; I will introduce you, as agreed, as Mr. Newland. It may be as well that you do not know any of our relations, who I have made to suppose that you are still abroad—and it would be awkward, when you take your right name by-and-by. Do you mean to see your mother?"

"Impossible, my lord, at present; by-and-by I hope to be able."

"Perhaps it's all for the best. I will now write one note to Major Carbonnell, introducing you as my particular friend, and requesting that he will make London agreeable. He knows every body, and will take you everywhere."

"When does your lordship start for the country?"

"To-morrow; so we may as well part to-night. By-the-by, you have credit at Drummond's, in the name of Newland, for a thousand pounds; the longer you make it last you the better."

His lordship gave me the letter of introduction. I returned to him the sealed packet, shook hands with him, and took my departure.

"Well, sir," said Timothy, rubbing his hands, as he stood before me, "what is the news; for I am dying to hear it—and what is this secret?"

"With regard to the secret, Tim, a secret it must re-

main. I dare not tell it even to you." Timothy looked rather grave at this reply.

"No, Timothy, as a man of honour, I cannot." My conscience smote me when I made use of the term; for, as a man of honour, I had no business to be in possession of it. "My dear Timothy, I have done wrong already; do not ask me to do worse."

"I will not, Japhet, but only tell me what has passed, and what you intend to do?"

"That I will, Timothy, with pleasure;" and I then stated all that had passed between his lordship and me. "And now, you observe, Timothy, I have gained what I desired, an introduction into the best society."

"And the means of keeping up your appearance," echoed Timothy, rubbing his hands. "A thousand pounds will last a long while."

"It will last a very long while, Tim, for I never will touch it; it would be swindling."

"So it would," replied Tim, his countenance falling; "well, I never thought of that."

"I have thought of much more, Tim; recollect I must in a very short time be exposed to Lord Windermear, for the real Mr. Neville will soon come home."

"Good heavens! what will become of us?" replied Timothy, with alarm in his countenance.

"Nothing can hurt you, Tim, the anger will be all upon me; but I am prepared to face it, and I would face twice as much for the distant hope of finding my father. Whatever Lord Windermear may feel inclined to do, he can do nothing; and my possession of the secret will ensure even more than my safety; it will afford me his protection, if I demand it."

"I hope it may prove so," replied Timothy, "but I feel a little frightened."

"I do not; to-morrow I shall give my letter of introduction, and then I will prosecute my search. So now, my dear Tim, good night."

The next morning I lost no time in presenting my letter of introduction to Major Carbonnell. He lived in apartments on the first floor in St. James's Street, and I found him at breakfast, in a silk dressing gown. I had made up my mind that a little independence always carries an air of fashion. When I entered, therefore, I looked at him

with a knowing air, and dropping the letter down on the table before him, said, "There's something for you to read, major; and in the mean time I'll refresh myself on this chair;" suiting the action to the word, I threw myself on a chair, amusing myself with tapping the sides of my boots with a small cane which I carried in my hand.

Major Carbonnell, upon whom I cast a furtive eye more than once during the time that he was reading the letter, was a person of about thirty-five years of age, well-looking, but disfigured by the size of his whiskers, which advanced to the corners of his mouth, and met under his throat. He was tall and well made, and with an air of fashion about him that was undeniable. His linen was beautifully clear and carefully arranged, and he had as many rings on his fingers, and when he was dressed, chains and trinkets, as ever were put on by a lady.

"My dear sir, allow me the honour of making at once your most intimate acquaintance," said he, rising from his chair, and offering his hand, as soon as he had perused the letter. "Any friend of Lord Windermear's would be welcome, but when he brings such an extra recommendation in his own appearance, he becomes doubly so."

"Major Carbonnell," replied I, "I have seen you but two minutes, and I have taken a particular fancy to you; in which I, no doubt, have proved my discrimination. Of course you know that I have just returned from making a tour?"

"So I understand from his lordship's letter. Mr. Newland, my time is at your service. Where are you staying?"

"At the Piazza."

"Very good; I will dine with you to-day; order some mulligatawny, they are famous for it. After dinner we will go to the theatre."

I was rather surprised at his cool manner of asking himself to dine with me and ordering my dinner, but a moment's reflection made me feel what sort of person I had to deal with.

"Major, I take that as almost an affront. You will dine with me *to-day*! I beg to state that you *must* dine with me every day that we are not invited elsewhere; and what's more, sir, I shall be most seriously displeased, if you do not order the dinner every-time that you do dine

with me, and ask whoever you may think worthy of putting their legs under our table. Let's have no doing things by halves, major; I know you now as well as if we had been intimate for ten years."

The major seized me by the hand. "My dear Newland, I only wish we *had known* one another ten years, as you say—the loss has been mine; but now—you have breakfasted, I presume?"

"Yes; having nothing to do, and not knowing a soul after my long absence, I advanced my breakfast about two hours, that I might find you at home; and now I'm at your service."

"Say rather I am at yours. I presume you will walk. In ten minutes I shall be ready. Either take up the paper, or whistle an air or two, or any thing else you like, just to kill ten minutes—and I shall be at your command."

"I beg your pardon, Newland," said the major, returning from his dressing-room, resplendent with chains and bijouterie; "but I must have your Christian name."

"It's rather a strange one," replied I; "it is Japhet."

"Japhet! by the immortal powers, I'd bring an action against my godfathers and godmothers; you ought to recover heavy damages."

"Then I presume you would not have the name," replied I, with a knowing look, "for a clear ten thousand a year."

"Whew! that alters the case—it's astonishing how well any name looks in large *gold* letters. Well, as the old gentleman, whoever he might have been, made you compensation, you must forgive and forget. Now where shall we go?"

"With your permission, as I came to town in these clothes, made by a German tailor—Darmstadt's tailor by-the-by—but still if tailor to a prince, not the prince of tailors—I would wish you to take me to your own: your dress appears very correct."

"You show your judgment, Newland, it *is* correct; Stultz will be delighted to have your name on his books, and to do justice to that figure. *Allons donc.*"

We sauntered up St. James's street, and before I had arrived at Stultz's, I had been introduced to at least twenty of the young men about town. The major was most par-

ticular in his directions about the clothes, all of which he ordered; and as I knew that he was well acquainted with the fashion, I gave him *carte blanche*. When we left the shop, he said, "Now, my dear Newland, I have given you a proof of friendship which no other man in England has had. Your dress will be the *ne plus ultra*. There are little secrets only known to the initiated, and Stultz is aware that this time I am in earnest. I am often asked to do the same for others, and I pretend so to do; but a wink from me is sufficient, and Stultz dares not dress them. Don't you want some bijouterie? or have you any at home?"

"I may as well have a few trifles," replied I.

We entered a celebrated jeweller's, and he selected for me to the amount of about forty pounds. "That will do—never buy much; for it is necessary to change every three months at least. What is the price of this chain?"

"It is only fifteen guineas, major."

"Well, I shall take it; but recollect," continued the major, "I tell you honestly, I never shall pay you."

The jeweller smiled, bowed, and laughed; the major threw the chain round his neck, and we quitted the shop.

"At all events, major, they appear not to believe your word in that shop."

"My dear fellow, that's their own fault, not mine. I tell them honestly I never will pay them; and you may depend upon it I intend most sacredly to keep my word. I never do pay anybody, for the best of all possible reasons, I have no money; but then I do them a service—I make them fashionable, and they know it."

"What debts do you pay then, major?"

"Let me think—that requires consideration. Oh! I pay my washerwoman."

"Don't you pay your debts of honour?"

"Debts of honour! why, I'll tell you the truth; for I know that we shall hunt in couples. If I win, I take the money; but if I lose—why, then I forget to pay; and I always tell them so before I sit down to the table. If they won't believe me, it's not my fault. But what is the hour? Come, I must make a few calls, and will introduce you."

We sauntered on to Grosvenor square, knocked, and were admitted into a large, elegantly furnished mansion.

The footman announced us—"My dear Lady Maelstrom, allow me the honour of introducing to you my very particular friend, Mr. Newland, consigned to my charge by my Lord Windermear during his absence. He has just arrived from the continent, where he has been making the grand tour."

Her ladyship honoured me with a smile. "By-the-by, major, that reminds me—do me the favour to come to the window. Excuse us one moment, Mr. Newland."

The major and Lady Maelstrom walked to the window, and exchanged a few sentences, and then returned. Her ladyship, holding up her finger, and saying to him as they came towards me, "Promise me now that you won't forget."

"Your ladyship's slightest wishes are to me imperative commands," replied the major, with a graceful bow.

In a quarter of an hour, during which the conversation was animated, we rose to take our leave, when her ladyship came up to me, and offering her hand, said, "Mr. Newland, the friendship of Lord Windermear, and the introduction of Major Carbonnell, are more than sufficient to induce me to put your name down in my visiting list. I trust I shall see a great deal of you, and that we shall be great friends."

I bowed to this handsome announcement, and we retired. As soon as we were out in the square, the major observed, "You saw her take me on one side—it was to *pump*. She has no daughters, but about fifty nieces, and match-making is her delight. I told her that I would stake my honour upon your possessing ten thousand a year; how much more I could not say. I was not far wrong, was I?"

I laughed. "What I may be worth, major, I really cannot say; but I trust that the event will prove that you are not far wrong. Say no more, my dear fellow."

"I understand—you are not yet of age—of course have not yet come into possession of your fortune."

"That is exactly the case, major. I am now but little more than nineteen."

"You look older; but there is no getting over baptismal registries with the executors. Newland, you must content yourself for the two next years in playing Moses, and only peep at the promised land."

We made two or three more calls, and then returned to St. James's street. "Where shall we go now? By-the-by, don't you want to go to your banker's?"

"I will just stroll down with you, and see if they have paid any money in," replied I, carelessly.

We called at Drummonds', and I asked them if there was any money paid in to the credit of Mr. Newland.

"Yes, sir," replied one of the clerks; "there is one thousand pounds paid in yesterday."

"Very good," replied I.

"How much do you wish to draw for?" inquired the major.

"I don't want any," replied I. "I have more money than I ought to have in my desk at this moment."

"Well, then, let us go and order dinner; or perhaps you would like to stroll about a little more; if so, I will go and order the dinner. Here's Harcourt, that's lucky. Harcourt, my dear fellow, know Mr. Newland, my very particular friend. I must leave you now; take his arm, Harcourt, for half an hour, and then join us at dinner at the Piazza."

Mr. Harcourt was an elegant young man of about five-and-twenty. Equally pleased with each other's externals, we were soon familiar: he was witty, sarcastic, and well-bred. After half an hour's conversation he asked me what I thought of the major. I looked him in the face and smiled. "That look tells me that you will not be his dupe, otherwise I had warned you: he is a strange character; but if you have money enough to afford to *keep him*, you cannot do better, as he is acquainted with, and received by, everybody. His connexions are good; and he once had a very handsome fortune, but it was soon run out, and he was obliged to sell his commission in the Guards. Now he lives upon the world; which, as Shakespeare says, is his oyster; and he has wit and sharpness enough to open it. Moreover, he has some chance of falling into a peerage; that prospect, and his amusing qualities, added to his being the most fashionable man about town, keeps his head above water. I believe Lord Windermear, who is his cousin, very often helps him."

"It was Lord Windermear who introduced me to him," observed I.

"Then he will not venture to play any tricks upon you,

further than eating your dinners, borrowing your money, and forgetting to pay it."

"You must acknowledge," said I, "he always tells you beforehand that he never will pay you."

"And that is the only point in which he adheres to his word," replied Harcourt, laughing; "but tell me, am I to be *your* guest to-day?"

"If you will do me that honour."

"I assure you I am delighted to come, as I shall have a further opportunity of cultivating your acquaintance."

"Then we had better bend our steps towards the hotel, for it is late," replied I; and we did so accordingly.

On our arrival we found the table spread, champagne in ice under the sideboard, and apparently every thing prepared for a sumptuous dinner, the major on the sofa giving directions to the waiter, and Timothy looking all astonishment. "Major," said I, "I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you for your kindness in taking all the trouble off my hands, that I might follow up the agreeable introduction you have given me to Mr. Harcourt."

"My dear Newland, say no more; you will, I dare say, do the same for me if I require it, when I give a dinner. (Harcourt caught my eye, as if to say, "You may safely promise that.") But, Newland, do you know that the nephew of Lord Windermear has just arrived? Did you meet abroad?"

"No," replied I, somewhat confused; but I soon recovered myself. As for Tim, he bolted out of the room. "What sort of a person is he?"

"That you may judge for yourself, my dear fellow, for I asked him to join us, I must say, more out of compliment to Lord Windermear than any thing else; for I am afraid that even I could never make a gentleman of him. But take Harcourt with you to your room, and by the time you have washed your hands, I will have dinner on the table. I took the liberty of desiring your valet to show me in about ten minutes ago. He's a shrewd fellow that of your's; where did you pick him up?"

"By mere accident," replied I; "come, Mr. Harcourt."

On our return we found the real Simon Pure, Mr. Estcourt, sitting with the major, who introduced us, and dinner being served, we sat down to table.

Mr. Estcourt was a young man, about my own age, but

not so tall by two or three inches. His features were prominent, but harsh; and when I saw him, I was not at all surprised at Lord Windermear's expressions of satisfaction, when he supposed that I was his nephew. His countenance was dogged and sullen, and he spoke little; he appeared to place an immense value upon birth, and hardly deigned to listen, except the aristocracy were the subject of discourse. I treated him with marked deference, that I might form an acquaintance, and found before we parted that night that I had succeeded. Our dinner was excellent, and we were all, except Mr. Estcourt, in high good humour. We sat late—too late to go to the theatre, and promising to meet the next day at noon, Harcourt and the major took their leave.

Mr. Estcourt had indulged rather too much, and after their departure became communicative. We sat up for more than an hour; he talked of nothing but his family and his expectations. I took this opportunity of discovering what his feelings were likely to be when he was made acquainted with the important secret which was in my possession. I put a case somewhat similar, and asked him whether in such circumstances he would waive his right for a time, to save the honour of his family.

"No, by G—d!" replied he, "I never would. What! give up even for a day my right—conceal my true rank for the sake of relatives? never—nothing would induce me."

I was satisfied, and then casually asked him if he had written to Lord Windermear to inform him of his arrival.

"No," replied he; "I shall write to-morrow." He soon after retired to his own apartment, and I rang for Timothy.

"Good heavens, sir!" cried Timothy, "what is all this—and what are you about? I am frightened out of my wits. Why, sir, our money will not last two months."

"I do not expect it will last much longer, Tim; but it cannot be helped. Into society I must get—and to do so must pay for it."

"But, sir, putting the expense aside, what are we to do about this Mr. Estcourt? All must be found out."

"I intend that it shall be found out, Tim," replied I; "but not yet. He will write to his uncle to-morrow; you

must obtain the letter, for it must not go. I must first have time to establish myself, and then Lord Windermear may find out his error as soon as he pleases."

"Upon my honour, Japhet, you appear to be afraid of nothing."

"I fear nothing, Tim, when I am following up the object of my wishes. I will allow no obstacles to stand in my way, in my search after my father."

"Really, you seem to be quite mad on that point, Japhet."

"Perhaps I may be, Tim," replied I, thoughtfully. "At all events, let us go to bed now, and I will tell you to-morrow morning all the events of this day."

Mr. Estcourt wrote his letter, which Tim very officiously offered to put into the post, instead of which we put it between the bars of the grate.

I must now pass over about three weeks, during which I became very intimate with the major and Mr. Harcourt, and was introduced by them to the clubs, and almost every person of fashion. The idea of my wealth, and my very handsome person and figure, insured me a warm reception, and I soon became one of the stars of the day. During this time I also gained the entire confidence of Mr. Estcourt, who put letter after letter into the hands of Timothy, who of course put them into the usual place. I pacified him as long as I could, by expressing my opinion, that his lordship was on a visit to some friends in the neighbourhood of his seat; but at last he would remain in town no longer. You may go now, thought I, I feel quite safe.

It was about five days after his departure, as I was sauntering, arm in arm with the major, who generally dined with me about five days in the week, that I perceived the carriage of Lord Windermear, with his lordship in it. He saw us, and pulling his check-string, alighted, and coming up to us, with the colour mounting to his forehead with emotion, returned the salute of the major and me.

"Major," said he, "you will excuse me, but I am anxious to have some conversation with Mr. Newland; perhaps," continued his lordship, addressing me, "you will do me the favour to take a seat in my carriage?"

Fully prepared, I lost none of my self-possession, but, thanking his lordship, I bowed to him, and stepped in. His lordship followed, and saying to the footman, "Home

—drive fast,” fell back in the carriage, and never uttered one word until we had arrived, and had entered the dining-parlour. He then took a few steps up and down, before he said, “Mr. Newland, or whatever your name may be, I perceive that you consider the possession of an important secret to be your safeguard. To state my opinion of your conduct is needless; who you are, and what you are, I know not; but,” continued he, no longer controlling his anger; “you certainly can have no pretensions to the character of a gentleman.”

“Perhaps your lordship,” replied I, calmly, “will inform me upon what you may ground your inference.”

“Did you not, in the first place, open a letter addressed to another?”

“My lord, I opened a letter brought to me with the initials of my name, and at the time I opened it, I fully believed that it was intended for me.”

“We will grant that, sir; but after you had opened it you must have known that it was for some other person.”

“I will not deny that, my lord.”

“Notwithstanding which, you apply to my lawyer, representing yourself as another person, to obtain sealed papers.”

“I did, my lord; but allow me to say, that I never should have done so, had I not been warned by a dream.”

“By a dream!”

“Yes, my lord. I had determined not to go for them, when in a dream I was ordered so to do.”

“Paltry excuse! and then you break private seals.”

“Nay, my lord, although I did go for the papers, I could not, even with the idea of supernatural interposition, make up my mind to break the seals. If your lordship will recollect, it was you who broke the seals, and insisted upon my reading the papers.”

“Yes, sir, under your false name.”

“It is the name by which I go at present, although I acknowledge it is false; but that is not my fault—I have no other at present.”

“It is very true, sir, that in all I have now mentioned, the law will not reach you; but recollect, that by assuming another person’s name——”

“I never did, my lord,” interrupted I.

“Well, I may say, by inducing me to believe that you

were my nephew, you have obtained money under false pretences ; and for that I now have you in my power."

"My lord, I never asked you for the money ; you yourself paid it into the banker's hands, to my credit, and to my own name. I appeal to you now, whether, if you so deceive yourself, the law can reach me ?"

"Mr. Newland, I will say, that much as I regret what has passed, I regret more than all the rest, that one so young, so prepossessing, so candid in appearance, should prove such an adept in deceit. Thinking you were my nephew, my heart warmed towards you, and I must confess, that since I have seen my real nephew, the mortification has been very great."

"My lord, I thank you ; but allow me to observe, that I am no swindler. Your thousand pounds you will find safe in the bank, for penury would not have induced me to touch it. But now that your lordship appears more cool, will you do me the favour to listen to me ? When you have heard my life up to the present, and my motives for what I have done, you will then decide how far I am to blame."

His lordship took a chair, and motioned to me to take another. I narrated what had occurred when I was left at the Foundling, and gave him a succinct account of my adventures subsequently—my determination to find my father—the dream which induced me to go for the papers—and all that the reader has already been acquainted with. His lordship evidently perceived the monomania which led me, and heard me with great attention.

"You certainly, Mr. Newland, do not stand so low in my opinion as you did before this explanation, and I must make allowances for the excitement under which I perceive you to labour on one subject ; but now, sir, allow me to put one question, and beg that you will answer candidly. What price do you demand for your secrecy on this important subject ?"

"My lord !" replied I, rising with dignity ; "this is the greatest affront you have put upon me yet ; still I will name the price by which I will solemnly bind myself, by all my future hopes of finding my father in this world, and of finding an eternal Father in the next, and that price, my lord, is a return of your good opinion."

His lordship also rose, and walked up and down the

room with much agitation in his manner. "What am I to make of you, Mr. Newland?"

"My lord, if I were a swindler, I should have taken your money; if I had wished to avail myself of the secret, I might have escaped with all the documents, and made my own terms. I am, my lord, nothing more than an abandoned child, trying all he can to find his father." My feelings overpowered me, and I burst into tears. As soon as I could recover myself, I addressed his lordship, who had been watching me in silence, and not without emotion. "I have one thing more to say to you, my lord." I then mentioned the conversation between Mr. Estcourt and myself, and pointed out the propriety of not making him a party to the important secret.

His lordship allowed me to proceed without interruption, and after a few moments' thought, said, "I believe that you are right, Mr. Newland; and I now begin to think that it was better that this secret should have been intrusted to you than to him. You have now conferred an obligation on me, and may command me. I believe you to be honest, but a little mad, and I beg your pardon for the pain which I have occasioned you."

"My lord, I am more than satisfied."

"Can I be of any assistance to you, Mr. Newland?"

"If, my lord, you could at all assist me, or direct me in my search——"

"Then I am afraid I can be of little use; but I will give you the means of prosecuting your search, and in so doing, I am doing but an act of justice, for in introducing you to Major Carbonnell, I am aware that I must have very much increased your expenses. It was an error which must be repaired; and therefore, Mr. Newland, I beg you will consider the money at the bank as yours, and make use of it to enable you to obtain your ardent wish."

"My lord——"

"I will not be denied, Mr. Newland; and if you feel any delicacy on the subject, you may take it as a loan, to be repaid when you find it convenient. Do not, for a moment, consider that it is given to you because you possess an important secret, for I will trust entirely to your honour on that score."

"Indeed, my lord," replied I, "your kindness overwhelms me, and I feel as if, in you, I had already *almost*

found a father. Excuse me, my lord, but did your lordship ever—ever——”

“I know what you would say, my poor fellow: no, I never did. I never was blessed with children. Had I been, I should not have felt that I was disgraced by having one resembling you. Allow me to entreat you, Mr. Newland, that you do not suffer the mystery of your birth to weigh so heavy on your mind; and now I wish you good morning, and if you think I can be useful to you, I beg that you will not fail to let me know.”

“May Heaven pour down blessings on your head,” replied I, kissing respectfully his lordship’s hand; “and may my father, when I find him, be as like unto you as possible.” I made my obeisance, and quitted the house.

I returned to the hotel, for my mind had been much agitated, and I wished for quiet, and the friendship of Timothy. As soon as I arrived I told him all that had passed.

“Indeed,” replied Timothy, “things do now wear a pleasant aspect; for I am afraid, that without that thousand, we could not have carried on for a fortnight longer. The bill here is very heavy, and I’m sure the landlord wishes to see the colour of his money.”

“How much do you think we have left? It is high time, Timothy, that we now make up our accounts, and arrange some plans for the future,” replied I. “I have paid the jeweller and the tailor, by the advice of the major, who says, that you should always pay your *first bills* as soon as possible, and all your subsequent bills as late as possible; and if put off *sine die*, so much the better. In fact, I owe very little now but the bill here; I will send for it to-night.”

Here we were interrupted by the entrance of the landlord. “O Mr. Wallace, you are the very person I wished to see; let me have my bill, if you please.”

“It’s not of the least consequence, sir,” replied he; “but if you wish it, I have posted down to yesterday,” and the landlord left the room.

“You were both of one mind at all events,” said Timothy, laughing; “for he had the bill in his hand, and concealed it the moment you asked for it.”

In about ten minutes the landlord reappeared, and presenting the bill upon a salver, made his bow and retired.

I looked it over ; it amounted to £104, which, for little more than three weeks, was pretty well. Timothy shrugged up his shoulders, while I ran over the items. "I do not see that there is any thing to complain of, Tim," observed I, when I came to the bottom of it ; "but I do see that living here, with the major keeping me an open house, will never do. Let us see how much money we have left."

Tim brought the dressing-case in which our cash was deposited, and we found, that after paying the waiters, and a few small bills not yet liquidated, that our whole stock was reduced to fifty shillings.

"Merciful Heaven ! what an escape," cried Timothy ; "if it had not been for this new supply, what should we have done ?"

"Very badly, Timothy ; but the money is well spent, after all. I have now entrance into the first circles. I can do without Major Carbonnell ; at all events, I shall quit this hotel, and take furnished apartments, and live at the clubs. I know how to put him off."

I laid the money on the salver, and desired Timothy to ring for the landlord, when, who should come up but the major and Harcourt. "Why, Newland ! what are you going to do with that money ?" said the major.

"I am paying my bill, major."

"Paying your bill, indeed ; let us see—£104. O this is a confounded imposition. You mustn't pay this." At this moment the landlord entered. "Mr. Wallace," said the major, "my friend Mr. Newland was about, as you may see, to pay you the whole of your demand ; but allow me to observe, that being my very particular friend, and the Piazza having been particularly recommended by me, I do think that your charges are somewhat exorbitant. I shall certainly advise Mr. Newland to leave the house to-morrow, if you are not more reasonable."

"Allow me to observe, major, that my reason for sending for my bill, was to pay it before I went into the country, which I must do to-morrow for a few days."

"Then I shall certainly recommend Mr. Newland not to come here when he returns, Mr. Wallace, for I hold myself, to a certain degree, after the many dinners we have ordered here, and of which I have partaken, as I may say, *particeps criminis*, or in other words, as having been a

party to this extortion. Indeed, Mr. Wallace, some reduction must be made, or you will greatly hurt the credit of your house."

Mr. Wallace declared, that really he had made nothing but the usual charges; that he would look over the bill again, and see what he could do.

"My dear Newland," said the major, "I have ordered your dinners, allow me to settle your bill. Now, Mr. Wallace, suppose we take off *one-third*?"

"*One-third*, Major Carbonnell! I should be a loser."

"I am not exactly of your opinion; but let me see—now take your choice. Take off £20, or you lose my patronage, and that of all my friends. Yes or no?"

The landlord, with some expostulation, at last consented, and he receipted the bill, leaving £20 of the money on the salver, made his bow, and retired.

"Rather fortunate that I slipped in, my dear Newland; now there are £20 saved. By-the-by, I'm short of cash. You've no objection to let me have this? I shall never pay you, you know."

"I do know you *never* will pay me, major; nevertheless, as I should have paid it to the landlord had you not interfered, I will lend it to you."

"You are a good fellow, Newland," said the major, pocketing the money. "If I had borrowed it, and you had thought you would have had it repaid, I should not have thanked you; but as you lend me with your eyes open, it is nothing more than a very delicate manner of obliging me, and I tell you candidly, that I will not forget it. So you really are off to-morrow?"

"Yes," replied I, "I must go, for I find that I am not to make ducks and drakes of my money, until I come into possession of my property."

"I see, my dear fellow. Executors are the very devil; they have no feeling. Never mind; there's a way of getting to windward of them. I dine with Harcourt, and he has come to ask you to join us."

"With pleasure."

"I shall expect you at seven, Newland," said Harcourt, as he quitted the room with the major.

"Dear me, sir, how could you let that gentleman walk off with your money?" cried Timothy. "I was just rub-

bing my hands with the idea that we were £20 better off than we thought, and away it went, like smoke."

"And will never come back again, Tim; but never mind that, it is important that I make a friend of him, and his friendship is only to be bought. I shall have value received. And now, Tim, we must pack up, for I leave this to-morrow morning. I shall go down to ———, and see little Fleta."

I dined with Harcourt; the major was rather curious to know what it was which appeared to flurry Lord Windermear, and what had passed between us. I told him that his lordship was displeased on money matters, but that all was right, only that I must be more careful for the future. "Indeed, major, I think I shall take lodgings. I shall be more comfortable, and better able to receive my friends."

Harcourt agreed with me, that it was a much better plan, when the major observed, "Why, Newland, I have a room quite at your service; suppose you come and live with me?"

"I am afraid I shall not save by that," replied I, laughing, "for you will not pay your share of the bills."

"No, upon my honour I will not; so I give you fair warning; but as I always dine with you when I do not dine elsewhere, it will be a saving to you—for you will *save your lodgings*, Newland; and you know the house is my own, and I let off the rest of it; so, as far as that bill is concerned, you will be safe."

"Make the best bargain you can, Newland," said Harcourt; "accept his offer, for depend upon it, it will be a saving in the end."

"It certainly deserves consideration," replied I; "and the major's company must be allowed to have its due weight in the scale; if Carbonnell will promise to be a little more economical——"

"I will, my dear fellow—I will act as your steward, and make your money last as long as I can, for my *own sake*, as well as yours. Is it a bargain? I have plenty of room for your servant, and if he will assist me a little I will discharge my own." I then consented to the arrangement.

The next day I went to the banker's, drew out £150, and set off with Timothy for ———. Fleta threw

herself into my arms, and sobbed with joy. When I told her Timothy was outside, and wished to see her, she asked why he did not come in; and, to show how much she had been accustomed to see without making remarks, when he made his appearance in his livery she did not by her countenance express the least surprise, nor, indeed, did she put any questions to me on the subject. The lady who kept the school praised her very much for docility and attention, and shortly after left the room. Fleta then took the chain from around her neck into her hand, and told me that she did recollect something about it, which was, that the lady whom she remembered wore a long pair of ear-rings of the same make and materials. She could not, however, call to mind any thing else. I remained with the little girl for three hours, and then returned to London—taking my luggage, and installed myself into the apartments of Major Carbonnell.

The major adhered to his promise; we certainly lived well, for he could not live otherwise; but in every other point, he was very careful not to add to expense. The season was now over, and everybody of consequence quitted the metropolis. To remain in town would be to lose caste, and we had a conference where we should proceed.

“Newland,” said the major, “you have created a sensation this season, which has done great honour to my patronage; but I trust next spring, that I shall see you form a good alliance, for believe me, out of the many heartless beings we have mingled with, there are still not only daughters, but mothers, who are not influenced by base and sordid views.”

“Why, Carbonnell, I never heard you venture upon so long a moral speech before.”

“True, Newland, and it may be a long while before I do so again; the world is my oyster, which I must open, that I may live; but recollect I am only trying to recover my own, which the world has swindled me out of. There was a time when I was even more disinterested, more confiding, and more innocent, than you were when I first took you in hand. I suffered, and was ruined by my good qualities; and I now live and do well by having discarded them. We must fight the world with its own weapons;

but still, as I said before, there is some good in it, some pure ore amongst the dross; and it is possible to find high rank and large fortune, and at the same time an innocent mind. If you do marry, I will try hard but you shall possess both; not that fortune can be of much consequence to you."

"Depend upon it, Carbonnell, I never will marry without fortune."

"I did not know that I had schooled you so well; be it so—it is but fair that you should expect it; and it shall be an item in the match if I have any thing to do with it."

"But why are you so anxious that I should marry, Carbonnell?"

"Because I think you will, in all probability, avoid the gaming table, which I should have taken you to myself, had you been in possession of your fortune when I first knew you, and have had my share of your plucking; but now I do know you, I have that affection for you, that I think it better you should not lose your all; for observe, Newland, my share of your spoliation would not be more than what I have, and may still receive, from you; and if you marry and settle down, there will always be a good house and a good table for me, as long as I find favour with your wife; and at all events, a friend in need, that I feel convinced of. So now you have my reason; some smack of the disinterestedness of former days, others of my present worldliness; you may believe which you please." And the major laughed as he finished his speech.

"Carbonnell," replied I, "I will believe that the better feelings predominate, that the world has made you what you are; and that had you not been ruined by the world, you would have been disinterested and generous; even now, your real nature often gains the ascendancy, and I am sure that in all that you have done, which is not defensive, your property, and not your will, has consented. Now, blunted by habit and time, the suggestions of conscience do not often give you any uneasiness."

"You are very right, my dear fellow," replied the major; "and in having a better opinion of me than the world in general, you do me, I trust, no more than justice. I will not squander *your* fortune, when you come to it, if

I can help it; and you'll allow that's a very handsome promise on my part."

"I'll defy you to squander my fortune," replied I, laughing.

"Nay, don't defy me, Newland, for if you do, you'll put me on my mettle. Above all, don't lay me a bet, for that will be still more dangerous. We have only spent about four hundred of the thousand since we have lived together, which I consider highly economical. What do you say, shall we go to Cheltenham? You will find plenty of Irish girls, looking out for husbands, who will give you a warm reception."

"I hate your fortune and establishment hunters," replied I.

"I grant that they are looking out for a good match, so are all the world; but let me do them justice. Although, if you proposed, in three days they would accept you; yet once married, they make the very best wives in the world. But recollect we must go somewhere; and I think Cheltenham is as good a place as any other. I do not mean for a wife, but—it will suit my own views."

This last observation decided me, and in a few days we were at Cheltenham; and having made our appearance at the rooms, were soon in the vortex of society. "Newland," said Carbonnell, "I dare say you find time hang rather heavy in this monotonous place."

"Not at all," replied I; "what with dining out, dancing, and promenading, I do very well."

"But we must do better. Tell me, are you a good hand at whist?"

"Not by any means. Indeed, -I hardly know the game."

"It is a fashionable and necessary accomplishment. I must make you master of it, and our mornings shall be dedicated to the work."

"Agreed," replied I; and from that day every morning after breakfast till four o'clock, the major and I were shut up, playing two dummies, under his instruction. Adept as he was, I very soon learnt all the finesse and beauty of the game.

"You will do now, Newland," said the major one morning, tossing the cards away. "Recollect, if you are

asked to play, and I have agreed, do not refuse ; but we must always play against each other."

"I don't see what we shall gain by that," replied I; "for if I win, you'll lose."

"Never do you mind that, only follow my injunctions, and play as high as they choose. We only stay here three weeks longer, and must make the most of our time."

I confess I was quite puzzled at what might be the major's intentions ; but that night we sauntered into the club. Not having made our appearance before, we were considered as new hands by those who did not know the major, and were immediately requested to make up a game. "Upon my word, gentlemen, in the first place, I play very badly," replied the major; "and in the next," continued he, laughing, "if I lose, I never shall pay you, for I'm cleaned out."

The way in which the major said this only excited a smile ; he was not believed, and I was also requested to take a hand. "I'll not play with the major," observed I, "for he plays badly, and has bad luck into the bargain ; I might as well lay my money down on the table."

This was agreed to by the other parties, and we sat down. The first rubber of short whist was won by the major and his partner ; with the bets it amounted to eighteen pounds. I pulled out my purse to pay the major ; but he refused, saying, "No, Newland, pay my partner ; and with you, sir," said he, addressing my partner, "I will allow the debt to remain until we rise from the table. Newland, we are not going to let you off yet, I can tell you."

I paid my eighteen pounds, and we recommenced. Although his partner did not perhaps observe it, for he was but an indifferent player, or if he did observe it, had the politeness not to say any thing, the major now played very badly. He lost three rubbers one after another, and with bets and stakes, they amounted to one hundred and forty pounds. At the end of the last rubber he threw up the cards, exclaiming against his luck, and declaring that he would play no more. "How are we now, sir?" said he to my partner.

"You owed me, I think, eighteen pounds."

"Eighteen from one hundred and forty, leaves one hun-

dred and twenty-two pounds, which I now owe you. You must, I'm afraid, allow me to be your debtor," continued the major, in a most insinuating manner. "I did not come here with the intention of playing. I presume I shall find you here to-morrow night."

The gentleman bowed and appeared quite satisfied. Major Carbonnell's partner paid me one hundred and forty pounds, which I put in my pocket book, and we quitted the club.

As soon as we were in the street, I commenced an inquiry as to the major's motives. "Not one word, my dear fellow, until we are at home," replied he. As soon as we arrived, he threw himself in a chair, and crossing his legs, commenced:—"You observe, Newland, that I am very careful that you should do nothing to injure your character. As for my own, all the honesty in the world will not redeem it; nothing but a peerage will ever set me right again in this world, and a coronet will cover a multitude of sins. I have thought it my duty to add something to our finances, and intend to add very considerably to them before we leave Cheltenham. You have won one hundred and twenty-eight pounds."

"Yes," replied I; "but you have lost it."

"Granted; but as in most cases I never mean to *pay* my losses, you see that it must be a winning speculation as long as we play against each other."

"I perceive," replied I; "but am not I a confederate?"

"No; you paid when you lost, and took your money when you won. Leave me to settle my own debts of honour."

"But you will meet him again to-morrow night."

"Yes, and I will tell you why. I never thought it possible that we could have met two such bad players at the club. We must now play against them, and we must win in the long run; by which means I shall pay off the debt I owe him, and you will win and pocket money."

"Ah," replied I, "if you mean to allow him a chance for his money, I have no objection—that will be all fair."

"Depend upon it, Newland, when I know that people play as badly as they do, I will not refuse them; but when we sit down with others, it must be as it was before—we must play against each other, and I shall *owe* the money. I told the fellow that I never would pay him."

"Yes; but he thought you were only joking."

"That is his fault—I was in earnest. I could not have managed this had it not been that you are known to be a young man of ten thousand pounds per annum, and supposed to be my dupe. I tell you so candidly; and now, good night."

I turned the affair over in my mind as I undressed—it was not honest—but I paid when I lost, and I only took the money when I won,—still I did not like it; but the bank notes caught my eye as they lay on the table, and—I was satisfied. Alas! how easy are scruples removed when we want money! How many are there who, when in a state of prosperity and affluence, when not tried by temptation, would have blushed at the bare idea of a dishonest action, who have raised and held up their hands in abhorrence, when they have heard that others have been found guilty; and yet, when in adversity, have themselves committed the very acts which before they so loudly condemned! How many of the other sex, who have expressed their indignation and contempt at those who have fallen, who, when tempted, have fallen themselves! Let us therefore be charitable; none of us can tell to what we may be reduced by circumstances; and when we acknowledge that the error is great, let us feel sorrow and pity rather than indignation, and pray that we also may not be "*led into temptation.*"

As agreed upon, the next evening we repaired to the club, and found the two gentlemen ready to receive us. This time the major refused to play unless it was with me, as I had such good fortune, and no difficulty was made by our opponents. We sat down, and played till four o'clock in the morning. At first, notwithstanding our good play, fortune favoured our adversaries; but the luck soon changed, and the result of the evening was, that the major had a balance in his favour of forty pounds, and I rose a winner of one hundred and seventy-one pounds, so that in two nights we had won three hundred and forty-two pounds. For nearly three weeks this continued, the major not paying when not convenient, and we quitted Cheltenham with about eight hundred pounds in our pockets; the major having paid about one hundred and twenty pounds to different people who frequented the club; but they were Irishmen, who were not to be trifled with. I

proposed to the major that we should pay those debts, as there still would be a large surplus: he replied, "Give me the money." I did so. "Now," continued he, "so far your scruples are removed, as you will have been strictly honest; but, my dear fellow, if you know how many debts of this sort are due to me, of which I never did touch one farthing, you would feel as I do—that it is excessively foolish to *part with money*. I have them all booked here, and may some day pay——when convenient; but, at present, most decidedly it is not so." The major put the notes into his pocket, and the conversation was dropped.

The next morning we had ordered our horses, when Timothy came up to me, and made a sign, as we were at breakfast, for me to come out. I followed him.

"Oh! sir, I could not help telling you, but there is a gentleman with——"

"With what?" replied I, hastily.

"With your *nose*, sir, exactly—and in other respects very like you—just about the age your father should be."

"Where is he, Timothy?" replied I, all my feelings in 'search of my father,' rushing into my mind.

"Down below, sir, about to set off in a post-chariot and four, now waiting at the door."

I ran down with my breakfast napkin in my hand, and hastened to the portico of the hotel—he was in his carriage, and the porter was then shutting the door. I looked at him. He was as Timothy said, *very like* me indeed, the *nose* exact. I was breathless, and I continued to gaze.

"All right," cried the ostler.

"I beg your pardon, sir——," said I, addressing the gentleman in the carriage, who, perceiving a napkin in my hand, probably took me for one of the waiters, for he replied very abruptly, 'I have remembered you;' and pulling up the glass, away wheeled the chariot, the nave of the hind wheel striking me a blow on the thigh which numbed it so, that it was with difficulty I could limp up to our apartments, when I threw myself on the sofa in a state of madness and despair.

"Good heavens, Newland, what is the matter?" cried the major.

"Matter," replied I, faintly. "I have seen my father."

"Your father, Newland, you must be mad. He was

dead before you could recollect him—at least so you told me. How then, even if it were his ghost, could you have recognised him?”

The major's remarks reminded me of the imprudence I had been guilty of.

“Major,” replied I, “I believe I am very absurd; but he was so like me, and I have so often longed after my father, so long wished to see him face to face—that—that—I'm a great fool, that's the fact.”

“You must go to the next world, my good fellow, to meet him face to face, that's clear; and I presume, upon a little consideration, you will feel inclined to postpone your journey. Very often in your sleep I have heard you talk about your father, and wondered why you should think so much about him.”

“I cannot help it,” replied I. “From my earliest days my father has ever been in my thoughts.”

“I can only say, that very few sons are half so dutiful to their fathers' memories—but finish your breakfast, and then we start for London.”

I complied with his request as well as I could, and we were soon on our road. I fell into a reverie—my object was to again find out this person, and I quietly directed Timothy to ascertain from the postboys the directions he gave at the last stage. The major, perceiving me not inclined to talk, made but few observations; one, however, struck me. “Windermear,” said he, “I recollect one day, when I was praising you, said carelessly, ‘that you were a fine young man, but a *little tête montée* upon one point.’ I see now it must have been upon this.” I made no reply, but it certainly was a strange circumstance that the major never had any suspicions from this point—yet he certainly never had. We had once or twice talked over my affairs. I had led him to suppose that my father and mother died in my infancy, and that I should have had a large fortune when I came of age; but this had been entirely by indirect replies, not by positive assertions: the fact was, that the major, who was an adept in all deceit, never had an idea that he could have been deceived by one so young, so prepossessing, and apparently ingenuous as myself. He had in fact deceived himself. His ideas of my fortune arose entirely from my asking him, whether he would have refused the name of *Japhet*

for ten thousand pounds per annum. Lord Windermear, after having introduced me, did not consider it at all necessary to acquaint the major with my real history, as it was imparted to him in confidence. He allowed matters to take their course, and me to work my own way in the world. Thus do the most cunning overreach themselves, and with their eyes open to any deceit on the part of others, prove quite blind when they deceive themselves.

Timothy could not obtain any intelligence from the people of the inn at the last stage, except that the chariot had proceeded to London. We arrived late at night, and, much exhausted, I was glad to go to bed.

And as I lay in bed, thinking that I was now nearly twenty years old, and had not yet made any discovery, my heart sank within me. My monomania returned with redoubled force, and I resolved to renew my search with vigour. So I told Timothy the next morning, when he came into my room, but from him I received little consolation; he advised me to look out for a good match in a rich wife, and leave time to developé the mystery of my birth; pointing out the little chance I ever had of success. Town was not full, the season had hardly commenced, and we had few invitations or visits to distract my thoughts from their object. My leg became so painful, that for a week I was on the sofa, Timothy every day going out to ascertain if he could find the person whom we had seen resembling me, and every evening returning without success. I became melancholy and nervous. Carbonnell could not imagine what was the matter with me. At last I was able to walk, and I sallied forth, perambulating, or rather running through street after street, looking into every carriage, so as to occasion surprise to the occupants, who believed me mad; my dress and person were disordered, for I had become indifferent to it, and Timothy himself believed that I was going out of my senses. At last, after we had been in town about five weeks, I saw the very object of my search, seated in a carriage, of a dark brown colour, arms painted in shades, so as not to be distinguishable but at a near approach; his hat was off, and he sat upright and formally. "That is he!" ejaculated I, and away I ran after the carriage. "It is the nose," cried I, as I ran down the street, knocking every one to the right and left. I lost my hat, but fearful of losing

sight of the carriage, I hastened on, when I heard a cry of "Stop him, stop him!"—"Stop him," cried I, also, referring to the gentleman in black in the carriage.

"That won't do," cried a man, seizing me by the collar; "I know a trick worth two of that."

"Let me go," roared I, struggling; but he only held me the faster. I tussled with the man until my coat and shirt were torn, but in vain; the crowd now assembled, and I was fast. The fact was, that a pickpocket had been exercising his vocation at the time that I was running past, and from my haste, and loss of my hat, I was supposed to be the criminal. The police took charge of me—I pleaded innocence in vain, and I was dragged before the magistrate, at Marlborough street. My appearance, the disorder of my dress, my coat and shirt in riband, with no hat, were certainly not at all in my favour, when I made my appearance, led in by two Bow street officers.

"Who have we here?" inquired the magistrate.

"A pickpocket, sir," replied they.

"Ah! one of the swell mob," replied he. "Are there any witnesses?"

"Yes, sir," replied a young man, coming forward. "I was walking up Bond street, when I felt a tug at my pocket, and when I turned round, this chap was running away."

"Can you swear to his person?"

There were plenty to swear that I was the person who ran away.

"Now, sir, have you any thing to offer in your defence?" said the magistrate.

"Yes, sir," replied I; "I certainly was running down the street; and it may be, for all I know or care, that this person's pocket may have been picked—but I did not pick it. I am a gentleman."

"All your fraternity lay claim to gentility," replied the magistrate; "perhaps you will state why you were running down the street."

"I was running after a carriage, sir, that I might speak to the person inside of it."

"Pray who was the person inside?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Why should you run after a person you do not know?"

"It was because of his *nose*."

"His *nose*?" replied the magistrate angrily. "Do you think to trifle with me, sir? You shall now follow your own nose to prison. Make out his committal."

"As you please, sir," replied I; "but still I have told you the truth; if you will allow any one to take a note, I will soon prove my respectability. I ask it in common justice."

"Be it so," replied the magistrate; "let him sit down within the bar till the answer comes."

In less than an hour, my note to Major Carbonnell was answered by his appearance in person, followed by Timothy. Carbonnell walked up to the magistrate, while Timothy asked the officers, in an angry tone, what they had been doing to his *master*. This rather surprised them, but both they and the magistrate were much surprised when the major asserted that I was his most particular friend, Mr. Newland, who possessed £10,000 per annum, and who was as well known in fashionable society, as any young man of fortune about town. The magistrate explained what had passed, and asked the major if I was not a little deranged; but the major, who perceived what was the cause of my strange behaviour, told him that somebody had insulted me, and that I was very anxious to lay hold of the person, who had avoided me, and who must have been in that carriage.

"I am afraid, that after your explanation, Major Carbonnell, I must, as a magistrate, bind over your friend, Mr. Newland, to keep the peace."

To this I consented, the major and Timothy being taken as recognisances, and then I was permitted to depart. The major sent for a hackney coach, and when we were going home he pointed out to me the folly of my conduct, and received my promise to be more careful for the future. Thus did this affair end, and for a short time I was more careful in my appearance, and not so very anxious to look into carriages; still, however, the idea haunted me, and I was often very melancholy. It was about a month afterwards, that I was sauntering with the major, who now considered me to be insane upon that point, and who would seldom allow me to go out without him, when I again perceived the same carriage, with the gentleman inside as before.

"There he is, major," cried I.

"There is who?" replied he.

"The man so like my father."

"What, in that carriage? that is the Bishop of E——, my good fellow. What a strange idea you have in your head, Newland; it almost amounts to madness. Do not be staring in that way—come along."

Still my head was turned quite round, looking at the carriage after it had passed, till it was out of sight; but I knew who the party was, and for the time I was satisfied, as I was determined to find out his address, and call upon him. I narrated to Timothy what had occurred, and referring to the Red Book, I looked out the bishop's town address, and the next day after breakfast, having arranged my toilet with the utmost precision, I made an excuse to the major, and set off to Portland Place. My hand trembled as I knocked at the door. It was opened. I sent in my card, requesting the honour of an audience with his lordship. After waiting a few minutes in an ante-room, I was ushered in. "My lord," said I, in a flurried manner, "will you allow me to have a few minutes' conversation with you alone?"

"This gentleman is my secretary, sir, but if you wish it, certainly, for although he is my confidant, I have no right to insist that he shall be yours. Mr. Temple, will you oblige me, by going up stairs for a little while."

The secretary quitted the room, the bishop pointed to a chair, and I sat down. I looked him earnestly in the face—the nose was exact, and I imagined that even in the other features I could distinguish a resemblance. I was satisfied that I had at last gained the object of my search. "I believe, sir," observed I, "that you will acknowledge, that in the heat and impetuosity of youth we often rush into hasty and improvident connexions."

I paused, with my eyes fixed upon his. "Very true, my young sir; and when we do we are ashamed, and repent of them afterwards," replied the bishop, rather astonished.

"I grant that, sir," replied I; "but at the same time, we must feel that we must abide by the results, however unpleasant."

"When we do wrong, Mr. Newland," replied the bishop, first looking at my card, and then upon me, "we

find that we are not only to be punished in the next world, but suffer for it also in this. I trust you have no reason for such suffering?"

"Unfortunately, the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, and, in that view, I may say that I have suffered."

"My dear sir," replied the bishop, "I trust you will excuse me, when I say, that my time is rather valuable; if you have any thing of importance to communicate—any thing upon which you would ask my advice—for assistance you do not appear to require, do me the favour to proceed at once to the point."

"I will, sir, be as concise as the matter will admit of. Allow me, then, to ask you a few questions, and I trust to your honour, and the dignity of your profession, for a candid answer. Did you not marry a young woman early in life? and were you not very much pressed in your circumstances?"

The bishop stared. "Really, Mr. Newland, it is a strange question, and I cannot imagine to what it may lead, but still I will answer it. I did marry early in life, and I was at that time not in very affluent circumstances."

"You had a child by that marriage—your eldest born—a boy?"

"That is also true, Mr. Newland," replied the bishop, gravely.

"How long is it since you have seen him?"

"It is many years," replied the bishop, putting his handkerchief up to his eyes.

"Answer me, now, sir;—did you not desert him?"

"No, no!" replied the bishop. "It is strange that you should appear to know so much about the matter, Mr. Newland, as you could have hardly been born. I was poor then—very poor; but although I could ill afford it, he had £50 from me."

"But, sir," replied I, much agitated; "why have you not reclaimed him?"

"I would have reclaimed him, Mr. Newland—but what could I do—he was not to be reclaimed; and now—he is lost for ever."

"Surely, sir, in your present affluence, you must wish to see him again?"

"He died, and I trust he has gone to heaven," replied the bishop, covering up his face.

"No, sir," replied I, throwing myself on my knees before him, "he did not die, here he is at your feet, to ask your blessing."

The bishop sprang from his chair. "What does this mean, sir?" said he, with astonishment. "You my son!"

"Yes, reverend father—your son; who, with £50 you left ——"

"On the top of the Portsmouth coach!"

"No, sir, in the *basket*."

"My son! sir,—impossible; he died in the hospital."

"No, sir, he has come out of the hospital," replied I; "and as you perceive, safe and well."

"Either, sir, this must be some strange mistake, or you must be trifling with me," replied his lordship; "for, sir, I was at his death-bed, and followed him to his grave."

"Are you sure of that, sir?" replied I, starting up with amazement.

"I wish that I was not, sir—for I am now childless; but pray, sir, who, and what are you, who know so much of my former life, and would have thus imposed upon me?"

"Imposed upon you, sir!" replied I, perceiving that I was in error. "Alas! I would do no such thing. Who am I? I am a young man who is in search of his father. Your face, and especially your nose, so resembled mine, that I made sure that I had succeeded. Pity me, sir—pity me," continued I, covering up my face with my hands.

The bishop, perceiving that there was little of the impostor in my appearance, and that I was much affected, allowed a short time for me to recover myself, and then entered into an explanation. When a curate he had had an only son, very wild, who would go to sea in spite of his remonstrances. He saw him depart by the Portsmouth coach, and gave him the sum mentioned. His son received a mortal wound in action, and was sent to the Plymouth hospital, where he died. I then entered into my explanation in a few concise sentences, and with a heart beating with disappointment, took my leave. The bishop shook hands with me as I quitted the room, and wished me better success at my next application.

I went home almost in despair. Timothy consoled me as well as he could, and advised me to go as much as possible into society, as the most likely chance of obtaining my wish, not that he considered there was any chance, but he thought that amusement would restore me to my usual spirits. "I will go and visit little Fleta," replied I, "for a few days; the sight of her will do me more good than any thing else." And the next day I set off to the town of——, where I found the dear little girl, much grown, and much improved. I remained with her for a week, walking with her in the country, amusing her, and amused myself with our conversation. At the close of the week I bade her farewell, and returned to the major's lodgings.

I was astonished to find him in deep mourning. "My dear Carbonnell," said I, inquiringly, "I hope no severe loss?"

"Nay, my dear Newland, I should be a hypocrite if I said so; for there never was a more merry mourner, and that's the truth of it. Mr. M——, who, you know, stood between me and the peerage, has been drowned in the Rhone; I now have a squeak for it. His wife has one daughter, and is *enceinte*. Should the child prove a boy, I am done for, but if a girl, I must then come in to the barony, and £15,000 per annum. However, I've hedged pretty handsomely."

"How do you mean?"

"Why they say that when a woman commences with girls, she generally goes on, and the odds are two to one that Mrs. M—— has a girl. I have taken the odds at the clubs at the amount of £15,000; so if it be a girl, I shall have to pay that out of my £15,000 per annum, as soon as I fall into it; if it is a boy, and I'm floored, I shall pocket £30,000 by way of consolation for the disappointment. They are all good men."

"Yes, but they know you never pay."

"They know I never do now, because I have no money; but they know I will pay if I come into the estate; and so I will, most honourably, besides a few more thousands that I have in my book."

"I congratulate you, with all my heart, major. How old is the present Lord B——?"

"I have just been examining the peerage—he is sixty-two; but he is very fresh and hearty, and may live a long

while yet. By-the-by, Newland, I committed a great error last night at the club. I played pretty high, and lost a great deal of money."

"That is unfortunate."

"That was not the error; I actually paid all my losings, Newland, and it has reduced the stock amazingly. I lost £750. I know I ought not to have paid away your money, but the fact was, as I was hedging, it would not do not to have paid, as I could not have made up my book as I wished. It is, however, only waiting a few weeks, till Mrs. M—— decides my fate, and then, either one way or the other, I shall have money enough. If your people won't give you any more till you are of age, why we must send to a little friend of mine, that's all, and you shall borrow for both of us."

"Borrow!" replied I, not much liking the idea; "they will never lend me money."

"Won't they," replied the major; "no fear of that. Your signature, and my introduction, will be quite sufficient."

"We had better try to do without it, major; I do not much like it."

"Well, if we can we will; but I have not fifty pounds left in my desk; how much have you?"

"About twenty," replied I, in despair at this intelligence; "but I think there is a small sum left at the banker's; I will go and see." I took up my hat and set off, to ascertain what funds we might have in store.

I must say that I was much annoyed at this intelligence. The money-lenders would not be satisfied unless they knew where my estates were, and had examined the will at Doctors' Commons; then all would be exposed to the major, and I should be considered by him as an impostor. I walked down Pall Mall in a very unhappy mood, so deep in thought, that I ran against a lady, who was stepping out of her carriage at a fashionable shop. She turned round, and I was making my best apologies to a very handsome woman, when her ear-rings caught my attention. They were of alternate coral and gold, and the fac simile in make to the chain given by Nattée to Fleta. During my last visit, I had often had the chain in my hand, and particularly marked the workmanship. To make more sure, I followed her into the shop, and stood

behind her, carefully examining them, as she looked over a quantity of laces. There could be no doubt. I waited till the lady rose to go away, and then addressed the shopman, asking the lady's name. He did not know—she was a stranger; but perhaps Mr. H——, the master, did, and he went back to ask the question. Mr. H—— being at that moment busy, the man stayed so long, that I heard the carriage drive off. Fearful of losing sight of the lady, I took to my heels, and ran out of the shop. My sudden flight from the counter, covered with lace, made them imagine that I had stolen some, and they cried out "Stop thief," as loud as they could, springing over the counter, and pursuing me as I pursued the carriage, which was driving at a rapid pace.

A man perceiving me running, and others, without their hats, following, with the cries of "Stop thief," put out his leg, and I fell on the pavement, the blood rushing in torrents from my nose. I was seized, roughly handled, and again handed over to the police, who carried me before the same magistrate in Marlborough street.

"What is this?" demanded the magistrate.

"A shoplifter, your worship."

"I am not, sir," replied I; "you know me well enough; I am Mr. Newland."

"Mr. Newland?" replied the magistrate, suspiciously; "this is strange, a second time to appear before me upon such a charge."

"And just as innocent as before, sir."

"You'll excuse me, sir, but I must have my suspicions this time. Where is the evidence?"

The people of the shop then came forward, and stated what had occurred. "Let him be searched," said the magistrate.

I was searched, but nothing was found upon me. "Are you satisfied now, sir?" inquired I.

"By no means. Let the people go back and look over their laces, and see if any are missing; in the mean time I shall detain you, for it is very easy to get rid of a small article, such as lace, when you are caught."

The man went away, and I wrote a note to Major Carbonnell, requesting his attendance. He arrived at the same time as the shopman, and I told him what had happened. The shopman declared that the stock was not correct;

as far as they could judge, there were two pieces of lace missing.

"If so, I did not take them," replied I.

"Upon my honour, Mr. B——," said the major, to the magistrate, "it is very hard for a gentleman to be treated in this manner. This is the second time that I have been sent for to vouch for his respectability."

"Very true, sir," replied the magistrate; "but allow me to ask Mr. Newland, as he calls himself, what induced him to follow a lady into the shop?"

"Her ear-rings," replied I.

"Her ear-rings! why, sir, the last time you were brought before me, you said it was after a gentleman's nose—now it appears you were attracted by a lady's ears; and pray, sir, what induced you to run out of the shop?"

"Because I wanted particularly to inquire about her ear-rings, sir."

"I cannot understand these paltry excuses; there are, it appears, two pieces of lace missing. I must remand you for further examination, sir; and you also, sir," said the magistrate to Major Carbonnell; "for if he is a swindler, you must be an accomplice."

"Sir," replied Major Carbonnell, sneeringly, "you are certainly a very good judge of a gentleman, when you happen by accident to be in his company. With your leave, I will send a note to another confederate."

The major then wrote a note to Lord Windermear, which he despatched by Timothy, who, hearing I was in trouble, had accompanied the major. And while he was away, the major and I sat down, he giving himself all manner of airs, much to the annoyance of the magistrate, who at last threatened to commit him immediately. "You'll repent this," replied the major, who perceived Lord Windermear coming in.

"You shall repent it, sir, by God," cried the magistrate, in a great passion.

"Put five shillings in the box for swearing, Mr. B——. You fine other people," said the major. "Here is my other confederate, Lord Windermear."

"Carbonnell," said Lord Windermear, "what is all this?"

"Nothing, my lord, except that our friend Newland is taken up for shoplifting, because he thought proper to run

after a pretty woman's carriage ; and I am accused by his worship of being his confederate. I could forgive his suspicions of Mr. Newland in that plight ; but as for his taking me for one of the swell mob, it proves a great deficiency of judgment ; perhaps he will commit your lordship also, as he may not be aware that your lordship's person is above caption."

"I can assure you, sir," said Lord Windermear, proudly, "that this is my relative, Major Carbonnell, and the other is my friend, Mr. Newland. I will bail them for any sum you please."

The magistrate felt astonished and annoyed, for, after all, he had only done his duty. Before he could reply, a man came from the shop to say that the laces had been found all right. Lord Windermear then took me aside, and I narrated what had happened. He recollected the story of Fleta in my narrative of my life, and felt that I was right in trying to find out who the lady was. The magistrate now apologized for the detention, but explained to his lordship how I had before made my appearance upon another charge, and with a low bow we were dismissed.

"My dear Mr. Newland," said his lordship, "I trust that this will be a warning to you, not to run after other people's noses and ear-rings ; at the same time, I will certainly keep a look-out for those very ear-rings myself. Major, I wish you a good morning."

His lordship then shook us both by the hand, and saying that he should be glad to see more of me than he latterly had done, stepped into his carriage and drove off.

"What the devil did his lordship mean about ear-rings, Newland ?" inquired the major.

"I told him that I was examining the lady's ear-rings, as very remarkable," replied I.

"You appear to be able to deceive every body but me, my good fellow. I know that you were examining the lady herself." I left the major in his error by making no reply.

When I came down to breakfast the next morning, the major said, "My dear Newland, I have taken the liberty of requesting a very old friend of mine to come and meet you this morning. I will not disguise from you that it is Emmanuel, the money-lender. Money you must have until my affairs are decided one way or the other ; and, in

this instance, I will most faithfully repay the sum borrowed, as soon as I receive the amount of my bets, or am certain of succeeding to the title, which is one and the same thing."

I bit my lips, for I was not a little annoyed; but what could be done? I must have either confessed my real situation to the major, or have appeared to raise scruples, which, as the supposed heir to a large fortune, would have appeared to him to be very frivolous. I thought it better to let the affair take its chance. "Well," replied I, "if it must be, it must be; but it shall be on my own terms."

"Nay," observed the major, "there is no fear but that he will consent, and without any trouble."

After a moment's reflection I went up stairs, and rang for Timothy. "Tim," said I, "hear me; I now make you a solemn promise, on my honour as a gentleman, that I will never borrow money upon interest, and until you release me from it, I shall adhere to my word."

"Very well, sir," replied Timothy; "I guess your reason for so doing, and I expect you will keep your word. Is that all?"

"Yes; now you may take up the urn."

We had finished our breakfast, when Timothy announced Mr. Emmanuel, who followed him into the room. "Well, old cent per cent, how are you?" said the major. "Allow me to introduce my most particular friend, Mr. Newland."

"Auh! Master Major," replied the descendant of Abraham, a little puny creature, bent double with infirmity, and carrying one hand behind his back, as if to counterbalance the projection of his head and shoulders. "You vash please to call me shent per shent. I wish I vash able to make de moneys pay that. Mr. Newland, can I be of any little shervice to you?"

"Sit down, sit down, Emmanuel. You have my warrant for Mr. Newland's respectability, and the sooner we get over the business the better."

"Auh, Mr. Major, it ish true, you was recommend many good—no, not always good, customers to me, and I was very much obliged. Vat can I do for your handsome young friend? De young gentlemen always vant money; and it is de youth which is de time for de pleasure and enjoyment."

"He wants a thousand pounds, Emmanuel."

"Dat is a large sum—one thousand pounds! he does not want any more?"

"No," replied I, "that will be sufficient."

"Vel, den, I have de monish in my pocket. I will just beg de young gentleman to sign a little memorandum, dat I may one day receive my monish."

"But what is that to be?" interrupted I.

"It will be to promise to pay me my monish, and only fifteen per shent, when you come into your own."

"That will not do," replied I; "I have pledged my solemn word of honour, that I will not borrow money on interest."

"And you have given de pledge, but you did not swear upon de book?"

"No, but my word has been given, and that is enough; if I would forfeit my word with those to whom I have given it, I would also forfeit my word with you. My keeping my promise ought to be a pledge to you that I will keep my promise to you."

"Dat is vell said—very vell said; but den we must manage some oder way. Suppose—let me shee—how old are you, my young sir?"

"Past twenty."

"Auh, dat is a very pleasant age, dat twenty. Vell, den, you shall shign a leetle bit of paper, that you pay me £2000 ven you come into your properties, on condition dat I pay now one thousand. Dat is very fair—ish it not, Mr. Major?"

"Rather too hard, Emmanuel."

"But de rishque—de rishque, Mr. Major."

"I will not agree to those terms," replied I; "you must take your money away, Mr. Emmanuel."

"Vell, den—vat vill you pay me?"

"I will sign an agreement to pay you £1500 for the thousand, if you please; if that will not suit you, I will try elsewhere."

"Dat is very bad bargain. How old you shay?"

"Twenty."

"Vell, I shuppose I must oblige you, and my very goot friend, de major."

Mr. Emmanuel drew out his spectacles, pen, and ink-

horn, filled up a bond, and handed it to me to sign. I read it carefully over, and signed it; he then paid down the money, and took his leave.

It may appear strange to the reader that the money was obtained so easily, but he must remember that the major was considered a person who universally attached himself to young men of large fortune; he had already been the means of throwing many profitable speculations into the hands of Emmanuel, and the latter put implicit confidence in him. The money-lenders also are always on the lookout for young men with large fortunes, and have their names registered. Emmanuel had long expected me to come to him, and although it was his intention to have examined more particularly, and not to have had the money prepared, yet my refusal to sign the bond, bearing interest, and my disputing the terms of the second proposal, blinded him completely, and put him off his usual guard.

"Upon my word, Newland, you obtained better terms than I could have expected from the old Hunks."

"Much better than I expected also, major," replied I; "but now, how much of the money would you like to have?"

"My dear fellow, this is very handsome of you; but, I thank Heaven, I shall be soon able to repay it; but what pleases me, Newland, is your perfect confidence in one, whom the rest of the world would not trust with a shilling. I will accept your offer as freely as it is made, and take £500, just to make a show for the few weeks that I am in suspense, and then you will find, that with all my faults, I am not deficient in gratitude." I divided the money with the major, and he shortly afterwards went out.

"Well, sir," said Timothy, entering, full of curiosity, "what have you done?"

"I have borrowed a thousand to pay fifteen hundred when I come into my property."

"You are safe then. Excellent, and the Jew will be bit."

"No, Timothy, I intend to repay it as soon as I can."

"I should like to know when that will be."

"So should I, Tim, for it must depend upon my finding

out my parentage." Heigho, thought I, when shall I ever find out who is my father?

I dressed and went out, met Harcourt, dined with him, and on my return the major had not come home. It was then past midnight, and feeling little inclination to sleep, I remained in the drawing-room waiting for his arrival. About three o'clock he came in, flushed in the face, and apparently in high good humour.

"Newland," said he, throwing his pocket-book on the table, "just open that, and then you will open your eyes."

I obeyed him, and to my surprise took out a bundle of bank-notes; I counted up their value, and they amounted to £3500.

"You have been fortunate, indeed."

"Yes," replied the major; "knowing that in a short time I shall be certain of cash, one way or the other, I had resolved to try my luck with the £500. I went to the hazard table, and threw in seventeen times—hedged upon the deuce ace, and threw out with it—*voilà*. They won't catch me there again in a hurry—luck like that only comes once in a man's life; but, Japhet, there is a little drawback to all this. I shall require your kind attendance in two or three hours."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Merely an affair of honour. I was insulted by a vagabond, and we meet at six o'clock."

"A vagabond—but surely, Carbonnell, you will not condescend—"

"My dear fellow, although as great a vagabond as there is on the face of the earth, yet he is a peer of the realm, and his title warrants the meeting—but, after all, what is it?"

"I trust it will be nothing, Carbonnell, but still it may prove otherwise."

"Granted; and what then, my dear Newland? we all owe Heaven a death; and if I am floored, why then I shall no longer be anxious about title or fortune."

"It's a bad way of settling a dispute," replied I, gravely.

"There is no other, Newland. How would society be held in check if it were not for duelling? We should all

be a set of bears living in a bear-garden. I presume you have never been out?"

"Never," replied I, "and had hoped that I never should have."

"Then you must have better fortune, or better temper than most others, if you pass through life without an affair of this kind on your hands. I mean as principal, not as second. But, my dear fellow, I must give you a little advice, relative to your behaviour as a second; for I'm very particular on these occasions, and like that things should be done very correctly. It will never do, my dear Newland, that you appear on the ground with that melancholy face. I do not mean that you should laugh, or even smile; that were equally out of character; but you should show yourself perfectly calm and indifferent. In your behaviour towards the other second, you must be most scrupulously polite; but at the same time never give up a point of dispute, in which my interest may be concerned. Even in your walk be slow, and move, as much as the ground will allow you, as if you were in a drawing-room. Never remain silent; offer even trivial remarks, rather than appear *distract*. There is one point of great importance—I refer to choosing the ground, in which, perhaps, you will require my unperceived assistance. Any decided line behind me would be very advantageous to my adversary, such as the trunk of a tree, post, &c., even an elevated light or dark ground behind me is unadvisable. Choose, if you can, a broken light, as it affects the correctness of the aim; but as you will not probably be able to manage this satisfactorily, I will assist you. When on the ground, after having divided the sum fairly between us, I shall walk about unconcernedly, and when I perceive a judicious spot, I will take a pinch of snuff and use my handkerchief, turning at the same time in the direction in which I wish my adversary to be placed. Take your cue from that, and with all suavity of manner, insist as much as you can upon our being so placed. That must be left to your own persuasive powers. I believe I have now stated all that is necessary, and I must prepare my instruments."

The major then went into his own room, and I never felt more nervous or more unhinged than after this conversation. I had a melancholy foreboding—but that I believe

every one has, when he, for the first time, has to assist at a mortal rencontre. I was in a deep musing when he returned with his pistols and all the necessary apparatus, and when the major pointed out to me, and made me once or twice practise the setting of the hair triggers, which is the duty of the second, an involuntary shudder came over me.

"Why, Newland, what is the matter with you? I thought that you had more nerve."

"I probably should show more, Carbonnell, were I the principal instead of the second, but I cannot bear the reflection that some accident should happen to you. You are the only one with whom I have been on terms of friendship, and the idea of losing you, is very, very painful."

"Newland, you really quite unman me, and you may now see a miracle," continued Carbonnell, as he passed his hand to his eye, "the moisture of a tear on the cheek of a London *roué*, a man of the world, who has long lived for himself and for this world only. It never would be credited if asserted. Newland, there was a time when I was like yourself—the world took advantage of my ingenuousness and inexperience; my good feelings were the cause of my ruin; and then by degrees I became as callous and as hardened as the world itself. My dear fellow, I thought all affection, all sentiment, dried up within me, but it is not the case. You have made me feel that I have still a heart, and that I can *love you*. But this is all romance, and not fitted for the present time. It is now five o'clock, let us be on the ground early—it will give us an advantage."

"I do not much like speaking to you on the subject, Carbonnell; but is there nothing that you might wish done in case of accident?"

"Nothing—why, yes. I may as well. Give me a sheet of paper." The major sat down, and wrote for a few minutes. "Now, send Timothy and another here. Timothy, and you, sir, see me sign this paper, and put my seal to it. I deliver this as my act and deed. Put your names as witnesses." They complied with his request, and then the major desired Timothy to call a hackney-coach. "Newland," said the major, putting the paper, folded up, in my pocket, along with the bank-notes, "take care of this for me till we come back."

“The coach is at the door, sir,” said Timothy, looking at me, as if to say, “What can all this be about?”

“You may come with us, and see,” said the major, observing Tim’s countenance, “and put that case into the coach.” Tim, who knew that it was the major’s case of pistols, appeared still more alarmed, and stood still without obeying the order. “Never mind, Tim, your master is not the one who is to use them,” said the major, patting him on the shoulder.

Timothy, relieved by this intelligence, went down stairs with the pistols; we followed him. Tim mounted on the box, and we drove to Chalk Farm. “Shall the coach wait?” inquired Timothy.

“Yes, by all means,” replied I, in a low voice. We arrived at the usual ground, where disputes of this kind were generally settled; and the major took a survey of it with great composure.

“Now, observe, Japhet,” said he, “if you can contrive——; but here they are. I will give you the notice agreed upon.” The peer, whose title was Lord Tineholme, now came up with his second, whom he introduced to me as Mr. Osborn. “Mr. Newland,” replied the major, saluting Mr. Osborn in return. We both took off our hats, bowed, and then proceeded to our duty. I must do my adversary’s second the justice to say, that his politeness was fully equal to mine. There was no mention on either side of explanations and retractions—the insult was too gross, and the character of his lordship, as well as that of Major Carbonnell, was too well known. Twelve paces were proposed by Mr. Osborn, and agreed to by me—the pistols of Major Carbonnell were gained by drawing lots—we had nothing more to do but to place our principals. The major took out his snuff-box, took a pinch, and blew his nose, turning towards a copse of beech trees.

“With your permission, I will mark out the ground, Mr. Osborn,” said I, walking up to the major, and intending to pace twelve paces in the direction towards which he faced.

“Allow me to observe that I think a little more in this direction would be more fair for both parties,” said Mr. Osborn.

“It would so, my dear sir,” replied I; “but submitting to your superior judgment, perhaps it may not have struck

you that my principal will have rather too much of the sun. I am incapable of taking any advantage, but I should not do my duty if I did not see every justice done to the major, who has confided to me in this unpleasant affair. I put it to you, sir, as a gentleman and man of honour, whether I am claiming too much?" A little amicable altercation took place on this point, but finding that I would not yield, and that at every reply I was more and more polite and bland in my deportment, Mr. Osborn gave up the point. I walked the twelve paces; and Mr. Osborn placed his principal. I observed that Lord Tineholme did not appear pleased; he expostulated with him, but it was then too late. The pistols had been already loaded—the choice was given to his lordship, and Major Carbonnell received the other from my hand, which actually trembled, while his was firm. I requested Mr. Osborn to drop the handkerchief, as I could not make up my mind to give a signal which might be fatal to the major. They fired—Lord Tineholme fell immediately—the major remained on his feet for a second or two, and then sank down on the ground. I hastened up to him. "Where are you hurt?"

The major put his hand to his hip—"I am hit hard, Newland, but not so hard as he is. Run and see."

I left the major, and went up to where Lord Tineholme lay, his head raised on the knee of his second.

"It is all over with him, Mr. Newland, the ball has passed through his brain."

I hastened back to the major, to examine his wound, and, with the assistance of Timothy, I stripped him sufficiently to ascertain that the ball had entered his hip, and probing the wound with my finger, it appeared that it had glanced off in the direction of the intestines; the suffusion of blood was very trifling, which alarmed me still more.

"Could you bear removal, major, in the coach?"

"I cannot tell, but we must try; the sooner I am home the better, Japhet," replied he, faintly.

With the assistance of Timothy, I put him into the hackney-coach, and we drove off, after I had taken off my hat, and made my obeisance to Mr. Osborn, an effort of politeness which I certainly should have neglected, had I not been reminded of it by my principal. We set off, and the major bore his journey very well, making no com-

plaint, but on our arrival he fainted as we lifted him out. As soon as he was on the bed, I despatched Timothy for a surgeon. On his arrival he examined the wound, and shook his head. Taking me into the next room, he declared his opinion that the ball had passed into the intestines, which were severed, and that there was no hope. I sat down, and covered up my face—the tears rolled down and trickled through my fingers—it was the first heavy blow I had yet received. Without kindred or connexions, I felt that I was about to lose one who was dear to me. To another, not in my situation, it might have only produced a temporary grief at the near loss of a friend; but to me, who was almost alone in the world, the loss was heavy in the extreme. Whom had I to fly to for solace—there was Timothy and Fleta—one who performed the duty of a servant to me, and a child. I felt that they were not sufficient, and my heart was chilled.

The surgeon had, in the mean time, returned to the major, and dressed the wound. The major, who had recovered from his weakness, asked him his candid opinion. “We must hope for the best, sir,” replied the surgeon.

“That is to say, there is no hope,” replied the major; “and I feel that you are right. How long do you think that I may live?”

“If the wound does not take a favourable turn, about forty-eight hours, sir,” replied the surgeon; “but we must hope for a more fortunate issue.”

“In a death-bed case you medical men are like lawyers,” replied the major, “theres no getting a straight-forward answer from you. Where is Mr. Newland?”

“Here I am, Carbonnell,” said I, taking his hand.

“My dear fellow, I know it is all over with me, and you of course know it as well as I do. Do not think that it is a source of much regret to me to leave this rascally world—indeed it is not; but I do feel sorry, very sorry, to leave you. The doctor tells me I shall live forty-eight hours; but I have an idea that I shall not live so many minutes. I feel my strength gradually failing me. Depend upon it, my dear Newland, there is an internal hemorrhage. My dear fellow, I shall not be able to speak soon. I have left you my executor and sole heir. I wish there was more

for you—it will last you, however, till you come of age. That was a lucky hit last night, but a very unlucky one this morning. Bury me like a gentleman.”

“My dear Carbonnell,” said I, “would you not like to see some body—a clergyman?”

“Newland, excuse me. I do not refuse it out of disrespect, or because I do not believe in the tenets of Christianity; but I cannot believe that my repentance at this late hour can be of any avail. If I have not been sorry for the life I have lived—if I have not had my moments of remorse—if I had not promised to amend, and intended to have so done, and I trust I have—what avails my repentance now? No, no, Japhet, as I have sown so must I reap, and trust to the mercy of Heaven. God only knows all our hearts, and I would fain believe that I may find more favour in the eyes of the Almighty, than I have in this world from those who—but we must not judge. Give me to drink, Japhet—I am sinking fast. God bless you, my dear fellow.”

The major sank on his pillow, after he had moistened his lips, and spoke no more. With his hand clasped in mine he gradually sank, and in a quarter of an hour his eyes were fixed, and all was over. He was right in his conjectures—an artery had been divided, and he had bled to death. The surgeon came again just before he was dead, for I had sent for him. “It is better as it is,” said he to me. “Had he not bled to death, he would have suffered forty-eight hours of extreme agony from the mortification which must have ensued.” He closed the major’s eyes and took his leave, and I hastened into the drawing-room and sent for Timothy, with whom I sate in a long conversation on this unfortunate occurrence, and my future prospects.

My grief for the death of the major was sincere; much may indeed be ascribed to habit from our long residence and companionship; but more to the knowledge that the major, with all his faults, had redeeming qualities, and that the world had driven him to become what he had been. I had the further conviction, that he was attached to me, and, in my situation, any thing like affection was most precious. His funeral was handsome, without being ostentatious, and I paid every demand upon him which I

knew to be just—many, indeed, that were not sent in, from a supposition that any claim made would be useless. His debts were not much above £200, and these debts had never been expected to be liquidated by those who had given him credit. The paper he had written, and had been witnessed by Timothy and another, was a short will, in which he left me his sole heir and executor. The whole of his property consisted in his house in St. James's street, the contents of his pocket-book intrusted to my care, and his personal effects, which, especially in bijouterie, were valuable. The house was worth about £4000, as he had told me. In his pocket-book were notes to the amount of £3500, and his other effects might be valued at £400. With all his debts and funeral expenses liquidated, and with my own money, I found myself in possession of £8000,—a sum which never could have been credited, for it was generally supposed that he died worth less than nothing, having lived for a long while upon a capital of a similar value.

"I cannot but say," said Timothy, "but this is very fortunate. Had the major not persuaded you to borrow money, he never would have won so large a sum. Had he lived he would have squandered it away; but just in the nick of time he is killed, and makes you his heir."

"There is truth in your observation, Timothy; but now you must go to Mr. Emmanuel, that I may pay him off. I will repay the £1000 lent me by Lord Windermear into his banker's, and then I must execute one part of the poor major's will. He left his diamond solitaire as a memento to his lordship. Bring it to me, and I will call and present it."

This conversation took place the day after the funeral, and, attired in deep mourning, I called upon his lordship, and was admitted. His lordship had sent his carriage to attend the funeral, and was also in mourning when he received me. I executed my commission, and after a long conversation with his lordship, in which I confided to him the contents of the will, and the amount of property of the deceased, I rose to take my leave.

"Excuse me, Mr. Newland," said he, "but what do you now propose to do? I confess I feel a strong interest about you, and had wished that you had come to me

oftener without an invitation. I perceive that you never will. Have you no intention of following up any pursuit?"

"Yes, my lord, I intend to search after my father; and I trust that by husbanding my unexpected resources, I shall now be able."

"You have the credit, in the fashionable world, of possessing a large fortune."

"That is not my fault, my lord: it is through Major Carbonnell's mistake that the world is deceived. Still I must acknowledge myself so far participator, that I have never contradicted the report."

"Meaning, I presume, by some good match, to reap the advantage of the supposition."

"Not so, my lord, I assure you. People may deceive themselves, but I will not deceive them."

"Nor undeceive them, Mr. Newland?"

"Undeceive them, I will not; nay, if I did make the attempt, I should not be believed. They never would believe it possible that I could have lived so long with your relative, without having had a large supply of money. They might believe that I had run through my money, but not that I never had any."

"There is a knowledge of the world in that remark," replied his lordship; "but I interrupted you, so proceed."

"I mean to observe, my lord,—and you, by your knowledge of my previous history, can best judge how far I am warranted in saying so,—that I have as yet steered the middle course between that which is dishonest and honest. If the world deceives itself, you would say that, in strict honesty, I ought to undeceive it. So I would, my lord, if it were not for my peculiar situation; but at the same time I never will, if possible, be guilty of direct deceit; that is to say, I would not take advantage of my supposed wealth, to marry a young person of large fortune. I would state myself a beggar, and gain her affections as a beggar. A woman can have little confidence in a man who deceives her before marriage."

"Your secret will always be safe with me, Mr. Newland; you have a right to demand it. I am glad to hear the sentiments which you have expressed; they are not founded, perhaps, upon the strictest code of morality; but there are many who profess more who do not act up to so

much. Still I wish you would think in what way I may be able to serve you, for your life at present is useless and unprofitable, and may tend to warp still more ideas which are not quite as strict as they ought to be."

"My lord, I have but one object in allowing the world to continue in their error relative to my means, which is, that it procures for me an entrance into that society in which I have a moral conviction that I shall find my father. I have but one pursuit, one end to attain, which is to succeed in that search. I return you a thousand thanks for your kind expressions and good will; but I cannot, at present, avail myself of them. I beg your lordship's pardon, but did you ever meet the lady with the ear-rings?"

Lord Windermear smiled. "Really, Mr. Newland, you are a very strange person; not content with finding out your own parents, you must also be searching after other people's; not that I do not commend your conduct in this instance; but I'm afraid, in running after shadows, you are too indifferent to the substance."

"Ah, my lord! it is very well for you to argue who have had a father and mother, and never felt the want of them; but if you knew how my heart yearns after my parents, you would not be surprised at my perseverance."

"I am surprised at nothing in this world, Mr. Newland; every one pursues happiness in his own way; your happiness appears to be centred in one feeling, and you are only acting as the world does in general; but recollect that the search after happiness ends in disappointment."

"I grant it but too often does, my lord; but there is pleasure in the chase," replied I.

"Well, go, and may you prosper. All I can say is this, Mr. Newland; do not have that false pride not to apply to me when you need assistance. Recollect it is much better to be under an obligation, if such you will consider it, than to do that which is wrong; and that it is a very false pride which would blush to accept a favour, and yet not blush to do what it ought to be ashamed of. Promise me, Mr. Newland, that upon any reverse or exigence, you will apply to me."

"I candidly acknowledge to your lordship, that I would rather be under an obligation to any one but you; and I trust you will clearly appreciate my feelings. I have

taken the liberty of refunding the £1000 you were so kind as to place at my disposal as a loan. At the same time I will promise, that if at any time I should require your assistance, I will again request leave to become your debtor." I rose again to depart.

"Farewell, Newland; when I thought you had behaved ill, and offered to better you, you only demanded my good opinion; you have it, and have it so firmly, that it will not easily be shaken." His lordship then shook hands with me, and I took my leave.

On my return I found Emmanuel, the money-lender, who had accompanied Timothy, fancying that I was in want of more assistance, and but too willing to give it. His surprise was very great when I told him that I wished to repay the money I had borrowed.

"Vell, dis is very strange! I have lent my monish a tousand times, and never once they did offer it me back. Vell, I will take it, sar."

"But how much must I give you, Mr. Emmanuel, for the ten days' loan?"

"How much—vy, you remember, you will give de bond money—de fifteen hundred."

"What! five hundred pounds interest for ten days, Mr. Emmanuel; no, no, that's rather too bad. I will, if you please, pay you back eleven hundred pounds, and that I think is very handsome."

"I don't want my monish, my good sar. I lend you one tousand pounds, on de condition that you pay me fifteen hundred when you come into your properties, which will be in very short time. You send for me, and tell me you vish to pay back the monish directly; I never refuse monish—if you wish to pay, I will take, but I will not take one farding less than de monish on de bond."

"Very well, Mr. Emmanuel, just as you please; I offer you your money back, in presence of my servant, and one hundred pounds for the loan of it for ten days. Refuse it if you choose, but I earnestly recommend you to take it."

"I will not have the monish, sar; dis is de child's play," replied the Jew. "I must have my fifteen hundred—all in goot time, sar—I am in no hurry—I vish you a very good morning, Mr. Newland. Ven you vish for more monish to borrow, I shall be happy to pay my respects."

So saying, the Jew walked out of the room, with his arm behind his back as usual.

Timothy and I burst out into laughter. "Really, Timothy," observed I, "it appears that very little art is necessary to deceive the world, for in every instance they will deceive themselves. The Jew is off my conscience, at all events; and now he never will be paid, until——"

"Until when, Japhet?"

"Until I find out my father," replied I.

"Every thing is put off till that time arrives, I observe," said Timothy. "Other people will soon be as interested in the search as yourself."

"I wish they were; unfortunately it is a secret, which cannot be divulged."

A ring at the bell called Timothy down stairs: he returned with a letter; it was from Lord Windermear, and ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR NEWLAND,—I have been thinking about you ever since you left me this morning, and as you appear resolved to prosecute your search, it has occurred to me that you should go about it in a more systematic way. I do not mean to say that what I now propose will prove of any advantage to you, but still it may, as you will have a very old, and very clever head to advise with. I refer to Mr. Masterton, my legal adviser, from whom you had the papers which led to our first acquaintance. He is aware that you were (I beg your pardon) an impostor, as he has since seen Mr. Estcourt. The letter enclosed is for him, and with that in your hand you may face him boldly, and I have no doubt that he will assist you all in his power, and put you to no expense. Narrate your whole history to him, and then you will hear what he may propose. He has many secrets, much more important than yours. Wishing you every success that your perseverance deserves,

"Believe me, yours very truly,

"LORD WINDERMEAR."

"I believe the advice to be good," said I, after reading the letter. "I am myself at fault, and hardly know how to proceed. I think I will go at once to the old gentleman, Timothy."

"It can do no harm, if it does no good. Two heads are better than one," replied Timothy. "Some secrets are too well kept, and deserting a child is one of those which is confided but to few."

"By-the-by, Timothy, here have I been, more than so many years out of the Foundling Hospital, and have never yet inquired if any one has ever been to reclaim me."

"Very true; and I think I'll step myself to the work-house, at St. Bridget's, and ask whether any one has asked about me," replied Timothy, with a grin.

"There is another thing that I have neglected," observed I, "which is to inquire at the address in Coleman-street, if there is any letter from Melchior."

"I have often thought of him," replied Timothy. "I wonder who he can be—there is another mystery there. I wonder whether we shall ever fall in with him again—and Nattee, too?"

"There's no saying, Timothy. I wonder where that poor fool, Philotas, and our friend Jumbo, are now?"

The remembrance of the two last personages made us both burst out a laughing.

"Timothy, I've been reflecting that my intimacy with poor Carbonnell has rather hindered than assisted me in my search. He found me with a good appearance, and he has moulded me into a gentleman as far as manners and appearance are concerned; but the constant vortex in which I have been whirled in his company, has prevented me from doing any thing. His melancholy death has perhaps been fortunate for me. It has left me more independent in circumstances, and more free. I must really now set to in earnest."

"I beg your pardon, Japhet, but did not you say the same when we first set off on our travels, and yet remain more than a year with the gipsies? Did not you make the same resolution when we arrived in town, with our pockets full of money, and yet, once into fashionable society, think but little, and occasionally, of it? Now you make the same resolution, and how long will you keep it?"

"Nay, Timothy, that remark is hardly fair; you know that the subject is ever in my thoughts."

"In your thoughts, I grant, very frequently; but you have still been led away from the search."

"I grant it, but I presume that arises from not knowing how to proceed. I have a skein to unravel, and cannot find out an end to commence with."

"I always thought people commenced with the beginning," replied Tim, laughing.

"At all events, I will now try back, and face the old lawyer. Do you call at Coleman-street, Tim, and at St. Bridget's also, if you please."

"As for St. Bridget's, I'm in no particular hurry about my mother; if I stumble upon her I may pick her up; but I never make a diligent search after what in all probability may not be worth the finding."

Leaving Timothy to go his way, I walked to the house at Lincoln's Inn, which I had before entered upon the memorable occasion of the papers of Estcourt. As before, I rang the bell, the door swung open, and I was once more in the presence of Mr. Masterton.

"I have a letter, sir," said I, bowing, and presenting the letter from Lord Windermear.

The old gentleman peered at me through his spectacles. "Why! we have met before—bless me—why you're the rogue that——"

"You are perfectly right, sir," interrupted I. "I am the rogue who presented the letter from Lord Windermear, and who presents you with another from the same person; do me the favour to read it, while I take a chair."

"Upon my soul—you impudent handsome dog—I must say—great pity—come for money, I suppose. Well, it's a sad world," muttered the lawyer, as he broke open the letter of Lord Windermear.

I made no reply, but watched his countenance, which changed to that of an expression of surprise. "Had his lordship sent me a request to have you hanged if possible," said Mr. Masterton, "I should have felt no surprise, but in this letter he praises you, and desires me to render you all the service in my power. I can't understand it."

"No, sir; but if you have leisure to listen to me, you will find that, in this world, we may be deceived by appearances."

"Well, and so I was, when I first saw you; I never could have believed you to be—but never mind."

"Perhaps, sir, in an hour or two you will again alter

your opinion. Are you at leisure, or will you make an appointment for some future day?"

"Mr. Newland, I am not at leisure—I never was more busy; and if you had come on any legal business, I should have put you off for three or four days, at least; but my curiosity is so raised, that I am determined that I will indulge it at the expense of my interest. I will turn the key, and then you will oblige me by unravelling, what at present is to me as curious as it is wholly incomprehensible."

In about three hours I had narrated the history of my life, up to the very day, almost as much detailed as it has been to the reader. "And now, Mr. Masterton," said I, as I wound up my narrative, "do you think that I deserve the title of rogue, which you applied to me when I came in?"

"Upon my word, Mr. Newland, I hardly know what to say; but I like to tell the truth. To say that you have been quite honest, would not be correct—a rogue to a certain degree you have been, but you have been the rogue of circumstances. I can only say this, that there are greater rogues than you, whose characters are unblemished in the world—that most people in your peculiar situation would have been much greater rogues; and lastly, that rogue or not rogue, I have great pleasure in taking you by the hand, and will do all I possibly can to serve you—and that for your own sake. Your search after your parents I consider almost tantamount to a wild-goose chase; but still, as your happiness depends upon it, I suppose it must be carried on; but you must allow me time for reflection. I will consider what may be the most judicious method of proceeding. Can you dine *tête-à-tête* with me here on Friday, and we then will talk over the matter?"

"On Friday, sir; I am afraid that I am engaged to Lady Maelstrom; but that is of no consequence—I will write an excuse to her ladyship."

"Lady Maelstrom! how very odd that you should bring up her name after our conversation."

"Why so, my dear sir?"

"Why!" replied Mr. Masterton, chuckling; "because—recollect, it is a secret, Mr. Newland—I remember some twenty years ago, when she was a girl of eighteen,

before she married, she had a little *faux pas*, and I was called in about a settlement, for the maintenance of the child."

"Is it possible, sir?" replied I, anxiously.

"Yes, she was violently attached to a young officer, without money, but of good family; some say it was a private marriage, others, that he was—a *rascal*. It was all hushed up; but he was obliged by the friends, before he left for the West Indies, to sign a deed of maintenance, and I was the party called in. I never heard any more about it. The officer's name was Warrender; he died of the yellow fever, I believe, and after his death she married Lord Maelstrom."

"He is dead, then?" replied I, mournfully.

"Well, that cannot affect you, my good fellow. On Friday, then, at six o'clock precisely. Good afternoon, Mr. Newland."

I shook hands with the old gentleman, and returned home, but my brain whirled with the fear of a confirmation of that which Mr. Masterton had so carelessly conveyed. Any thing like a possibility, immediately was swelled to a certainty in my imagination, so ardent and heated on the one subject; and as soon as I regained my room, I threw myself on the sofa, and fell into a deep reverie. I tried to approximate the features of Lady Maelstrom to mine, but all the ingenuity in the world could not effect that; but still, I might be like my father—but my father was dead, and that threw a chill over the whole glowing picture which I had, as usual, conjured up; besides, it was asserted that I was born in wedlock, and there was a doubt relative to the marriage of her ladyship.

After a long cogitation I jumped up, seized my hat, and set off for Grosvenor-square, determining to ask a private interview with her ladyship, and at once end my harassing doubts and surmises. I think there could not be a greater proof of my madness than my venturing to attack a lady of forty upon the irregularities of her youth, and to question her upon a subject which had been confided but to two or three, and she imagined had long been forgotten: but this never struck me; all considerations were levelled in my ardent pursuit. I walked through the streets at a rapid pace, the crowd passed by me as shadows; I neither

saw nor distinguish them ; I was deep in reverie as to the best way of breaking the subject to her ladyship, for, notwithstanding my monomania, I perceived it to be a point of great delicacy. After having overturned about twenty people in my mad career, I arrived at the door and knocked. My heart beat almost as hard against my ribs with excitement.

“Is her ladyship at home?”

“Yes, sir.”

I was ushered into the drawing-room, and found her sitting with two of her nieces, the Misses Fairfax.

“Mr. Newland, you have been quite a stranger,” said her ladyship, as I walked up to her and made my obeisance. “I did intend to scold you well ; but I suppose that sad affair of poor Major Carbonnell’s has been a heavy blow to you—you were so intimate—lived together, I believe, did you not? However, you have not so much cause to regret, for he was not a very proper companion for young men like you ; to tell you the truth, I consider it as a fortunate circumstance that he was removed, for he would by degrees have led you into all manner of mischief, and have persuaded you to squander your fortune. I did at one time think of giving you a hint, but it was a delicate point—now that he is gone, I tell you very candidly that you have had an escape. A young man like you, Mr. Newland, who could command an alliance into the highest, yes, the very highest families—and let me tell you, Mr. Newland, that there is nothing like connexion—money is of no consequence to you, but connexion, Mr. Newland, is what you should look for—connexion with some high family, and then you will do well. I should like to see you settled—well settled, I mean, Mr. Newland. Now that you are rid of the major, who has ruined many young men in his time, I trust you will seriously think of settling down into a married man. Cecilia, my dear, show your tambour work to Mr. Newland, and ask him his opinion. Is it not beautiful, Mr. Newland?”

“Extremely beautiful, indeed, ma’am,” replied I, glad at last that her ladyship allowed me to speak a word.

“Emma, my dear, you look pale ; you must go out into the air. Go, children, put your bonnets on, and take a turn in the garden ; when the carriage comes round, I will send for you ” The young ladies quitted the room. “Nice

innocent girls, Mr. Newland ; but you are not partial to blondes, I believe ?”

“ Indeed, Lady Maelstrom, I infinitely prefer the blonde to the brunette.”

“ That proves your taste, Mr. Newland. The Fairfaxes are of a very old family, Saxon,—Mr. Newland. *Fair-fax* is Saxon for light hair. Is it not remarkable that they should be blondes to this day ? Pure blood, Mr. Newland. You, of course, have heard of General Fairfax, in the time of Cromwell. He was their direct ancestor—an excellent family and highly connected, Mr. Newland. You are aware that they are my nieces. My sister married Mr. Fairfax.”

I paid the Misses Fairfax the compliments which I thought they really deserved, for they were very pretty amiable girls, and required no puffing on the part of her ladyship ; and then I commenced. “ Your ladyship has expressed such kind wishes towards me, that I cannot be sufficiently grateful ; but, perhaps, your ladyship may think me romantic, but I am resolved never to marry except for love.”

“ A very excellent resolve, Mr. Newland ; there are few young men who care about love now-a-days, but I consider that love is a great security for happiness in the wedded state.”

“ True, madam, and what can be more delightful than a first attachment ? I appeal to your ladyship, was not your first attachment the most delightful—are not the reminiscences the most lasting—do you not, even now, call to mind those halcyon days when love was all and every thing ?”

“ My days of romance are long past, Mr. Newland,” replied her ladyship ; “ indeed I never had much romance in my composition. I married Lord Maelstrom for the connexion, and I loved him pretty well, that is soberly, Mr. Newland. I mean, I loved him quite enough to marry him, and to obey my parents, that is all.”

“ But, my dear Lady Maelstrom, I did not refer to your marriage with his lordship ; I referred to your first love.”

“ My first love, Mr. Newland ; pray what do you mean ?” replied her ladyship, looking very hard at me.

“ Your ladyship need not be ashamed of it. Our hearts are not in our own keeping, nor can we always control our

passions. I have but to mention the name of Warrender."

"Warrender!" shrieked her ladyship. "Pray, Mr. Newland," continued her ladyship, recovering herself, "who gave you that piece of information?"

"My dear Lady Maelstrom, pray do not be displeased with me, but I am very particularly interested in this affair. Your love for Mr. Warrender, long before your marriage, is well known to me; and it is to that love, to which I referred, when I asked you if it was not most delightful."

"Well, Mr. Newland," replied her ladyship, "how you have obtained the knowledge I know not, but there was, I acknowledge, a trifling flirtation with Edward Warrender and me—but I was young, very young, at that time."

"I grant it; and do not, for a moment, imagine that I intend to blame your ladyship; but, as I before said, madam, I am much interested in the business."

"What interest you can have with a little flirtation of mine, which took place before you were born, I cannot imagine, Mr. Newland."

"It is because it took place before I was born, that I feel so much interest."

"I cannot understand you, Mr. Newland, and I think we had better change the subject."

"Excuse me, madam, but I must request to continue it a little longer. Is Mr. Warrender dead, or not? Did he die in the West Indies?"

"You appear to be very curious on this subject, Mr. Newland; I hardly can tell. Yes, now I recollect, he did die of the yellow fever, I think—but I have quite forgotten all about it, and I shall answer no more questions; if you were not a favourite of mine, Mr. Newland, I should say that you were very impertinent."

"Then, your ladyship, I will put but one more question, and that one I must put, with your permission."

"I should think, after what I have said, Mr. Newland, that you might drop the subject."

"I will, your ladyship, immediately; but pardon me the question——"

"Well, Mr. Newland——?"

"Do not be angry with me——"

"Well?" exclaimed her ladyship, who appeared alarmed.

"Nothing but the most important and imperative reasons

could induce me to ask the question." (Her ladyship gasped for breath, and could not speak.) I stammered, but at last I brought it out. "What has become of—of—of the sweet pledge of your love, Lady Maelstrom?"

Her ladyship coloured up with rage, raised up her clenched hand, and then fell back in violent hysterics. I hardly knew how to act—if I called the servants, my interview would be at an end, and I was resolved to find out the truth: for the same reason, I did not like to ring for water. Some vases with flowers were on the table; I took out the flowers, and threw the water in her face, but they had been in the water some time, and had discoloured it green. Her ladyship's dress was a high silk gown, of a bright slate colour, and was immediately spoiled; but this was no time to stand upon trifles. I seized hold of a glass bottle, fancying, in my hurry, it was *eau de cologne*, or some essence, and poured a little into her mouth; unfortunately it was a bottle of marking ink, which her ladyship, who was very economical, had on the table in disguise. I perceived my error, and had recourse to another vase of flowers, pouring a large quantity of the green water down her throat. Whether the unusual remedies had an effect, or not, I cannot tell, but her ladyship gradually revived, and as she leant back on the sofa, sobbing, every now and then, convulsively, I poured into her ear a thousand apologies, until I thought she was composed enough to listen to me.

"Your ladyship's maternal feeling," said I.

"It's all a calumny! a base lie, sir!" shrieked she.

"Nay, nay, why be ashamed of a youthful passion; why deny what was in itself creditable to your unsophisticated mind? Does not your heart, even now, yearn to embrace your son: will not you bless me, if I bring him to your feet,—will not you bless your son, and receive him with delight?"

"It was a girl," screamed her ladyship, forgetting herself, and again falling into hysterics.

"A girl!" replied I, "then I have lost my time, and it is no use my remaining here."

Mortified at the intelligence which overthrew my hopes and castle buildings, I seized my hat, descended the stairs, and quitted the house; in my hurry and confusion quite forgetting to call the servants to her ladyship's assistance. Fortunately, I perceived the Misses Fairfax close to the

iron railing of the garden. I crossed the road, wished them good-b'ye, and told them that I thought Lady Maelstrom looked very ill, and they had better go in to her. I then threw myself into the first hackney coach, and drove home. I found Timothy had arrived before me, and I narrated all that had passed.

"You will never be able to go there again," observed Timothy, "and depend upon it, she will be your enemy through life. I wish you had not said any thing to her."

"What is done cannot be undone; but recollect that if she can talk, I can talk also."

"Will she not be afraid?"

"Yes, openly, she will; but open attacks can be parried."

"Very true."

"But it will be as well to pacify her, if I can. I will write to her." I sat down, and wrote as follows:—

"MY DEAR LADY MAELSTROM,—I am so astonished and alarmed at the situation I put you in, by my impertinence and folly, that I hardly know how to apologize. The fact is, that looking over some of my father's old letters, I found many from Warrender, in which he spoke of an affair with a young lady, and I read the name as your maiden name, and also discovered where the offspring was to be found. On re-examination, for your innocence was too evident at our meeting to admit of a doubt, I find that the name, although something like yours, is *spelt very differently*, and that I must have been led into an unpardonable error. What can I say, except that I throw myself on your mercy? I dare not appear before you again. I leave town to-morrow, but if you can pardon my folly and impertinence, allow me to pay my respects when London is full again, and time shall have softened down your just anger. Write me one line to that effect, and you will relieve the burdened conscience of

"Yours, most truly,

"J. NEWLAND."

"There, Tim," said I, as I finished reading it over, "take that as a sop to the old Cerberus. She may think it prudent, as I have talked of letters, to believe me and make friends. I will not trust her, nevertheless."

Tim went away, and very soon returned with an answer.

“You are a foolish mad-cap, and I ought to shut my doors against you; you have half killed me—spoilt my gown, and I am obliged to keep my bed. Remember, in future, to be sure of the right name before you make an assertion. As for forgiving you, I shall think of it, and when you return to town, you may call and receive my sentence. Cecilia was quite frightened, poor dear girl! what a dear, affectionate child she is!—she is a treasure to me, and I don’t think I ever could part with her. She sends her regards.

“Yours,

“C. MAELSTROM.”

“Come, Timothy, at all events this is better than I expected—but now I tell you what I’ll propose to do. Harcourt was with me yesterday, and he wishes me to go down with him to ——. There will be the assizes, and the county ball, and a great deal of gayety, and I have an idea that it is just as well to beat the country as the town. I dine with old Masterton on Friday. On Saturday I will go down and see Fleta, and on Tuesday or Wednesday I will start with Harcourt to his father’s, where he has promised me a hearty welcome. Was there any thing at Coleman-street?”

“Yes, sir; Mr. Iving said that he had just received a letter from your correspondent, and that he wished to know if the little girl was well; I told him that she was. Mr. Iving laid the letter down on the desk, and I read the post-mark, Dublin.”

“Dublin,” replied I. “I should like to find out who Melchior is—and so I will as soon as I can.”

“Well, sir, I have not finished my story. Mr. Iving said, ‘My correspondent wishes to know whether the education of the little girl is attended to?’ ‘Yes,’ replied I, ‘it is.’ ‘Is she at school?’ ‘Yes, she has been at school ever since we have been in London.’ ‘Where is she at school?’ inquired he. Now, sir, as I was never asked that question by him before, I did not know whether I ought to give an answer; so I replied, ‘that I did not know.’ ‘You know whether she is in London or not, do you not?’ ‘How should I?’ replied I; ‘master had put her to school

before I put on his liveries.' 'Does he never go to see her?' inquired he. 'I suppose so,' said I. 'Then you really know nothing about it?—then look you, my lad, I am anxious to find out where she is at school, and the name of the people; and if you will find out the direction for me, it will be money in your pocket, that's all.' 'Um,' replied I, 'but how much?' 'Why, more than you think for, my man; it will be a ten-pound note.' 'That alters the case,' replied I; 'now I think again, I have an idea that I do remember seeing her address on a letter my master wrote to her.' 'Ay,' replied Mr. Iving, 'it's astonishing how money sharpens the memory. I'll keep to my bargain; give me the address, and here's the ten-pound note.' 'I'm afraid that my master will be angry,' said I, as if I did not much like to tell him. 'Your master will never know any thing about it, and you may serve a long time before he gives you a ten-pound note above your wages.' 'That's very true,' said I, 'sarvice is no inheritance. Well, then, give me the money, and I'll write it down.'"

"And did you give it?" interrupted I.

"Stop a moment, sir, and you shall hear. I wrote down the address of that large school at Kensington which we pass when we go to Mr. Aubry White's."

"What, that tremendous large board with yellow letters—Mrs. Let—what is it?"

"Mrs. Lipscombe's seminary—I always read the board every time I go up and down. I gave him the address, Miss Johnson, at Mrs. Lipscombe's seminary, Kensington. Well—and here's the ten-pound note, sir, which I think I have fairly earned."

"Fairly earned, Tim?"

"Yes, fairly earned; for it's all fair to cheat those who would cheat you."

"I cannot altogether agree with you on that point, Tim, but it certainly is no more than they deserve; but this is matter for reflection. Why should Melchior wish to find out her address without my knowledge?—depend upon it, there is something wrong."

"That's what I said to myself coming home; and I made up my mind, that for some reason or another, he wishes to regain possession of her."

"I entertain the same idea, Timothy, and I am glad you

have disappointed him. I will take care that they shall not find her out, now that I am upon my guard."

"But, sir, I wish to draw one good moral from this circumstance; which is—that if you had been served by any common footman, your interest would, in all probability, have been sacrificed to the ten-pound note; and that not only in this instance, but in many others, I did a very wise thing in taking my present situation."

"I am but too well aware of that, Tim, my dear fellow," said I, extending my hand, "and depend upon it, that if I rise, you do. You know me well enough by this time."

"Yes, I do, Japhet, and had rather serve you than the first nobleman in the land. I'm going to purchase a watch with this ten-pound note, and I never shall look at it without remembering the advantage of keeping a watch over my tongue."

I proved the will of Major Carbonnell, in which there was no difficulty; and then I sat down to consider in what way I might best husband my resources. The house was in good repair, and well furnished. At the time I lived with the major, we had our drawing-room, and his bedroom, and another room equally large, used as his dressing-room on the first floor. The second floor was appropriated to me, and the sitting-room was used as a dining-room when we dined at home, which was but seldom. The basement was let as a shop, at one hundred pounds per annum, but we had a private door for entrance, and the kitchen and attics. I resolved to retain only the first floor, and let the remainder of the house; and I very soon got a tenant at sixty pounds per annum. The attics were appropriated to Timothy and the servants belonging to the lodger. Of this tenant, I shall speak hereafter.

After having disposed of what was of no service to me, I found that, deducting the thousand pounds paid into the banker's for Lord Windermear, I had little above three thousand pounds in ready money, and what to do with this I could not well decide. I applied to Mr. Masterton, stating the exact amount of my finances, on the day that I dined with him, and he replied, "You have two good tenants, bringing you in one hundred and sixty pounds per annum—if this money is put out on mortgage, I can procure you five per cent., which will be one hundred and fifty pounds per annum. Now, the question is, do you think that

you can live upon three hundred and ten pounds per annum? You have no rent to pay, and I should think that, as you are not at any great expense for a servant, that you might, with economy, do very well. Recollect, that if your money is lent on mortgage, you will not be able to obtain it at a moment's warning. So reflect well before you decide."

I consulted with Timothy, and agreed to lend the money, reserving about two hundred pounds to go on with, until I should receive my rents and interest. On the Friday I went to dine with Masterton, and narrated what had passed between me and Lady Maelstrom. He was very much diverted, and laughed immoderately. "Upon my faith, Mr. Newland, but you have a singular species of madness; you first attack Lord Windermear, then a bishop, and, to crown all, you attack a dowager peeress. I must acknowledge, that if you do not find out your parents, it will not be for want of inquiry. Altogether, you are a most singular character; your history is most singular, and your good fortune is equally so. You have made more friends before you have come to age, than most people do in their whole lives. You commence the world with nothing, and here you are with almost a competence—have paid off a loan of one thousand pounds, which was not required—and are moving in the best society. Now the only drawback I perceive in all this is, that you are in society under false colours,—have made people suppose that you are possessed of a large fortune."

"It was not exactly my assertion, sir."

"No, I grant, not exactly: but you have been a party to it, and I cannot allow that there is any difference. Now, do you mean to allow this supposition to remain uncontradicted?"

"I hardly know what to say, sir; if I were to state that I have nothing but a bare competence, it will be only injurious to the memory of Major Carbonnell. All the world will suppose that he has ruined me, and that I had the fortune; whereas, on the contrary, it is to him that I am indebted for my present favourable position."

"That may be very true, Mr. Newland; but if I am to consider you as my protégé, and, I may add, the protégé of Lord Windermear, I must make you *quite honest*—I will be no party to fraud in any shape. Are you prepared to

resign your borrowed plumes, and appear before the world as you really are ?”

“There is but one inducement, sir, for me to wish that the world may still deceive themselves. I may be thrown out of society, and lose the opportunity of discovering my parents.”

“And pray, Mr. Newland, which do you think is more likely to tend to the discovery, a general knowledge that you are a foundling in search of your parents, or your present method, of taxing every body on suspicion? If your parents wish to reclaim you, they will then have their eyes directed towards you, from your position being known; and I will add there are few parents who would not be proud of you as a son. You will have the patronage of Lord Windermear, which will always secure you a position in society, and the good wishes of all, although I grant that such worldly people as Lady Maelstrom may strike your name off their porter’s list. You will, moreover, have the satisfaction of knowing that the friends which you make have not been made under false colours and appearances, and a still further satisfaction arising from a good conscience.”

“I am convinced, sir, and I thank you for your advice. I will now be guided by you in every thing.”

“Give me your hand, my good lad; I now will be your friend to the utmost of my power.”

“I only wish, sir,” replied I, much affected, “that you were also my father.”

“Thank you for the wish, as it implies that you have a good opinion of me. What do you mean to do?”

“I have promised my friend Mr. Harcourt to go down with him to his father’s.”

“Well?”

“And before I go I will undeceive him.”

“You are right; you will then find whether he is a friend to you, or to your supposed ten thousand pounds per annum. I have been reflecting, and I am not aware that any thing else can be done at present than acknowledging to the world who you really are, which is more likely to tend to the discovery of your parents than any other means, but at the same time I shall not be idle. All we lawyers have among us strange secrets, and among my fraternity, to whom I shall speak openly, I think it

possible that something may be found out which may serve as a clue. Do not be annoyed at being cut by many, when your history is known; those who cut you are those whose acquaintance or friendship is not worth having; it will unmask your friends from your flatterers, and you will not repent of your having been honest; in the end it is the best policy, even in a worldly point of view. Come to me as often as you please; I am always at home to you, and always your friend."

Such was the result of my dinner with Mr. Masterton, which I narrated to Timothy as soon as I returned home. "Well, Japhet, I think you have found a real friend in Mr. Masterton, and I am glad that you have decided upon following his advice. As for me, I am not under false colours; I am in my right situation, and wish no more."

In pursuance of my promise to Mr. Masterton, I called upon Harcourt the next morning, and after stating my intention to go down for a day or two into the country, to see a little girl who was under my care, I said to him, "Harcourt, as long as we were only town acquaintances, mixing in society, and under no peculiar obligation to each other, I did not think it worth while to undeceive you on a point in which Major Carbonnell was deceived himself, and has deceived others; but now that you have offered to introduce me into the bosom of your family, I cannot allow you to remain in error. It is generally supposed that I am about to enter into a large property when I come of age; now, so far from that being the case, I have nothing in the world but a bare competence, and the friendship of Lord Windermear. In fact, I am a deserted child, ignorant of my parents, and most anxious to discover them, as I have every reason to suppose that I am of no mean birth. I tell you this candidly, and unless you renew the invitation, shall consider that it has not been given."

Harcourt remained a short time without answering. "You really have astonished me, Newland; but," continued he, extending his hand, "I admire—I respect you, and I feel that I shall like you better. With ten thousand pounds a year you were above me—now we are but equals. I, as a younger brother, have but a bare competence, as well as you; and as for parents—for the benefit I now derive from them, I might as well have none.

Not but my father is a worthy, fine old gentleman, but the estates are entailed; he is obliged to keep up his position in society, and he has a large family to provide for, and he can do no more. You have indeed an uncommon moral courage to have made this confession. Do you wish it to be kept a secret?"

"On the contrary, I wish the truth to be known."

"I am glad that you say so, as I have mentioned you as a young man of large fortune to my father; but I feel convinced when I tell him this conversation, he will be much more pleased in taking you by the hand, than if you were to come down and propose to one of my sisters. I repeat the invitation with double the pleasure that I gave it at first."

"I thank you, Harcourt," replied I; "some day I will tell you more. I must not expect, however, that everybody will prove themselves as noble in ideas as yourself."

"Perhaps not, but never mind that. On Friday next, then, we start."

"Agreed." I shook hands, and left him. The behaviour of Harcourt was certainly a good encouragement, and, had I been wavering in my promise to Mr. Masterton, would have encouraged me to proceed. I returned home with a light heart and a pleasing satisfaction, from the conviction that I had done right. The next morning I set off for ———, and, as it was a long while since I had seen Fleta, our meeting was a source of delight on both sides. I found her very much grown and improved. She was approaching her fifteenth year, as near as we could guess—of course, her exact age was a mystery. Her mind was equally expanded. Her mistress praised her docility and application, and wished to know whether I intended that she should be taught music and drawing, for both of which she had shown a decided taste. To this I immediately consented, and Fleta hung on my shoulder and embraced me for the indulgence. She was now fast approaching to womanhood, and my feelings towards her were more intense than ever. I took the chain of coral and gold beads from her neck, telling her that I must put it into a secure place, as much depended upon it. She was curious to know why, but I would not enter into the subject at that time. One caution I gave her, in case by

any chance, her retreat should be discovered by the companions of Melchior, which was, that without I myself came, she was on no account to leave the school, even if a letter from me was produced, requesting her to come, unless that letter was delivered by Timothy. I gave the same directions to her mistress, paid up for her schooling and expenses, and then left her, promising not to be so long before I saw her again. On my return to town I deposited the necklace with Mr. Masterton, who locked it up carefully in his iron safe.

On the Friday, as agreed, Harcourt and I, accompanied by Timothy and Harcourt's servant, started on the outside of the coach, as younger brothers usually convey themselves, for his father's seat in ———shire, and arrived there in time for dinner. I was kindly received by old Mr. Harcourt and his family, consisting of his wife and three amiable and beautiful girls. But on the second day, during which interval, I presume, Harcourt had an opportunity of undeceiving his father, I was delighted to perceive that the old gentleman's warmth of behaviour towards me was increased. I remained there for a fortnight, and never was so happy. I was soon on the most intimate terms with the whole family, and was treated as if I belonged to it. Yet when I went to bed every night, I became more and more melancholy. I felt what a delight it must be to have parents, sisters, and friends—a bosom of a family to retire into, to share with it your pleasures and your pains; and the tears often ran down my cheeks, and moistened my pillow, when I had not an hour before been the happiest of the happy, and the gayest of the gay. In a family party, there is nothing so amusing as any little talent out of the general way, and my performances and tricks on cards, &c., in which Melchior had made me such an adept, were now brought forward as a source of innocent gratification. When I quitted, I had a general and hearty welcome to the house from the parents: and the eyes of the amiable girls, as well as mine, were not exactly dry, as we bade each other farewell.

“You told your father, Harcourt, did you not?”

“Yes, and the whole of them, Japhet; and you must acknowledge, that in their estimation you did not suffer. My father is pleased with our intimacy, and advises me to cultivate it. To prove to you that I am anxious so to do,

I have a proposal to make. I know your house as well as you do, and that you have reserved only the first floor for yourself; but there are two good rooms on the first floor, and you can dispense with a dressing-room. Suppose we club together. It will be a saving to us both, as poor Carbonnell said, when he took you in."

"With all my heart; I am delighted with the proposal."

Harcourt then stated what it was his intention to offer for his share of the apartment; the other expenses to be divided, and his servant dismissed. I hardly need say that we did not disagree, and before I had been a week in town we were living together. My interview with Mr. Masterton, and subsequent events, had made me forget to call on the governors of the Foundling Hospital, to ascertain whether there had been any inquiries after me. On my return to town I went there, and finding that there was a meeting to be held on the next day, I presented myself. I was introduced into the room where they were assembled.

"You wish to speak with the governors of the hospital, I understand," said the presiding governor.

"Yes, sir," replied I; "I have come to ask whether an inquiry has been made after one of the inmates of this charity, of the name of Japhet Newland."

"Japhet Newland!"

"If you recollect, sir, he was bound to an apothecary of the name of Cophagus, in consequence of some money which was left with him as an infant, enclosed in a letter, in which it was said that he would be reclaimed if circumstances permitted."

"I recollect it perfectly well—it is now about six years back; I think there was some inquiry, was there not, Mr. G——?"

"I think that there was, about a year and a half ago; but we will send for the secretary, and refer to the minutes."

My heart beat quick, and the perspiration bedewed my forehead, when I heard this intelligence. At last my emotion was so great, that I felt faint. "You are ill, sir," said one of the gentlemen; "quick — a glass of water."

The attendant brought a glass of water, which I drank,

and recovered myself. "You appear to be much interested in this young man's welfare."

"I am, sir," replied I; "no one can be more so."

The secretary now made his appearance with the register, and after turning over the leaves, read as follows: "August the 16th —, a gentleman came to inquire after an infant left here, of the name of Japhet, with whom money had been deposited—Japhet, christened by order of the governors, Japhet Newland—referred to the shop of Mr. Cophagus, Smithfield Market. He returned the next day, saying that Mr. Cophagus had retired from business—that the parties in the shop knew nothing for certain, but believed that the said Japhet Newland had been transported for life for forgery, about a year before."

"Good heavens! what an infamous assertion!" exclaimed I, clasping my hands.

On reference back to the calendar, we observed that one J. Newland was transported for such an offence. Query?

"It must have been some other person; but this has arisen from the vindictive feeling of those two scoundrels who served under Pleggit," cried I.

"How can you possibly tell, sir?" mildly observed one of the governors.

"How can I tell, sir?" replied I, starting from my chair. "Why, I am *Japhet Newland* myself, sir."

"You, sir?" replied the governor, surveying my fashionable exterior, my chains, and bijouterie.

"Yes, sir, I am the Japhet Newland brought up in this asylum, and who was apprenticed to Mr. Cophagus."

"Probably, then, sir," replied the president, "you are the Mr. Newland whose name appears at all the fashionable parties in high life?"

"I believe that I am the same person, sir?"

"I wish you joy upon your success in the world, sir. It would not appear that it can be very important to you to discover your parents."

"Sir," replied I, "you have never known what it is to feel the want of parents and friends. Fortunate as you may consider me to be—and I acknowledge I have every reason to be grateful for my unexpected rise in life—I would at this moment give up all that I am worth, resume my foundling dress, and be turned out a beggar, if I could but discover the authors of my existence." I then bowed

low to the governors, and quitted the room. I hastened home with feelings too painful to be described. I had a soreness at my heart, an oppression on my spirits, which weighed me down. I had but one wish—that I was dead. I had already imparted to Harcourt the history of my life, and when I came in, I threw myself upon the sofa in despair, and relieved my agonized heart with a flood of tears. As soon as I could compose myself, I stated what had occurred.

“My dear Newland, although it has been an unfortunate occurrence in itself, I do not see that you have so much cause to grieve, for you have this satisfaction, that it appears there has been a wish to reclaim you.”

“Yes,” replied I, “I grant that, but have they not been told, and have they not believed, that I have been ignominiously punished for a capital crime? Will they ever seek me more?”

“Probably not; you must now seek them. What I should recommend is, that you repair to-morrow to the apothecary’s shop, and interrogate relative to the person who called to make inquiries after you. If you will allow me, I will go with you.”

“And be insulted by those malignant scoundrels?”

“They dare not insult you. As an apothecary’s apprentice they would, but as a gentleman they will quail; and if they do not, their master will most certainly be civil, and give you all the information he can. We may as well, however, not do things by halves; I will borrow my aunt’s carriage for the morning, and we will go in style.”

“I think I will call this evening upon Mr. Masterton, and ask his advice.”

“Ask him to accompany us, Newland, and he will frighten them with libel, and defamation of character.”

I called upon Mr. Masterton that evening, and told my story. “It is indeed very provoking, Newland; but keep your courage up, I will go with you to-morrow, and we will see what we can make of it. At what time do you propose to start?”

“Will it suit you, sir, if we call at one o’clock?”

“Yes; so good night, my boy, for I have something here which I must contrive to get through before that time.”

Harcourt had procured the carriage, and we picked up

Mr. Masterton at the hour agreed, and proceeded to Smithfield. When we drove up to the door of Mr. Pleggit's shop, the assistants at first imagined that it was a mistake; few handsome carriages are to be seen stopping in this quarter of the metropolis. We descended and entered the stop, Mr. Masterton inquiring if Mr. Pleggit was at home. The shopmen, who had not recognised me, bowed to the ground in their awkward way; and one ran to call Mr. Pleggit, who was up stairs. Mr. Pleggit descended, and we walked into the back parlour. Mr. Masterton then told him the object of our calling, and requested to know why the gentleman who had inquired after me had been sent away with the infamous fabrication that I had been transported for forgery. Mr. Pleggit protested innocence—recollected, however, that a person had called—would make every inquiry of his shopmen. The head man was called in and interrogated—at first appeared to make a joke of it, but when threatened by Mr. Masterton became humble—acknowledged that they had said that I was transported, for they had read it in the newspapers—was sorry for the mistake; said that the gentleman was a very tall person, very well dressed, very much of a gentleman—could not recollect his exact dress—was a pale, fair man, with a handsome face—seemed very much agitated when he heard that I had been transported. Called twice, Mr. Pleggit was not in at first—left his name—thinks the name was put down in the day book—when he called a second time, Mr. Pleggit was at home, and referred him to them, not knowing what had become of me. The other shopman was examined, and his evidence proved similar to that of the first. The day book was sent for, and the day in August——referred to; there was a name written down on the side of the page, which the shopman said he had no doubt, indeed he could almost swear, was the gentleman's name, as there was no other name put down on that day. The name, as taken down, was *Derbennon*. This was all the information we could obtain, and we then quitted the shop, and drove off without there being any recognition of me on the part of Mr. Pleggit and his assistants.

“I never heard that name before,” observed Harcourt to Mr. Masterton.

“It is, in all probability, De Benyon,” replied the lawyer; “we must make allowances for their ignorance.

At all events, this is a sort of clue to follow up. The De Benyons are Irish."

"Then I will set off for Ireland to-morrow morning, sir," said I.

"You will do no such thing," replied the lawyer; "but you will call upon me to-morrow evening, and perhaps I may have something to say to you."

I did not fail to attend Mr. Masterton, who stated that he had made every inquiry relative to the De Benyons, as he had said; they were an Irish family of the highest rank, and holding the peerage of De Beauvoir; but that he had written to his agent in Dublin, giving him directions to obtain for him every possible information in his power relative to all the individuals composing it. Till this had been received, all that I could do was to remain quiet. I then narrated to him the behaviour of the agent, Mr. Iving, to Timothy. "There is some mystery there, most assuredly," observed Mr. Masterton; "when do you go again to ———?"

I replied that it was not my intention to go there for some time, unless he would wish to see the little girl.

"I do, Newland. I think I must take her under my protection as well as you. We will go down to-morrow. Sunday is the only day I can spare; but it must be put down as a work of charity."

The next day we went down to ———. Fleta was surprised to see me so soon, and Mr. Masterton was much struck with the elegance and classical features of my little protégé. He asked her many questions, and with his legal tact continued to draw from her many little points relative to her infant days, which she had, till he put his probing questions, quite forgotten. As we returned to town, he observed, "You are right, Japhet, that is no child of humble origin. Her very appearance contradicts it; but we have, I think, a chance of discovering who she is—a better one, I'm afraid, than at present we have for your identification.—But never mind, let us trust to perseverance."

For three weeks I continued to live with Harcourt, but I did not go out much. Such was the state of my affairs, when Timothy came to my room one morning, and said, "I do not know whether you have observed it, sir; but there is a man constantly lurking about here, watching the

house, I believe. I think, but still I'm not quite sure, that I have seen his face before ; but where I cannot recollect."

"Indeed, what sort of a person may he be?"

"He is a very dark man, stout, and well made ; and is dressed in a sort of half-sailor, half-gentleman's dress, such as you see put on by those who belong to the Funny Clubs on the river ; but he is not at all a gentleman himself—quite the contrary. It is now about a week that I have seen him, every day ; and I have watched him, and perceive that he generally follows you as soon as you go out."

"Well," replied I, "we must find out what he wants—if we can. Point him out to me ; I will soon see if he is tracing my steps."

Timothy pointed him out to me after breakfast ; I could not recollect the face, and yet it appeared that I had seen it before. I went out, and after passing half a dozen streets, I turned round, and perceived that the man was dodging me. I took no notice, but being resolved to try him again, I walked to the White Horse Cellar, and took a seat inside a Brentford coach about to start. On my arrival at Brentford I got out, and perceived that the man was on the roof. Of a sudden it flashed on my memory—it was the gipsy who had come to the camp with the communication to Melchior, which induced him to quit it. I recollected him—and his kneeling down by the stream and washing his face. The mystery was solved—Melchior had employed him to find out the residence of Fleta. In all probability they had applied to the false address given by Timothy, and in consequence were trying, by watching my motions, to find out the true one. "You shall be deceived, at all events," thought I, as I walked on through Brentford until I came to a ladies' seminary. I rang the bell, and was admitted, stating my wish to know the terms of the school for a young lady, and contrived to make as long a stay as I could, promising to call again, if the relatives of the young lady were as satisfied as I professed to be. On my quitting the house, I perceived that my gipsy attendant was not far off. I took the first stage back, and returned to my lodgings. When I had told all that occurred to Timothy, he replied, "I think, sir, that if you could replace me for a week or two, I could now be of great service. He does not know me, and if I were to darken

my face, and put on a proper dress, I think I should have no difficulty in passing myself off as one of the tribe, knowing their slang, and having been so much with them."

"But what good do you anticipate, Timothy?"

"My object is to find out where he puts up, and to take the same quarters—make his acquaintance, and find out who Melchior is, and where he lives. My knowledge of him and Nattée may perhaps assist me."

"You must be careful then, Timothy; for he may know sufficient of our history to suspect you."

"Let me alone, sir. Do you like my proposal?"

"Yes, I do; you may commence your arrangements immediately."

The next morning Timothy had procured me another valet, and throwing off his liveries, made his appearance in the evening, sending up to say a man wished to speak to me. He was dressed in highlow boots, worsted stockings, greasy leather small-clothes, a shag waistcoat, and a blue frock overall. His face was stained of a dark olive, and when he was ushered in, neither Harcourt, who was sitting at table with me, or the new servant, had the slightest recognition of him. As Harcourt knew all my secrets, I had confided this; but had not told him what Timothy's intentions were, as I wished to ascertain whether his disguise was complete. I had merely said I had given Timothy leave for a few days.

"Perhaps you may wish me away for a short time," said Harcourt, looking at Tim.

"Not at all, my dear Harcourt, why should I? There's nobody here but you and Timothy."

"Timothy! excellent—upon my word, I never should have known him."

"He is going forth on his adventures."

"And if you please, sir, I will lose no time. It is now dark, and I know where the gipsy hangs out."

"Success attend you then, but be careful, Tim. You had better write to me instead of calling."

"I had the same idea; and now I wish you a good evening."

When Timothy quitted the room, I explained our intentions to Harcourt. "Yours is a strange, adventurous sort of life, Newland; you are constantly plotted against, and plotting in your turn—mines and counter-mines. I have

an idea that you will turn out some grand personage, after all; for if not, why should there be all this trouble about you?"

"The trouble, in the present case, is all about Fleta; who must, by your argument, turn out some grand personage."

"Well, perhaps she may. I should like to see that little girl, Newland."

"That cannot be just now, for reasons you well know; but some other time it will give me great pleasure."

On the second day after Tim's departure, I received a letter from him by the two-penny post. He had made the acquaintance of the gipsy, but had not extracted any information, being as yet afraid to venture any questions. He further stated that his new companion had no objection to a glass or two, and that he had no doubt but that if he could contrive to make him tipsy, in a few days he would have some important intelligence to communicate. I was in a state of great mental agitation during this time. I went to Mr. Masterton, and narrated to him all that had passed. He was surprised and amused, and desired me not to fail to let him have the earliest intelligence of what came to light. He had not received any answer as yet from his agent in Dublin. It was not until eight days afterwards that I received further communication from Timothy; and I was in a state of great impatience, combined with anxiety, lest any accident should have happened. His communication was important. He was on the most intimate footing with the man, who had proposed that he should assist him to carry off a little girl, who was at a school at Brentford. They had been consulting how this should be done, and Timothy had proposed forging a letter, desiring her to come up to town, and his carrying it as a livery servant. The man had also other plans, one of which was to obtain an entrance into the house by making acquaintance with the servants; another, by calling to his aid some of the women of his fraternity to tell fortunes: nothing was as yet decided, but that he was resolved to obtain possession of the little girl, even if he were obliged to resort to force. In either case Timothy was engaged to assist. When I read this, I more than congratulated myself upon the man's being on the wrong scent, and that Timothy had hit upon his scheme. Timothy continued:—that they had indulged

in very deep potations last night, and that the man had not scrupled to say that he was employed by a person of large fortune, who paid well, and whom it might not be advisable to refuse, as he had great power. After some difficulty, he asked Timothy if he had ever heard the name of Melchior in his tribe. Timothy replied that he had, and that at the gathering he had seen him and his wife. Timothy at one time thought that the man was about to reveal every thing, but of a sudden he stopped short, and gave evasive answers. To a question put by Timothy, as to where they were to take the child if they obtained possession of her, the man had replied, that she would go over the water. Such were the contents of the letter, and I eagerly awaited a further communication.

The next day I called at Long's Hotel, upon a gentleman with whom I was upon intimate terms. After remaining a short time with him I was leaving the hotel, when I was attracted by some trunks in the entrance hall. I started when I read the address of—"A. De Benyon, Esq. to be left at F——t Hotel, Dublin." I asked the waiter who was by whether Mr. De Benyon had left the hotel. He replied that he had left it in his own carriage that morning, and having more luggage than he could take with him, had desired these trunks to be forwarded by the coach. I had by that time resumed my serenity. I took out a memorandum-book, wrote down the address on the trunks, saying that I was sorry not to have seen Mr. De Benyon, and that I would write to him.

But if I composed myself before the waiter, how did my heart throb as I hastily passed through Bond-street to my home! I had made up my mind, upon what very slight grounds the reader must be aware, that this Mr. De Benyon either must be my father, or if not, was able to tell me who was. Had not Mr. Masterton said that there was a clue—had he not written to Dublin? The case was to my excited imagination as clear as the noon-day, and before I arrived home, I had made up my mind in what manner I should proceed. It was then about four o'clock. I hastily packed up my portmanteau—took with me all my ready money, about sixty pounds, and sent the servant to secure a place in the mail to Holyhead. He returned, stating that there was a seat taken for me. I waited till half-past five to see Harcourt, but he did not come home. I then wrote

him a short note, telling him where I was going, and promising to write as soon as I arrived.

"Ireland is to be the ground of my future adventures, my dear Harcourt. Call upon Mr. Masterton, and tell him what I have done, which he surely will approve. Open Timothy's letters, and let me have their contents. I leave you to arrange and act for me in every respect until I return. In the mean time believe me,

"Ever yours,

"J. NEWLAND."

I gave the letter to the valet, and calling a coach, drove to the office, and in less than five minutes afterwards, was rolling away to Holyhead, felicitating myself upon my promptitude and decision, little imagining to what the step I had taken was to lead.

It was a very dark night in November when I started on my expedition. There were three other passengers in the mail, none of whom had yet spoken a word, although we had made several miles of our journey. Muffled up in my cloak, I indulged in my own reveries as usual, building up castles which toppled over one after another as I built and rebuilt again. At last one of the passengers blew his nose, as if to give warning that he was about to speak; and then inquired of the gentleman next him if he had seen the evening newspapers. The other replied in the negative. "It would appear that Ireland is not in a very quiet state, sir," observed the first.

"Did you ever read the history of Ireland?" inquired the other.

"Not very particularly."

"Then, sir, if you were to take that trouble, you will find that Ireland, since it was first peopled, never has been in a quiet state, nor perhaps ever will. It is a species of human volcano—always either smoking, burning, or breaking out into eruptions and fire."

"Very true, sir," replied the other. "I am told the White Boys are mustering in large numbers, and that some of the districts are quite impassable."

"Sir, if you had travelled much in Ireland, you would have found out that many of the districts are quite impassable, without the impediment of the White Boys."

“You have been a great deal in Ireland then, sir,” replied the other.

“Yes, sir,” said the other, with a consequential air, “I believe I may venture to say that I am in charge of some of the most considerable properties in Ireland.”

“Lawyer—agent—five per cent.—and so on,” muttered the third party, who sate by me, and had not yet spoken.

There was no mistaking him—it was my former master, Mr. Cophagus; and I cannot say that I was very well pleased at this intimation of his presence, as I took it for granted that he would recognise me as soon as it was daylight. The conversation continued without any remarks being made upon this interruption on the part of Mr. Cophagus. The agent, it appeared, had been called to London on business, and was returning. The other was a professor of music, bound to Dublin on speculation. What called Mr. Cophagus in that direction, I could not comprehend; but I thought I would try and find out. I therefore, while the two others were engaged in conversation, addressed him in a low tone of voice. “Can you tell me, sir, if the College of Dublin is considered good for the instruction of surgical pupils?”

“Country good, at all events—plenty of practice—broken heads—and so on.”

“Have you ever been in Ireland, sir?”

“Ireland!—never—don’t wish to go—must go—old women will die—executor—botheration—and so on.”

“I hope she has left you a good legacy, sir,” replied I.

“Legacy—humph—can’t tell—silver tea-pot—suit of black, and so on. Long journey—won’t pay—can’t be helped—old women always troublesome—live or dead—bury her, come back—and so on.”

Although Mr. Cophagus was very communicative in his own way, he had no curiosity with regard to others, and the conversation dropped. The other two had also asked all the questions which they wished, and we all, as if by one agreement, fell back in our seats, and shut our eyes to court sleep. I was the only one who wooed it in vain. Day broke, my companions were all in repose, and I discontinued my reveries, and examined their physiognomies. Mr. Cophagus was the first to whom I directed my attention. He was much the same in face as when I had left him, but considerably thinner in person. His head

was covered with a white night-cap, and he snored with emphasis. The professor of music was a very small man, with mustachios; his mouth was wide open, and one would have thought that he was in the full execution of a bravura. The third person, who had stated himself to be an agent, was a heavy, full-faced, coarse-looking personage, with his hat over his eyes, and his head bent down on his chest, and I observed that he had a small packet in one of his hands, with his forefinger twisted through the string. I should not have taken further notice, had not the name of *T. Iving*, in the corner of the side on which the direction was, attracted my attention. It was the name of Melchior's London correspondent, who had attempted to bribe Timothy. This induced me to look down and read the direction of the packet, and I clearly deciphered, Sir Henry De Clare, Bart., Mount Castle, Connemara. I took out my tablets, and wrote down the address. I certainly had no reason for so doing, except that nothing should be neglected, as there was no saying what might turn out. I had hardly replaced my tablets when the party awoke, made a sort of snatch at the packet, as if recollecting it, and wishing to ascertain if it were safe, looked at it, took off his hat, let down the window, and then looked round upon the other parties.

"Fine morning, sir," said he to me, perceiving that I was the only person awake.

"Very," replied I, "very fine; but I had rather be walking over the mountains of Connemara, than be shut up in this close and confined conveyance."

"Ha! you know Connemara, then? I'm going there; perhaps you are also bound to that part of the country? but you are not Irish."

"I was not born or bred in Ireland, certainly," replied I.

"So I should say. Irish blood in your veins, I presume."

"I believe such to be the case," replied I, with a smile, implying certainty.

"Do you know Sir Henry de Clare?"

"Sir Henry de Clare—of Mount Grunnis Castle—is he not?"

"The same; I am going over to him. I am agent for his estates among others. A very remarkable man. Have you ever seen his wife?"

"I really cannot tell," replied I; "let me call to mind."

I had somehow or another formed an idea, that Sir Henry de Clare and Melchior might be one and the same person; nothing was too absurd or improbable for my imagination, and I had now means of bringing home my suspicions. "I think," continued I, "I recollect her—that is, if she is a very tall, handsome woman, dark eyes and complexion."

"The very same," replied he.

My heart bounded at the information; it certainly was not any clue to my own parentage, but it was an object of my solicitude, and connected with the welfare of Fleta. "If I recollect right," observed I, "there are some curious passages in the life of Sir Henry?"

"Nothing very particular," observed the agent, looking out of the window.

"I thought that he had disappeared for some time."

"Disappeared! he certainly did not live in Ireland, because he had quarrelled with his brother. He lived in England until his brother's death."

"How did his brother die, sir?"

"Killed by a fall when hunting," replied the agent. "He was attempting to clear a stone wall, the horse fell back on him, and dislocated his spine. I was on the spot when the accident happened."

I recollected the imperfect communication of Fleta, who had heard the gipsy say that "he was dead;" and also the word *horse* made use of, and I now felt convinced that I had found out Melchior. "Sir Henry, if I recollect right, has no family," observed I.

"No; and I am afraid there is but little chance."

"Had the late baronet, his elder brother, any family?"

"What, Sir William! No; or Sir Henry would not have come into the title."

"He might have had daughters," replied I.

"Very true; now I think of it, there was a girl who died when young."

"Is the widow of Sir William alive?"

"Yes; and a very fine woman she is; but she has left Ireland since her husband's death."

I did not venture to ask any more questions. Our

conversation had roused Mr. Cophagus and the other passengers, and as I had reflected how I should behave in case of a recognition, I wished to be prepared for him.

"You have had a good nap, sir," said I, turning to him.

"Nap—yes—coach-nap, bad—head sore—and so on. Why—bless me—Japhet—Japhet New—yes—it is."

"Do you speak to me, sir?" inquired I, with a quiet air.

"Speak to you—yes—bad memory—hip! quite forgot—old master—shop in Smithfield—mad bull—and so on."

"Really, sir," replied I, "I am afraid you mistake me for some other person."

Mr. Cophagus looked very hard at me, and perceiving that there was no alteration in my countenance, exclaimed, "Very odd—same nose—same face—same age too—very odd—like as two pills—beg pardon—made a mistake—and so on."

Satisfied with the discomfiture of Mr. Cophagus, I turned round, when I perceived the Irish agent, with whom I had been in conversation, eying me most attentively. As I said before, he was a hard-featured man, and his small gray eye was now fixed upon me, as if it would have pierced me through. I felt confused for a moment, as the scrutiny was unexpected from that quarter; but a few moment's reflection told me, that if Sir Henry de Clare and Melchior were the same person, and this man his agent, in all probability he had not been sent to England for nothing; that if he was in search of Fleta, he must have heard of my name, and perhaps something of my history. "I appear to have a great likeness to many people," observed I, to the agent, smiling. "It was but the other day I was stopped in Bond-street, as a Mr. Rawlinson."

"Not a very common face either, sir," observed the agent; "if once seen not easily forgotten, or easily mistaken for another."

"Still, such appears to be the case," replied I, carelessly.

We now stopped to take refreshment. I had risen from the table, and was going into the passage, when I perceived the agent looking over the way-bill with the guard. As soon as he perceived me, he walked out into the front of the inn. Before the guard had put up the bill,

I requested to look at it, wishing to ascertain if I had been booked in my own name. It was so. The four names were—Newland, Cophagus, Baltzi, M'Dermott. I was much annoyed at this circumstance. M'Dermott was, of course, the name of the agent; and that was all the information I received in return for my own exposure, which I now considered certain; I determined, however, to put a good face on the matter, and when we returned to the coach, again entered into conversation with Mr. M'Dermott, but I found him particularly guarded in his replies whenever I spoke about Sir Henry or his family, and I could not obtain any further information. Mr. Cophagus could not keep his eyes off me—he peered into my face—then he would fall back in the coach. “Odd—very odd—must be—no—says not—um.” In about another half hour, he would repeat his examination, and mutter to himself. At last, as if tormented with his doubts, he exclaimed, “Beg pardon—but—you have a name?”

“Yes,” replied I; “I have a name.”

“Well, then—not ashamed. What is it?”

“My name, sir,” replied I, “is Newland;” for I had resolved to acknowledge to my name, and fall back upon a new line of defence.

“Thought so—don’t know me—don’t recollect shop—Mr. Brookes’s—Tim—rudiments—and so on.”

“I have not the least objection to tell you my name; but I am afraid you have the advantage in your recollection of me. Where may I have had the honour of meeting you?”

“Meeting—what, quite forgot—Smithfield?”

“And pray, sir, where may Smithfield be?”

“Very odd—can’t comprehend—same name, same face—don’t recollect me, don’t recollect Smithfield?”

“It may be very odd, sir; but as I am very well known in London, at the west end, perhaps we have met there. Lord Windermear’s, perhaps—Lady Maelstrom’s—and I continued mentioning about a dozen of the most fashionable names. At all events, you appear to have the advantage of me; but I trust you will excuse my want of memory, as my acquaintance is very extensive.”

“I see—quite a mistake—same name—not same person—beg pardon, sir,—apologies—and so on,” replied the apothecary, drawing a long sigh.

I watched the countenance of the agent, who appeared at last to be satisfied that there had been some mistake ; at least he became more communicative, and as I no longer put any questions to him relative to Sir Henry, we had a long conversation. I spoke to him about the De Benyons, making every inquiry that I could think of. He informed me that the deceased earl, the father of the present, had many sons, who were some of them married, and that the family was extensive. He appeared to know them all, the professions which they had been brought up to, and their careers in life. I treasured up his information, and as soon as I had an opportunity, wrote down all which he had told me. On our arrival at Holyhead, the weather was very boisterous, and the packet was to depart immediately. Mr. M'Dermott stated his intentions to go over, but Mr. Cophagus and the professor declined ; and, anxious as I was to proceed, I did not wish to be any longer in company with the agent, and, therefore, also declined going on board. Mr. M'Dermott called for a glass of brandy and water, drank it off in haste, and then, followed by the porter, with his luggage, went down to embark.

As soon as he was gone I burst out into a fit of laughter. "Well, Mr. Cophagus, acknowledge that it is possible to persuade a man out of his senses. You knew me, and you were perfectly right in asserting that I was Japhet, yet did I persuade you at last that you was mistaken. But I will explain to you why I did so."

"All right," said the apothecary, taking my proffered hand, "thought so—no mistake—handsome fellow—so you are—Japhet Newland—my apprentice—and so on."

"Yes, sir," replied I, laughing. "I am Japhet Newland." (I turned round, hearing a noise, the door had been opened, and Mr. M'Dermott had just stepped in ; he had returned for an umbrella which he had forgotten ; he looked at me, at Mr. Cophagus, who still held my hand in his, turned short round, said nothing, and walked out.) "This is unfortunate," observed I, "my reason for not avowing myself, was to deceive that very person, and now I have made the avowal to his face ; however, it can't be helped."

I sat down with my old master, and as I knew that I could confide in him, gave him an outline of my life, and stated my present intentions.

"I see, Japhet, I see—done mischief—sorry for it—

can't be help'd—do all I can—um—what's to be done?—be your friend—always liked you—help all I can—and so on."

"But what would you advise, sir?"

"Advice—bad as physic—nobody takes it—Ireland—wild place—no law—better to go back—leave all to me—find out—and so on."

'This advice I certainly could not consent to follow.

END OF VOLUME I

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